

# THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Charges are to be preferred, so it is stated, against Rev. T. P. Sawin of the First Presbyterian church, Troy, New York, for heresy, at the next meeting of the Troy Presbytery. Mr. Sawin's congregation, it is said, sits under his preaching without any discomfort. He is considered generally one of the brightest and most logical of Troy's preachers. How can such a preacher help being a heretic. The Troy Presbytery should not require what is impossible.

To a representative of the Boston press Rev. M. J. Savage recently said: I have been told things which neither the medium nor myself knew or could by any possibility have known. If there is any other theory than a spiritualistic one to explain facts of this sort I don't know what it is. I can't explain certain experiences of this sort, except on the theory that I am dealing with some invisible intelligences. My present attitude of mind, I say, is just this: I am in possession of a respectable body of facts that I do not know how to explain except on the theory that I am dealing with some invisible intelligence. But I am not prepared as yet to say that there is no other possible explanation. I hold that as the only tenable theory I am acquainted with." In answer to a question, Mr. Savage said: "The intelligence that is speaking claims to be, in almost all cases, the spirit of some person who used to live on the earth. But I shouldn't accept the statement of any invisible being without a voucher," he added, "any quicker than I would that of a stranger in this world."

There is no indecency in a reproduction on canvas of the strength and beauty of the human form. The nude in art is not necessarily depraving. The knightly motto should not be forgotten, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*." The motive of a painting of the human body and the spirit in which it is viewed, rather than the form of the human body itself, determine whether it is impure. The impurity is, in fact, in the imagination, not in the natural form. Yet some Philadelphia women are, in their zeal for purity, trying to abolish the nude in art from that city. They are unwittingly promoting not purity, but pruriency. Their folly has led a prurient member of the Pennsylvania legislature to introduce a bill prohibiting the wearing of tights on any stage in the State. As a New York daily remarks, under such a law few if any of Shakespeare's great plays could be produced in that commonwealth. Imagine Hamlet in pantaloons and Rosalind in breeches, and the absurdity of the proposition will become instantly apparent, while the suggestion of bloomers for a whole ballet is enough to make even the staid Quakers of the Quaker City go into convulsions of laughter. There were pictures included in the exhibition of the Philadelphia women which were but this fact is no excuse for their indecency.

Correspondent says an Englishman who came under his personal observation saw Mr. Bradlaugh's woman lecturing at

Darwen one Sunday afternoon on unbelief. At the close a Darwen gentleman related the case of a very poor woman supposed to be on her death-bed who lived near, and by way of showing the error of Mr. Bradlaugh's teaching, offered to give him a sovereign if he would go and try to comfort the old lady. The offer was readily accepted, and a few minutes later Mr. Bradlaugh was on his way to the little cottage where the old woman lay, followed by a large crowd. He found her in a very distressed condition, greatly in need of nourishment. Handing the sovereign to her, he said, "My good woman, this sovereign was given to me by a gentleman in the meeting if I would come and try to comfort you. Take it, I know it will give you creature comfort more than any words I or anyone else could say." The old woman burst into tears, for she was overjoyed.

It is reported that George Parsons Lathrop and his wife, Rose Hawthorne, have become converts to Romanism and have joined the Roman Catholic church. There is nothing strange in this. Such reactions in the storm and stress of these times must be expected. The Roman Catholic hierarchy is a wonderful organization—the result of centuries of experience under a great variety of conditions and circumstances among all kinds of men. The very audacity of its claims and the boldness with which it holds out promises and patents of salvation to those who do its bidding, appeal powerfully to many timid or weary souls, and to immense numbers who want to get rid of the perplexity of doubt and the necessity of thinking on religious subjects. In the language of Mr. Gladstone, "there have always been and there still are, no small proportion of our race, and these by no means in all respects the worst, who are sorely open to the temptation, especially in times of religious disturbance, to discharge their spiritual responsibilities by power of attorney. As advertising houses find custom in proportion, not so much to the solidity of their resources as to the magniloquence of their promises and assurances, so theological boldness in the extension of such claims is sure to pay, by widening certain circles of devoted adherents, however it may repel the mass of mankind."

The reports in regard to the alleged apparition of one Dan Porter who was killed while attempting to escape from jail seem to have some basis of fact. A despatch from Quincy, Ill., to the Chicago *Inter Ocean* declares that it "has been seen by a number of persons whose veracity cannot be questioned." The despatch says furthermore that not only has the apparition been seen in Quincy, but also in the towns and along the route of the man's flight after he broke jail. On Thursday night, the report continues, two well-known men were passing the county jail where Porter was confined. These men saw a figure exactly resembling Porter, walk toward the window of the jail through which the murderer made his escape and go straight through the window, or bars. The figure then appeared and beckoned to the men, and then as quickly disappeared. On the same night one of the deputy sheriffs placed an insane boy in the cell in which Porter had been confined. About the same time that the two gentlemen saw the mysterious figure outside vanish through the window, the deputy heard terrible screams. He rushed to the jail and found the door of

the cell in which the boy had been locked, open. He positive he locked the door. The boy was lying on his bed asleep. Wednesday evening the turnkey the police station heard a loud noise and located it cell No. 5. The cells being dark the officer was unable to see anything and was about to leave the cell when he perceived two legs hanging out of the upper bunk. He, thinking it a tramp, grasped the legs and pulled the man down. He instantly recognized Dan Porter and the thought flashed through his brain that it was in cell No. 5 that Porter had been locked up. He waited to see no more. Since that time other persons claim they have seen the ghost of the dead murderer.

Rev. Howard Mac Queary, having received official information from Bishop Leonard, of Cleveland that he had been found guilty of heresy and was suspended for six months and at the expiration of that time would be deposed if he did not retract, has formally tendered his resignation from the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States and requested that steps be taken at once for his deposition. "There is not the slightest probability," he writes Bishop Leonard, "of my retracting my alleged errors within six months or thereafter. On the contrary, I have every reason to believe that further investigation will simply confirm my previous convictions." The suspension of alleged heretics for a given period, like the practice of some criminal courts of placing youthful offenders on probation for a few months instead of sending them to prison, is a relic of the old notion that one who dissented from the creed was a criminal deserving punishment, an inheritance from the days when fagots were defenders of the faith and the rack was the ally of religion. A man cannot change his belief by volition at the command of a church, any more than he can change his complexion or add to his stature. In tendering his resignation Mr. Mac Queary did the only proper thing to be done under the circumstances. Indeed had he done this before, he would have acted more consistently, since it was obvious that his belief was not in harmony with the creed which he repeated. To a representative of the press who remarked, "It is rumored you will enter the Unitarian church," Mr. Mac Queary said: "I am not strictly a Unitarian; that is, I do not deny the divinity of Christ, but it is one of the few churches which allow the liberty of thought and speech. I shall enter any church that will give me work and liberty to preach the Gospel of Christ according to the dictates of conscience and reason, and not require me to believe the exploded traditions of the elders." The doctrine of the divinity of Christ is the doctrine that Unitarianism was established and organized to oppose, but the present condition of theological belief is one of fluidity and doubtless Dr. Mac Queary will not long find difficulty in accommodating his views to the essential theological requirements of Unitarianism. Perhaps even now the doctrine of the divinity of Christ is to him so doubtful or unimportant that he will not feel under obligation to preach it or discuss it in the pulpit. It is noticeable that when Christian ministers are forced, on account of heresy, out of the pulpits of their denomination they advance more rapidly than they did before and usually far beyond the position for taking which they were condemned and deposed.

## 1. HOLBROOK ON MATERIALIZATION.

ord with its custom so long and persistently to of allowing free discussions THE JOURNAL publishes this week an argument against spirit materialization by Dr. Holbrook. It is not to be ed at that medical men who understand human mechanism, who have devoted a life-time to any, physiology, chemistry and kindred studies, and then attempted to investigate spirit materializations presented in New York City and elsewhere of years, it is not to be wondered at, we say, that men should come to feel that the claim is fallacious. It is not surprising that they should fall back physical science as disproving the possibility of materialization, for certainly one need not have e than average common sense, a healthy nervous em and good powers of observation to discover the n in the shows exploited by those who back up claims of debauched woman and still more vile posing as cabinet mediums in these days. But beseech Dr. Holbrook and other men of science to be too hasty nor allow their disgust to influence air attitude as candid investigators. We ask them to weight their physical science with more that it l bear; not to depend too implicitly upon physics en exploring psychics.

to have witnessed, as did Dr. Holbrook, a dissolute adventuress impersonating the materialized spirit of a vely woman lately deceased; to have seen the whis-y smelling trickster in her assumed character take e arm of the dead woman's father and walk him out the room in order to bring in a confederate under drapery, would seem to be a climax sufficient to pel any lingering doubt as to the nature of the materializing claim—in this particular instance. But it ot safe to reach final conclusions on so complex l difficult a subject, because of unfavorable personal periences, even though these have extended over a eries of years and been capped by the exploits of an Etta Roberts, supported on the arm of a Henry J Newton.

THE JOURNAL desires to most earnestly warn spiritists, Spiritualists, and scientific researchers not to be prejudiced against the claim of what is called materialization by the deluge of fraud and delusion in which it has for years been engulfed. In this time of vexation, contempt, and disgust there is danger of going as far from the truth in denying as in affirming. The psycho-physical possibilities of the world of spirit are neither to be arbitrarily measured by the *a priori* opinions of physicists nor by the extravagant claims of alleged mediums and their disciples. Chemical physics cannot be made to do duty for chemical psychics in determining this stupendous problem, no more can the imbecile efforts of those who proclaim the wonderful results of their "crucial" experiments with a Wells, a Roberts or a Bangs.

In this dilemma it were well to consider some of the results obtained under conditions open to no reasonable objection or doubt. Professor W. Crookes in writing on the subject of psychical phenomena makes some statements which it were well to remember; especially should they be prominent in the minds of those zealous mal-observers who constantly reinforce their robust claims for the phenomena by quoting the testimony of this distinguished scientist:

"I think it will be of service," says Mr. Crookes, "if I here . . . say what kind of experimental proof science has a right to demand, before admitting a new department of knowledge into her ranks. We must not mix up the exact and the inexact. The supremacy of accuracy must be absolute. The first requisite is to be sure of facts; then to ascertain conditions; next, laws. . . . No observations are of much use to the student of science unless they are truthful and made under test conditions; and here I find the great mass of spiritualistic evidence to fail. . . . The pseudo-scientific Spiritualist professes to know everything; no calculations trouble his serenity. . . . He talks glibly of all sciences and arts, overwhelming the enquirer with terms like 'electro-biologize,' 'psychologize,' 'animal magnetism,' etc.—a mere play upon words, showing ignorance rather than understanding."

After indulging in much more comment, which would be healthy reading for all, Mr. Crookes speaks of his attitude when he began his investigations, thus: "At first, like other men who thought little of the matter and saw little, I believed that the whole affair was a superstition, or at least an unexplained trick. . . . I confess that the reasoning of some Spiritualists would almost seem to justify Faraday's severe statement—that many dogs have the power of coming to more logical conclusions. . . . In common affairs a mistake may have but a short life, but in the study of nature an imperfect observation may cause infinite trouble to thousands." Thus it will be seen that Prof. Crookes began his investigations fully comprehending the requisites for the work, and also the muddle in which its followers had involved it. Yet the results of his researches were a splendid triumph for Spiritualism. The notes of his sittings with D. D. Home, republished in THE JOURNAL from the report of the Society for Psychical Research, and reaffirmed by him after twenty years of reflection, will be recalled by many readers. In Home's presence Crookes saw forms and hands, and witnessed many astounding phenomena under perfect conditions for observation. Here is one case: "A phantom form came from the corner of the room, took an accordeon in its hand, and then glided about the room playing the instrument. The form was visible to all present for several minutes, Mr. Home also being seen at the same time. Coming rather close to a lady, who was sitting apart from the rest of the company, she gave a slight cry, upon which it vanished." Speaking of form materializations, of which he saw many in his own house—Florence Cook, medium—Mr. Crookes says: "The proof must be absolute, and not based upon inferential reasoning, or assumed upon the supposed integrity of seals, and sewing." He might have added, "or upon the alleged security of fish-netting and locked and wired cages." Prof. Crookes testifies that Miss Cook came to his house unattended, with no luggage other than a small hand-bag, was always in the company of some member of the family; and under these conditions he repeatedly saw in her séances a materialized form, felt of it, heard it talk, and witnessed the final leave-taking between the medium and the spirit. Also that he obtained a considerable number of photographs of these apparitions. Such testimony is not to be swept away by speculations based on *a priori* objections. Facts are brutal things when they run counter to theories.

Dr. Eugene Crowell testifies to having seen materialized hands, faces, etc., in his own house and under perfect conditions, Dr. Kenney being the medium, and the manifestations witnessed by a number of invited observers. Dr. C. also testifies to many manifestations concerning which he cannot be mistaken in the presence of Mrs. Andrews and Henry Slade. We have ourselves seen these phenomena with Slade. In a light room, no cabinet, while holding Slade's hands on a table, our feet on his, with no one present other than our own family or two invited friends, we have repeatedly seen and recognized what we should call etherialized forms; and seen a lady's long, delicate white hand, shading off into invisibility at the forearm, come upon the farther side of the table—five feet distant from Slade, grasp and move a pencil, also perform other feats such as only a hand guided by intelligence and having flexibility and the power of resistance could do. In séances with Mrs. Maud Lord, now Mrs. Drake, in our own and other private houses where she came unattended, while she was held by different friends at different times and at a distance of ten feet or more from us, we have felt and seen hands of various sizes. On one occasion we saw with perfect distinctness a beautiful face and head, saw the lips move and heard the quickly spoken words. These instances might be multiplied indefinitely. Yet if Dr. Holbrook's paper shall stimulate energetic and crucial investigations, we are sure he will be glad, and no one will be better pleased than himself should new researches compel him to modify his views. The truly scientific man is never willfully stubborn even though his caution is never in abeyance.

## ENGLISH IN THE SCHOOLS.

The war over, the compulsory school law has fairly begun in the Illinois general assembly. One day last week the senate and house committees on education heard arguments of members of the German Lutheran synod of Illinois and Missouri against the present compulsory educational law of this State. Prof. Brohm was the principal speaker. He protested against any control by the State of parochial or private schools. "Is there any parochial school in Illinois," asked Representative Berry, one of the committee, "under the control of your synod in which the common branches of learning are not taught in the English language?" "I cannot say positively whether there are any such schools in this State or not, but my best personal knowledge is that there are not," was the answer. "Are you not," said Mr. Berry, "as a representative of the German Lutherans, 'in favor of teaching reading, writing and spelling in your schools in the English language for a given number of weeks in each year?'" "I am certainly in favor of that," was the reply. "Then what are your objections to the present compulsory school law?" said Mr. Berry.

"It is our purpose and intention," answered Prof. Brohm, "to teach the English language in our schools. But we do not desire to have the State or other public authority dictate to us in any degree, whether we shall teach English or not. Nor do we desire to have prescribed to any extent or in any manner any part of our curriculum."

The position of the German Lutheran on this subject is an unreasonable one. Why should they object to a law simply because it requires that in all schools of the State for the education of youth the English language shall be taught? English is the language of the country. Knowledge of the English language, ability to speak and to write it, is necessary to enable a person living in this country to perform his duties as a citizen of his State and of the United States. Is it not right, therefore, if the German Lutherans prefer their parochial schools to the public schools, that they should be required to include in the instruction given in the parochial schools the teaching of English? Must it be left to a teacher to determine whether or not the English language shall be taught in a school attended by children who are soon to be citizens of this Republic? Republican institutions depend for their permanence upon the intelligence of the people, upon their ability to meet the requirements of good citizenship. To this end public schools are maintained. Their main purpose is to give youth an elementary education in the language of the country. The main object of the parochial schools is to impart a religious education and to make the pupils subservient to the priests. It is not too much for the State to demand that at least the children who are thus kept away by sectarianism from the public schools shall be taught to speak and write English.

## THE NATURAL ORDER.

Mr. E. W. Gray, whose work, "The New Religion, a Gospel of Love," was reviewed in THE JOURNAL of September 30, 1890, writes:

You have kept your promise to review the book, and I appreciate the fidelity and candor and manly spirit with which you have done so. I have had many differing opinions concerning its merits and it does not become me to take exception to any of them, however unfavorable. But you have evidently read the book more carefully than most of my critics, and, as I desired, your criticism goes to its merits. I would like, therefore, if you will allow me a word, to notice the point you make which seems so well and logically taken if your antecedent statement is correct. You say: "According to Mr. Gray, there have occurred, in the natural order, events, like the birth of Jesus, the antecedent of which belonged to the supernatural order." If you have mistaken me at all, it is at this point. The events which I refer to are the introductory stage of life of different species of animals higher and higher toward man, and, I think, man himself. The doctrine of the admitted, and, as you say, ever has an antecedent, in the series. The force appearing in the lower orders of being as well, is the



force which, following Darwin, we call the Divine Being, the source of all force. But every species of animated being has a sphere of activity and history of its own, the science of which cannot be disturbed by any other event, natural or supernatural. Is not history then possible? The point is a very interesting one, and I should like to hear you further on it.

In this book Mr. Gray accepts, though hesitatingly, the so-called Bible miracles, on the theory that they involved no disturbance of the natural order, and belonged, probably, to the super or higher natural order. THE JOURNAL's criticism was that science teaches the persistence of force, that every manifestation of force, *i. e.*, every event, has an antecedent in the sequent order of phenomena, contrary to which teaching Mr. Gray holds that in the natural order events may have occurred like the alleged miraculous birth of Jesus, which implies an event the antecedent of which belonged to a supernatural order. The contention of THE JOURNAL was, that if that theory were true, no progress would be possible in the scientific study of history, nor in the investigation of natural phenomena. That THE JOURNAL was not "mistaken" as to Mr. Gray's position, but understood it and stated it correctly, is sufficiently evident from these sentences, taken from his work, pages 186 and 188:

"According to the biographers, Jesus was begotten of the Holy Ghost and born of a virgin; and the very inception of the whole movement is therefore you say, miraculous. Such an origin is 'contrary to the established constitution of things. It shows a new force introduced into nature, by which nature is checked and changed.' But does it? Does it show any counter action of nature by the author of nature. What established order of thing is checked and changed?"

Again "Jesus was the Son of Mary—'Son of God', *sui generis*, the only begotten, full of grace and truth. 'This, at least, is the story given us of Jesus. Will those who insist upon the celebrated argument of the great English, skeptic [Hume] point out what known law is here violated.'"

If "Jesus was begotten of the Holy Ghost and born of a virgin" there were in the physical order, manifestations of force without antecedents in the same order, the generation of a physical body, without physical antecedents, which proposition answers to the scientific conception of an effect without a cause, and a violation of what, because of its uniformity, is called the natural order. If events occurred in this way that is, without antecedents in the order that is observable and calculable, there would be no certainty of the existence of a cause or an antecedent in that order; for the antecedent for which the man of science now confidently looks in the natural world with which he is acquainted might not be there at all, but might be in the supernatural order. That continuity, now recognized as the primary fact of evolution, which has given rise to the conception of natural law and which has made the scientific study of nature possible, would be destroyed. Caprice would reappear in nature's operations and miracles would take their place again as veritable and as the most important events.

The generation and the life of a human being imply long ancestral lines, paternal and maternal, through which are inherited structural and mental characteristics from the remotest antiquity. The history of every individual is in the history of his race to which he is related and bound by innumerable threads of being. The experience of men does not include knowledge of any human being who was begotten without a human father. So far as experience and knowledge extend, they affirm that every human being is the product of the union of the male and the female element. Now to suppose that a being in the form of man, with superior intellectual and moral qualities, has come into the world without a human father, without the essential coöperant conditions of phenomena, known as the generation, conception and birth of a complex organism like man, is to suppose that part of the general order, called the law of reproduction, has been violated or suspended and super-

seded by complex physical phenomena, or motion and structural development, unpreceded by, and unconditioned by, antecedents which have

never been absent, so far as is known, in all the generations of man, is to suppose, in short, that a miracle, as defined by Hume and understood by theologians, has occurred in contradiction to the general experience of mankind.

The operation of spiritual forces is not questioned. The universal Divine Power imminent in all phenomena, the movement of a pebble and the majestic march of a planet, in the origination of a cell and the evolution of an organism, is a great truth which THE JOURNAL insists upon and emphasizes as fundamental in philosophy and religion. But the Divine Spirit manifests itself in the divine order, of which the evolution of individuals and of species and genera, in accordance with law, forms a part, and not in substituting for natural processes supernatural intervention, either in the origination of species or in the phenomena of reproduction. Science is the interpretation of the divine order, and it is based upon observation and experience. The dogma of a being "begotten of the Holy Ghost and born of a virgin" has no foundation in observation and experience, is inconsistent with the observed natural order, is a survival from ages of mythology and theological superstition and is contradicted by the fundamental teachings of science. It is useless to attempt to pour the new wine of science into the old bottles of theology. The doctrine of a virgin-born God and Saviour is superstition, and the sooner Mr. Gray—whose book, in the main, is reasonable and instructive—cuts loose from these, to him, traditional beliefs, which he has already more than half outgrown, the better it will be for him as an earnest thinker and teacher. "An exploded opinion," says Robert Hall, "is sometimes revived, an exploded superstition, never."

Upon Mr. Gray's views as to the appearance of species on the globe, which seem to be rather general and vague, THE JOURNAL made no comments, and there is now and here neither space nor need of reference to that subject.

#### A SENSIBLE MEDICAL BILL.

The proprietors and products of the Yankee doctor factories have for years unavailingly striven to get the commonwealth of Massachusetts to go into partnership with them and bar out irregulars. Now comes a sensible move exactly in line, if we remember rightly, with a bill advocated in New York years ago by Mr. Bronson Murray and other Spiritualists, aided by liberal people and large-minded physicians of the various schools. The committee on public health reported in the Massachusetts legislature last week, according to the *Globe*, a lengthy bill providing for the registration of medical practitioners. It requires that every one now engaged in the practice of medicine or surgery shall, before October 1st, 1891, and every person who after that engages in such practice, shall register in the town or city clerk's office where he intends to practice, in a book open to the public, his or her name, residence, and place of birth, previous occupation and residence, together with name of the college or institution, if any, from which he or she has received a medical degree, if any, and the date of issue and description of said degree; if not a graduate then is to be given what special study, work or experience has been had as preparation for the practice of medicine. This statement must be sworn to and any false statement will subject the person making it to punishment for perjury. Practicing medicine or attempting to practice without such registration is to be punished by a fine of \$50 to \$100 for the first offence, and from \$100 to \$500 or imprisonment for 30 to 90 days for a subsequent offence.

A dispatch from Chattanooga, to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, printed in the issue of March 19th, says: A snow-white coffin was sent out to Sherman Heights to-night for Miss Clemmie Roberts, who had been a well-known telegraph operator at different points on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, and is well known to many conductors and brakemen on that road. She had been slowly dying for two months from a broken heart and consumption. A few weeks ago she began

going off into trances. When this first occurred it was thought she was dead, and an order was sent to the city for her coffin, and a notice of her death published in an afternoon paper. In trances which followed she gave every evidence of talking with friends from the Spirit-world, and when aroused would tell of dead friends she had seen. Some of the best known churchmen and deacons testify to wonderful things she would tell about heaven and the angels she saw. The trances generally lasted several hours. It is believed to-night that she is dead beyond all doubt.

We doubt there being another editorial sanctum in the country, among all the seventeen thousand or more, into which comes such a stream of inquiries, perplexing problems and varying views as weekly pours into that of THE JOURNAL. We wish the reader could sit at the editor's elbow and glimpse the evidences of mental struggle, noble endeavor, galling doubts, hunger for soul-food, survivals of old theology in modern guise, cheering expressions of clear vision and sublime faith, vindictive antagonism; and strong approval which come in under the stamp of the U. S. postal department. One would need more than the combined strength, wisdom and goodness of all humanity to be equal to the task—physical, intellectual and spiritual—of lovingly, wisely and calmly dealing with it all. In this ever-present demand for the exercise of preterhuman powers. All that one can do is to face the task with humility and yet with courage; keeping one's self as clear-headed well-poised, patient and enduring as possible. When one does his best and knows it, one must rest content whatever comes, and trust to the evolutions of time and the guidings of the supreme intelligence which can never be completely expressed by the individual.

Mr. F. W. H. Myers who has distinguished himself by his work in connection with the Psychical Research Society and won thereby the good will of all thoughtful people has again placed us under obligations. In the month of March of the S. P. R. for March he heartily recommends to its readers, THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, advises them to subscribe and offers to receive and forward subscriptions. We fully appreciate this splendid courtesy, and promise to use our utmost endeavor to continue to make the paper worthy the confidence and support of the candid, intelligent and sympathetic class of researchers so ably represented by Mr. Myers.

With a bad cold, incurred while acting as pall-bearer, Chauncey M. Depew said lately: "Do you know I think pall-bearing is a more fatal disease than typhoid or diphtheria? You have to come out, minus your hat, from a room heated to 70 degrees into a street where the thermometer stands at 20 degrees—but you mustn't put your hat on. It's risky business, and the custom should be changed. I believe it is a system got up by the undertakers to help business, for I remember when six pall-bearers used to be considered enough, and now our first-class undertakers are not satisfied with less than twenty."

The war of words is waxing warm in Ireland. Maurice Healy, in a speech at Sligo the other day, said that the recent speeches of Parnell proved him to be "a coward and a sneak in addition to a libertine and a liar." But the factions are not content to fight with tongue and pen; wherever they meet they try upon each other the persuasive and forcible argument of fists, clubs, brickbats, etc., and in some places, but for the presence of the police and soldiers, there would be pitched battles. They are struggling for home rule with a vengeance.

Prof. Charles A. Young, the astronomer, asked, "What is to you the most wonderful and startling fact of astronomy?" replied: The fact that the great Lick telescope reveals about 100,000,000 of stars, and that every one of them is a sun, theoretically and by analogy giving light and heat to his planets. You know the Lick telescope reveals stars so small that it would require 30,000 of them to be visible to the naked eye.

## GHOULISHNESS.

BY PROFESSOR COUES.

Body-snatching from the grave for mercenary purposes is not unknown as a profession, and as a practice on the part of certain disreputable persons punishable by law.

Soul-snatching from the jaws of death, so to speak, for the purpose of securing trophies wherewith to adorn dogma is an old trick which I wish were a legal offence.

Two flagrant cases of this violation of decency and humanity are just now in the public eye.

A grim old soldier, the side of whose family life priestcraft had for years pierced with a thorn of peculiar poignancy, is dying. In health, with good natured or contemptuous indifference, he might have agreed to almost any religious conventionality that would have pleased his folks. He would have argued that it amused them, and didn't hurt him. So on the strength of this, while Sherman was unconsciously drawing his last breath, he is nabbed by the soul-snatchers on the alert for a trophy, and made the subject of a ceremony which, if it have any significance, has surely its significance in the conscious volition and faith of him who recognizes, assents to, and makes himself one with, the symbolism of the act. Otherwise it is an empty form—a farce; extreme unction of the bed-post would do just as well, as far as any effect upon a dying man's spiritual nature or condition is concerned.

It is worse than a farce—it is ghoulish—this snatching of spiritual scalps to adorn the belts of the priesthood and afterward smoke-dry in the wigwams of ecclesiastical tradition as trophies of hierarchical prowess—in wigwams where the smoke for drying historical scalps is furnished by the bodies of the persons chiefly concerned, as being brands, snatched from the burning of everlasting perdition. It is pretty much all smoke—it begins in that and comes to that. But it serves to blind the people. It is a very old signal—smoke—like that which still goes up from the hill-tops when our barbarous and superstitious Indians tip the wink to one another in the intermissions of their ghost-dances. It is the stuff that myths are made of, like that which rolled out of the bottle which somebody uncorked in the Arabian Nights. Already is the Sherman myth full-fledged and portentous, a sort of American spread-eagle bigger than the roc of Persian fable. Sherman died a Roman Catholic. Yes, and so did Voltaire, and so did Paine, and so did the great French lexicographer, Littré—and so, perhaps, will Ingersoll, and the editor of THE JOURNAL, and some of his contributors.

I am led to these reflections by a paragraph in the London *Times* respecting Prince Jerome Bonaparte—that all but great “nephew of his uncle” just deceased, at whose death-bed gathered the ghoulish soul-snatchers to prevent the poor man from dying in peace. A man may be, as he was, thwarted and defeated all his life—but surely it is a boon every one has a right to ask of the world on leaving it, to be allowed to make his exit to suit himself. But no—the church mortgages his soul, the undertaker gets his body, the law attaches his property, and the Lord may have what is left of him if the devil does not get that. Here is the paragraph from the *Times*, commenting upon what is truly described a horrible scene:

Religious fanaticism and human ambition met at the sick-bed, where modern science had prolonged for a fortnight a life otherwise ended long ago. Church and throne disputed for possession of the body, which each desired to convert into a trophy. Bigotry on one side and a thirst for power on the other added prolonged horrors to the dying agony. Each had recourse to lying in order to simulate success. The confessors, cardinals, nuns, and other religious people have shown a willingness to revive all the horrors of the Middle Ages. The only one who leaves the horrible scene with a higher reputation is the prince him-

self, who preserved intact his force of will to die as he had lived, with a horror of counterfeit in his soul and with contempt for hypocrites on his lips.

## SPIRIT MATERIALIZATION.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.

I should like to know the history of “Spirit Materialization,” and when and how it first originated, but I do not. So far as my own knowledge extends, it began by the appearance of hands through an opening in a cabinet such as the Davenport's not many years ago used. These hands, if I mistake not, it was claimed, were materialized out of material in the atmosphere or drawn from the magnetism of the persons present. They had only a transient existence and were soon lost to sight, being, as was said, dematerialized. After a while to these hands were added feet, and casts were taken, said to represent these transient formations. It was not long after this that we had full form materialization of spirits, the story of which it is not necessary to enter into here. Like most other things it has had an evolutionary process, beginning with the simpler and extending to the more complex.

Through the spiritual press, and also through sensational articles in the daily newspapers, spirit materialization has been widely advertised and there can be few persons now who do not know what is meant by it. Among the believers in Spiritualism there is a division of opinion as to the possibility of these phenomena, a large number among the more conservative doubting it, while among the more pronounced and radical, if I may use the expression, it is an established fact, as well proved as any fact.

These firm believers in spirit materialization tell us that in the presence of a suitable medium, where there can be no deception, several spirits have appeared simultaneously, some large, others small, some old, some young, some male and some female, some of one race and some of another, and some of them very ancient; many others have been identified by their friends beyond question, that they have been able to talk, to eat, and to do various things, and that their bodies were as real, as solid, as ours, the only difference being that they could only remain for a very indefinite time, soon disappearing, leaving not a trace behind. Nay more, not only have spirits themselves been able to take on a real bodily form, but they have been able to materialize clothing, sufficient to cover themselves, laces of great variety, and on one occasion a brilliant diamond necklace, which looked genuine.

One gentleman, who wrote Ph. D. after his name, as he gravely informs me, actually had a fresh rose with a stem a foot long grow out of the palm of his hand and blossom while he watched the process. There were, he told me, roots to the stem, which were imbedded in the skin of the palm, and when he drew them out it was like tearing off a plaster that had become dry! He actually showed me the rose, when I spent an evening with him, which had not dematerialized, but dried up as any other rose would. The roots or rootlets I could not find, but the stem, leaves and flower were there plainly visible. He apologized for the absence of the rootlets by saying that he had broken the stem off and that they had dematerialized! Others have held still more extravagant opinions and believe that in the not distant future spirits will be able to take on an earthly form long enough to come upon a platform in broad daylight and deliver a lecture, and that some day Demosthenes and Cicero may return to earth and give us once more an opportunity to listen to the music of their silvery-toned voices. The number, however, who hold to such improbable expectations, I am glad to say, is not large, nor is the number likely to greatly extend.

Let us now look at this subject from the standpoint of common sense and see what it involves. Let us take it first from the view of an anatomist. An average human adult male body weighs, according to the best authorities, 154 pounds. Of this weight eighty-eight pounds will be found composed of water

and sixty-six pounds of solid matter. If we go on further than this we see that in order to materialize a human being of this size a very large amount of material must be brought together, far more than exists in the atmosphere of any room used for the purpose. The air, at the usual temperature of our rooms, say 72° F., will hold only eight and one-half grains of moisture to the cubic foot. This air would be saturated. Generally it does not contain over one-half as much. Four or five pounds of water would be the limit likely to be found in a room twenty feet square and fifteen feet high, and to gather up even this limited supply and put it into veins and arteries would be a task inconceivable, besides rendering the air as dry as in the desert of Sahara. But in addition to eighty-eight pounds of water would be needed sixty-six pounds of solid matter. A good housekeeper would think a room with a pound or two of dirt in it very dirty, but for one body we should need many times as much in considerable variety, including lime phosphorous for the bones, carbon, nitrogen, gluten, fat, etc., for the various organs. That they can be created out of nothing, no Spiritualist believes. It may be claimed by some that a sufficient quantity can be brought from a distance, but that is claiming too much, for it is one of the cardinal principles of Spiritualists that the spirit can not do much, so far as this earth is concerned, far away from the medium. The amount of force required, to say nothing of the ingenuity, to bring together all this material from a distance would, if calculated, astonish us.

We cannot, however, stop here, for another view of the subject reveals difficulties of an appalling nature to the materialization of a human body. All this material must be organized. For the man of the size mentioned there would need to be some sixty-eight pounds of muscles, including the water in them and their appurtenances; a skeleton of twenty-four pounds; the skin, ten and one-half pounds; fat, twenty-eight pounds; brain, over three pounds; other viscera, ten or fifteen pounds. Now take any one of these organs, the brain, for instance, and what a marvelous structure with its millions of brain cells, each an organism of itself with a little blood vessel, another marvel, coming to every cell, bringing a current of blood loaded with nutriment fresh every instant, and in addition each cell connected with a nerve fibre insulated by brain fat and connected by millions of nerves with every organ and part of the body. Thousands and thousands of men have given their lives over their microscopes to discover all the intricacies of structure of this organ, and still much of it is unknown. Ages of time have been spent in its evolution from the lower forms of life through generation. And then what time has been required to train it so it can have full use of its powers, and yet in the presence of a materializing medium, it is claimed that all this can be and is done in a few moments; or if instead of the brain we take the blood, a most complicated fluid, each cubic centimetre containing some 5,000,000 blood corpuscles; or the muscles, each fibre of which is a wonder of wonders; or the heart, with all its connections with arteries, veins and capillaries and nerves; or the kidneys, or lungs, or liver, or skin, or eyes, nose, mouth. Is it any wonder that men in a cabinet, in the presence of a medium, with good common sense, men who know something of the orderly processes of nature, stand amazed at such propositions? Do they not know that it has taken ages of evolutionary processes to build up a body and a brain, and ages of experience and training to give it command over itself? Does not all experience and observation convince us that even to repair a body when ill, to heal a wound, to cure a disease, often requires, under the best of conditions, a long time, but a Spiritualist who believes in materialization will assert that, in the presence of a medium, an entire body can be produced, without visible material, in a very few moments. Were it not for the fact that very many sensible people believe it, it would be that such a proposition would condemn it.

It may be argued that these men are not so elaborately organized or so organized in the ordinary way. T



walk about, to dance, to talk, to think, even if only imperfectly, all the organs must be present that perform these acts, and they claim to be able to do these things. Or it may be claimed that the material out of which these bodies are made is drawn from the medium, or from the persons in the audience, but this if so, could easily be proved by weighing them; besides the difficulties in the way of such an explanation are too great.

What explanation then, it may fairly be asked, can be given for all the materializing phenomena? I will state my opinion, and I only speak for myself. In the first place they are explainable on the ground of deception. I have myself seen most of the materializing mediums and their performances and I know that what they have to exhibit in the dark can be and is done without the aid of spirits, and is done without their aid. By means of confederates in the circle, under the cover of darkness, it does not require much ingenuity to duplicate them. In the dark we are easily deceived so far as the accuracy of our senses are concerned, but our reason and judgment ought to correct these sense delusions. We ought never to trust our senses unless they have their most perfect play. I have seen a skillful "medium" bring a twelve year old child out of the floor in a room with considerable light within three feet of me and I was looking sharply at the floor all the time. How was it done? By means of ample skirts, under which the child had been concealed with the aid of twenty or thirty yards of lace moving most skillfully all the while, the child was suddenly brought up to full view. How wonderful! exclaimed half a dozen others looking on as I did. They thought they could not have been deceived, but they were. They thought their senses were all alert and perfectly trustworthy but they were not. Our senses are our only sources of observation and information, and generally they perform their office faithfully, but in new and untried conditions we should never trust them till tried, and other observers have verified what we have observed.

It has been the observation of many that the materialized spirit has a striking resemblance to the medium and it has been necessary to explain this by saying that it cannot be otherwise. A more correct explanation is, that it is the medium herself, more or less disguised and changed. It is barely possible that sometimes the medium is entranced and acting in the hypnotic state, I neither affirm or deny this. We do know that in the trance condition, a person may do things most remarkable. Perhaps in this state they can sometimes tie and untie knots and imitate persons long dead, or the old, the young, or deliver extempore addresses, etc. If so this will help to explain some of the things seen at circles; but true or not I regard this point unsettled. The Society for Psychical Research may properly deal with it if necessary.

For my own part I think spirit-materialization in the sense in which the phrase is generally understood impossible. I believe it to be one of those evils that has taken hold of Spiritualism and done great harm. We shall pass through it and land on higher ground in time—the constant exposure of mediums for this phase of the phenomena seems to be sufficient proof of this. It is a profitable business, and appeals to a large number of persons who would gladly see the faces of their departed once more.

Is it not time for this new faith to unload itself of this cumbersome load that bears it down like a nightmare? The higher forms of Spiritualism have much to commend them. Can we not afford to wait patiently for their true unfolding? I do not expect to convert many to my views on this subject, but I have asked the editor of *THE JOURNAL* for the opportunity to express them; which he has granted—I hope I have not spoken too dogmatically, for dogmatism is an evil and I shall be thankful to be corrected wherever I have erred in any statement. I do not however speak without some knowledge of the subject. I am familiar with it in all its forms, and so far as materialization is concerned, the more I see of it the less I believe. It is mainly those who read about it that have the most faith. If there are exceptions they can be explained from bias or imperfect powers of observation.

### THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

By F. H. STEVENS.

Knowledge is obtained by comparisons—considering likenesses and differences—looking upon the other side of subjects and things. Only so, can real knowledge—truth *i. e.* correspondence with reality—be secured. Two knights approaching a shield from opposite directions, one remarked upon the golden hue; "hold," said the other, "it is of silver!" Then they fought for those ideas until a traveler asked the cause of their contention. Learning it he called each to look upon its opposite side, when lo! one was of gold and the other of silver. Thus were they pacified. The habit of looking upon one side only leads men into strifes which break up friendships, destroy the grace of charity and delay for centuries it may be the progress of the race. To no ideas does man cling with greater tenacity than to those which involve his religious beliefs; and, as a rule, the more ignorant he is of their origin and historical development, the stronger his grip, and the more heat will he manifest when they are questioned.

From the standpoint of "looking upon the other side," the writer wishes to consider a subject which, upon this Easter Day, will be the theme of discourse in most of our pulpits—the resurrection of Jesus. For fifteen hundred years or more this belief has held sway in the Christian churches, and so positively has this doctrine been proclaimed, and so full of it is Christian literature that few, belonging to the orthodox or evangelical churches, have ever called it in question, or have thought there could be another side to it.

This miracle, if true, differs from others recorded in the Bible in that no human instrument is concerned as a petitioner to some higher power for its occurrence. It is brought about by the energy inherent in the subject upon whom it is wrought. "Jesus answered and said unto them, destroy this temple (his body) and in three days I will raise it up. (John 2:19.) The writer is aware that among evangelical divines there are some who hold that this resurrection was one of the spirit of Jesus and not of his body, but these have to suppose another miracle to account for absence of the body which was laid in the tomb, and also for its frequent presence to the disciples, who were asked to handle it and satisfy themselves that it was no mere ghost, but a real body of bones and flesh, needing sustenance to satisfy its hunger. This view, therefore, is not held by Christians generally, but the other, which includes both soul or spirit and body. Article IV. of the Church of England reads, "Christ did truly rise again from death and took again his body with flesh, bones and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature wherewith he ascended into heaven and there sitteth, until he return to judge all men at the last day." This doubtless expresses quite closely the intent of the New Testament writers and only a forced interpretation of various passages can glean any other result. Still it must be allowed that a miracle or two more or less need not stand in the way of a different view, if the language would sanction it.

Since the New Testament alone contains the supposed facts upon which this doctrine rests, let us see what it has to say. Primarily, perhaps chiefly, we must appeal to the gospels since it is claimed that whatever relates to this matter comes from eye-witnesses of the wonderful events. We might enter into the question of evidence regarding the authenticity and genuineness of the four gospels, but for our present purpose we will only examine the witnesses as to what they say; to note their agreements and differences, and to draw some inferences from their statements. Taking their books in the common order, we find in Matt. 28:1, that Mary Magdalene and the other Mary came "late on the Sabbath day as it began to dawn towards the first day of week." Hence it must have been about 6 p. m. which ended the day in those times. Mark 16:1, says it was Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James, and Salome who came "when the Sabbath was past," "very early on the first day of the week," "when the sun was risen;" hence in the morning instead of the preceding even-

ing, as Matthew has it. Luke 24:1 seems to agree with Mark as to time, but no particular women are specified by name, only those who had come with Jesus out of Galilee (23:55). John 20:1 mentions only Mary Magdalene. "She cometh early on the first day of the week, while it was yet dark, hence not in agreement with Mark's "after the sun was risen."

There is no claim that any one saw the resurrection, *i. e.* saw Jesus come forth from the tomb. Matthew's account is simply that an angel told them Jesus had risen, and invited the women to "come, see the place where the Lord lay." This angel sat upon the rolled-away stone. Mark says that the women when they came to the tomb saw the stone was rolled back, and on entering into the tomb they saw a young man sitting on the right side (not upon the stone as in Matthew).

Luke's narrative differs from both by relating that they entered into the tomb and not finding the Lord's body, and being "perplexed thereabout, behold two men stood by them," etc. John mentions that Mary only coming to the tomb discovers the stone rolled away, and not stopping for any further developments runs to Simon Peter and the other disciple whom Jesus loved and tells them what she had seen. These last ran and entered into the tomb; but saw only the linen clothes laying about. Not understanding it these then went to their homes; but Mary remains behind, "standing without at the tomb, weeping, when she beheld two angels in white sitting, one at the head, and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain." Luke has it that the women, Mary Magdalene and Joanna, and Mary, the mother of James, had seen the stone was rolled away, entered in, saw the two angels, who spoke to them; and after that they told the eleven and all the rest, but they were not believed; so Peter ran to the tomb to see if their tale was true. John's account put this before Mary saw the two angels.

Matthew says the angel told the women, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, to go and tell the disciples that he (the risen Jesus) would go into Galilee, but as the departed on this errand Jesus met and spoke to them, and he repeated the angel's message about meeting the disciples in Galilee. Later it is said that he met them there. Mark's first appearance is to the Magdalene alone, and he relates a second appearance to the going into the country, while, afterwards, he manifested to the eleven as they sat at meat, but whether on the same day or not is not told. His account is quite abridged, and it is well known that verses 9-20 of this last chapter of Mark is wanting in the two oldest Greek Mss., and some others have a different ending.

Luke has no appearance to Mary, but gives an account of Jesus' joining two disciples going to Emmaus the very day of his resurrection (24:13). Near the end of this day he vanished from their sight as he sat at supper with them, and they, after talking over the strange events, "rose up that very hour," returned to Jerusalem, found the eleven gathered together, and while they were telling these of their day's adventure, Jesus himself stood in their midst and blessed them (24:36).

He ate fish and told them to tarry in the city until they should be clothed with power from on high (24:49). Nothing here about going into Galilee; on the contrary he is made to ascend into heaven on that very occasion (24:50, 51)—the day of his resurrection. John tells of his appearance to Mary and to the disciples, on the day of his resurrection; again "after eight days," to the disciples for the special benefit of doubting Thomas; and subsequently, but no record of how long after, to seven of his disciples at the sea of Tiberius; that being "the third time," according to this author, that "Jesus was manifested to the disciples after that he was risen from the dead" (John 21:14).

The Acts, written, it is supposed, by the author of Luke, disagrees with that gospel by placing the ascension forty days after the resurrection, instead of on the same day as Luke has it.

Out of these discordant and discrepant statements

of the evangelists has been built a doctrine in some respects the most important of those underlying Christianity; since it is supposed that our hope of immortality is involved in its truth. Perhaps it is to this opinion that we owe its persistence, notwithstanding it is burdened with so many serious objections. When, however, we shall learn that immortality, if a truth, is a natural inheritance secured by the law or laws of the conservation of energy, there will be no occasion for such a stultification of the intellect as is required by the illogical reasoning now resorted to in the attempt to base it upon the resurrection of Jesus.

The first remark to be made upon the foregoing citations is, obviously, that no one of all those called to testify claims to have been a witness of the resurrection. The whole superstructure, therefore, rests upon (1), hearsay; (2), doubtful circumstances; and (3), inference. The angel saying he is not here, he has risen, illustrates the hearsay; there was a great earthquake, the guards asleep, are examples of (2), while the crucifixion and burial, with the reappearance among them are made to justify the inference that he must have come to life after being dead, though the more obvious inference, from universal experience outside of this and a few other cases mentioned in the Bible, is, that a man who reappears in active life after supposed death, has never been dead. Examples are not wanting to show that it was no uncommon belief in those times that great personages died and came back to active life again. We have the record of such a belief in the apocalypse, where the beast who was and is not, is himself also an eighth and is of the seventh, and relates to Nero, who, the writer believed, would return to assume again the role of persecutor.

The second remark is that there is disagreement upon important particulars. They disagree as to the time of day when the event occurred, the number who were present at the tomb, the order in which information was conveyed to the disciples by the women, the time when these last reached the tomb, the occasion and places of his appearances after the resurrection, and especially the place and time of his ascension, one writer placing it, apparently, at Jerusalem upon the same day as the return to life, and another at Bethlehem, many days later; while Matthew and John make no mention of so important an event.

I am not unaware of the ingenious attempts which have been made to harmonize this confusion; each failure only stimulating some other adventurous knight to gain glory where previous champions have fallen. So, like the attempt to find perpetual motion, the field is abandoned to impracticable visionaries. If fifteen centuries have failed to find a solution along the lines of Christian belief, there is little hope of it in the future. It seems that the only solution possible is that no such event happened, because, first, it is contrary to human experience in all other cases, and, secondly, the witnesses disagree to such an extent as to destroy their credibility, and, thirdly, their accounts are so mixed up with stories of angels, and unhistorical statements about an earthquake that no one saw or heard, that we are forced to the conclusion that we are dealing with tales as legendary as any related in the "Arabian Nights." Jesus, like other deified reformers, has not escaped the romancing tendencies of his biographers. This has been the fate of all those great and eccentric geniuses who have shaped the moral and religious ideas of millions of people for hundreds of years. Such were Buddha and Zoroaster, Mahomet and Jesus. Who believes the similar stories related of the former? The evidence in the one case is of the same kind as that in the other. It is even less contradictory while no more highly reasoned with the supernatural.

The question remains, how has it come to pass that death and resurrection have attached to these great personages in the past and become the antecedent reason of their apotheosis? We have not to go far to discover it. It is part of a common stock of world-myth stories wherein the heavenly bodies are made to play the role of divine personages. Among these bodies the sun, under various aspects, especially as

ruler of the day, became a most conspicuous object in these stories. Though he was a god, yet he was only one among many, and as he declined in the west and passed out of sight it was assumed that during the night he entered the realms of the god of the lower regions where for a time he was held captive. This under-world—hades or sheol—was also called the region of death. From this place the sun came forth at dawn as conqueror, and is said, poetically, or really, as many of them thought, to have had a resurrection from the dead.

The application of this mythology to the founders of other world-religions, before Christianity, led the Christians, in a spirit of emulation to invest their founder, many years after his death, with equal honors. The Christmas or birthday festival of Jesus is part of the same solar-myth. It was the birthday of the sun-god transferred to Jesus after all trace of His real birthday had been lost. Formerly they kept May 20th, April 19th or 20th and January 5th, but following the lead of the party at Rome they finally settled upon December 25th, though this date was not fully and generally established until the fifth century. It was thus made to correspond with the Pagan festival to Adonis, the sun-god, or, as some think, the representative of the spirit of vegetation which was annually renewed. This part of the myth is more generally admitted; probably because no doctrine or theological tenet depends upon this or that particular birthday.

Does this view of the resurrection of Jesus rob any one of the satisfaction he has found in contemplating his character? To such I appeal, is it not better to view him in his simple, unadorned character, as the Son of Man, the only claim he made for himself which corresponds with the real history of his life, and leave the orientalizing adjuncts of later times as curious specimens of human idealization?

Though to some this may seem to belittle the subject and deprive it of its chief glory, let such consider that truth is simple, and it is only a false taste which dresses it up like a courtesan. Like many other false notions there are solid facts underlying it. It points us to the recurring phenomena of nature—the succession of day and night—the return of life-giving power after temporary absence from our sight and the renewal of those vital processes which guarantee our well-being. It even loses none of its stimulating power for it symbolizes the unceasing renewal of those spiritual energies which result in permanent habits of thought and moral activities, which alone entitle us to immortality.

CHICAGO, MARCH, 1891.

#### RATIONAL UNSECTARIAN EDUCATION.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

[The following paper was read before the Liberal Lecture Association of Peoria, Ill., and was received with marked satisfaction.—ED. JOURNAL.]

"Education in the most extensive sense of the word," says Paley, "may comprehend every preparation that is made in our youth for the sequel of our lives." To educate is to bring forth, to develop the physical powers and the intellectual and moral faculties, to improve the mind, form the character and manners.

All thoughtful parents feel anxious that the education of their children shall be such as to give them an opportunity to become better, wiser and greater men and women than they themselves are, and the question of education, how best "to teach the young idea" to grow in the right direction has been a serious one in all ages and among all peoples. Every nation, every race, has understood the truth expressed by Pope that "'Tis education forms the common mind," since "just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined;" and the historian of every great nation is careful to inform us what that nation's ideas were in relation to the education of the young and what was its general method, with the supposed result of that education on the national character.

Although Sparta to-day plays little part in the world's history, yet "the Spartan youth" is still an ideal surviving in our proverbial sayings as a worthy example of the effects of educational discipline. In

the philosophical systems of all the earlier thinkers and writers, the proper education of youth was discussed very seriously and sensibly as a matter of national importance and national concern.

And to-day all thinkers concur in believing that for the upholding of every great and permanent movement or work, education therein must begin in childhood. The Catholic church has long understood the power which it gains over the minds of its devotees by educating them from infancy in its tenets. This knowledge, won from experience, is the secret of the present determined movement in favor of parochial schools by the Catholics in this country. The American-born children of devout Catholics, who attend only the public schools under a free and unsectarian government, are very liable to have their religious faith undermined by the freedom given to thought in these schools. The heads of the church quite well understand that only infrequently will the man's reason be able to eliminate the child's unquestioning faith from the mind after it has become, by being trained in certain lines of growth, part of its very being.

And among liberals the question of the right education of their children, whereby they may learn everything necessary for their best welfare and highest culture, and yet be kept free from the mind-trameling of religious education, is beginning to be earnestly discussed, and all the more thoughtfully since the public school question as raised by the Catholic faction in opposition to the Protestant Bible-reading and bias in our schools. Frequently during the years of my connection with *The Index*, and other papers, I found myself appealed to as a woman interested in this matter, by free-thinking parents, for opinion or suggestion as to the best method of training their children so as to avoid, on the one side, the Scylla of Christian prejudice and superstition, and on the other the Charybdis of popular odium and ostracism by reason of too pronounced rationalistic teaching. Several times during these years, by request, I replied publicly to these letters of inquiry, and usually there arose from such publication a little breeze of discussion from various quarters, which, with the letters received, convinced me that the question as to the proper education of their children in regard to religion is one which already disturbs many liberal parents, and one which, sooner or later, must be confronted and decided.

There is already considerable ferment in the public mind on this question, but so far the discussion has been mainly from the Catholic and Protestant standpoints. I think this question began to take definite form when, two years ago or more, a Boston schoolmaster was taken to task for so-called misrepresentation of history in regard to Catholic "indulgences," in one of the public schools. Catholic indignation was aroused, and Catholic influences were brought to bear so strongly in regard to the matter that the schoolmaster was transferred to another school and the text-book which he defended himself as having used as his authority, (Swinton's *Outlines of History*) was thrown out of the list of text-books, and another substituted. Soon after that the city election occurred, when several new members of the school committee were to be chosen, and as the action taken in regard to the text-book was ascribed to the larger number of Catholics on the Boston school board, warm feeling was aroused on both sides, the Protestants wishing to vote in those of their faith to the vacancies, and the Catholics determined to out-vote the others if possible.

Women have had a school vote in Massachusetts for some years, but the red tape of registering, etc., which hedges it about is so great, and it generally means so little in its effect, that only the more ardent suffragists care to endure so much cry for so very little wool, and the greatest number voting on the question in any one year before was, I think, about eleven hundred; but the excitement grew so strong on this religious question that both Catholic and Protestant ladies registered in before unheard-of numbers, and when election day came—though it was one of the stormiest days of the season—over seventeen thousand ladies stood in line with the male voters to vote for their favorite candidates for the school board. Afterward the Catholics began their demand for a proportionate part of the school funds to build school houses, where only the Catholic religion should be taught and Catholic teachers employed; for they claimed, and somewhat justly, that the public schools of this Republic are all under Protestant jurisdiction and Protestant influences. The newspapers and magazines all over the country have taken up and discussed the subject from various standpoints, the liberals of the country who have participated, taking the just ground that religion of all kinds should be eliminated from public school studies. When the National Educational Association of America met in Nashville, Tenn., papers by Cardinal Gibbons and Bishop Keane, of the Catholic church, were read in



vigorous defense of religion being taught in the schools. Edwin D. Mead, a liberal writer and speaker, presented a paper in opposition. The question was worded: "Has the Parochial school a proper place in America?" This was followed by an animated debate. The Washington (D. C.) *Public Opinion* on the question, "Is Religious Instruction in the public schools expedient? If so, what should be its character and limitations?" from the pens of Cardinal Gibbons; Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, ex-President of Harvard college; Rev. Minot J. Savage, a liberal preacher of Boston; and Professor William T. Harris, editor of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* and U. S. Commissioner of Education. In the *Forum* Cardinal Manning had an article on "The Bible in the Public Schools." During the Boston excitement over the Catholic attacks on the public school, the Boston *Woman's Journal* solicited and published opinions from many distinguished and able thinkers on both sides of the same question. Afterward the *Christian Register* raised the question as to whether even morality should be taught systematically in the schools, and published short opinions on that phase of the school question from able thinkers all over the country. And the agitation over the Bennett law in Wisconsin which incites discussion of the matter in every other state goes to show that the question of the character of the instruction given in our schools is here to stay until some definite answer is given; and in the discussion now upon us it seems to me liberals have a most earnest interest, for the discussion is sure to strengthen and enlarge their ranks, and theirs is the one true position to be taken in the coming contest—that is, of insistence upon a purely secular, which includes a moral course of education in our public schools.

There can be no doubt in the minds of thoughtful people that the state has the right, and upon it should be imposed the duty, to make provision that its future citizens be of the highest possible moral and intellectual type. Every wrong-doing, unhealthy, uneducated, undisciplined citizen in a community makes just so much heavier the burden of government, and upon each law-abiding citizen, and adds just so much more to the general sum of care-taking, deprivation, and unhappiness, of which each member of the commonwealth must accept a certain share. There is no more effectual means whereby the state can protect its health, wealth and happiness than by insuring itself good and wise citizens by free, yet compulsory, education of all its children, rich and poor alike, in those things which tend toward building up sound, healthy bodies, give impulse to the making of moral character, and stimulate the intellect to increased action and consequent growth. Good health, desire to do right, and active intellectualism are the things which make toward good citizenship, and these are specially needed for the improvement of this world and the happiness and help of humanity; for these purposes education in the rudiments of learning—in the ethics which tend to make possible the brotherhood of man, in manual training of a kind to make the future citizen a useful as well as an intelligent member of society—all this comes within the proper scope of state education. But theology deals with man's diverse theories of the universe; of man's relations with the unseen, supernatural and unknown; and with these the state has no right or reason to interfere, either by way of coercion, persuasion, dissuasion, or teaching. For without any form of religion, the state and society can get along and advance in civilization; but without physical activity, moral uprightness and intellectual vigor both must retrograde. Disaster has ever resulted from governmental interference with religion, for in religion nothing is incontestable, sure, or unchangeable; nothing is fixed as to its truth or falsity. In religion more than any other outcome of the human mind do we realize the fact that there are not only "many men of many minds," but also "many men of no minds." It is all theory—nothing has been proven or demonstrated—and only harm can result and discord prevail where any one form of religious belief is insisted upon as the rule for any nation or state. This fact the founders of this Republic recognized in guaranteeing religious freedom to its citizens and prohibiting state interference in religious matters.

Cardinal Gibbons, from the Catholic standpoint, declares that "Religious knowledge is as far above human science as the soul is above the body, as heaven is above earth, as eternity is above time"; and that "the religious and secular training of our children cannot be divorced without inflicting fatal wounds upon the soul. They must go hand in hand, otherwise their education is shallow and fragmentary—a curse without a blessing." But since he objects to the reading of the Protestant Bible where Catholic children attend, it is very evident that the Catholic religion is, in his opinion, the religion which is the one to advance education; but to this idea Protestant, Jewish, Mormon, Chinese, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Spiritualist and agnostic parents would decidedly object—and all these have as clear a right to introduce

as text-books the works they hold in highest reverence as the Protestants or Catholics have to 'use any of their religious books in the same way. Yet probably all these, including the latter, would agree in the fundamental basis of ethics to be taught in schools.

Liberal parents who were brought up in orthodox religious beliefs, and who have had to slowly struggle their way out from the dark shades of superstitious dogmas into the sunlight of free thought, do not wish—cannot consent—that the minds of their children should be so poisoned and hampered by imbibing with their first draughts of knowledge diversified religious theories, while so much that is true and verified needs to be taught them. Hundreds of free men and women have given their evidence as to the baneful effect upon a child's undisciplined mind the fancy of early religious teaching—teaching which necessarily depicted the horrors of a burning sulphurous hell from which few could escape, the salamander-like devil with hoofs and horns, and his fiendish assistants; the no less terrible and unreasonably exacting God, who seemed to be in partnership with Satan in tormenting poor weak souls; the unsatisfactory and pre-functory heaven which held little attraction for a loving human child; the uncompanionable angels and distasteful heavenly occupations; the surely approaching day of death with all its after-possibilities, and the dreadful resurrection day when every slightest evil thought, every careless word and thoughtless or wicked deed, would be read over aloud in the hearing of those whom they loved best, as well as those who would triumph in their exposure, and their naughty deeds be recalled to the memory of those who loved them and who on earth had forgiven and forgotten their repented-of escapades. No thoughtful parent would have his child undergo the awful fear and terror inspired by the dimly-comprehended dogmas of the Calvinistic theology. I recall with a painful sorrow for the child I knew so intimately then, as if it were some other person—my own experience as a religiously-taught child—how often in dreams I saw the dreaded "last day" with all its fearful accompaniments, when always my own fate was left in mystery, and I awoke in the horror of suspense. How often after "saying my prayers" at night I lay awake wondering if I should die before I waked, and if—not being consciously "converted"—I should be sentenced to hell—against which injustice my inmost soul rebelled, knowing that I had tried to do the right so far as I knew it. And my own keen sensitiveness to physical pain, as well as to moral wrong, made the "plan of salvation" seem unjust and horribly distasteful. My sense of honor was outraged at the thought of accepting pardon for real or supposed sins through the suffering of an innocent and generous-hearted being.

If for no other reason than to keep their children from undergoing the same sort of mental anguish as they themselves have thus endured in childhood, liberal parents should wish to prevent any theological doctrines being implanted in young and immature minds before they have reached an age when the reasoning powers have become educated and exercised in practical directions. A darkened childhood is a wrong to humanity; the sunlight of happiness never afterward reaches unclouded the soul which has had bitterness, grief, fear and terror interwoven into its earliest life experiences. An unhappy childhood usually hardens into a weakly-prejudiced, harshly-intolerant, or sad and gloomy manhood or womanhood. Such are the men and women who help largely to increase the already too great misery of their generation, and whose children are apt to inherit the melancholy bias of their parents' natures.

Sometimes, however, such terrorizing theological teaching has the contrary effect of hardening the young heart into utter imperviousness and callousness. Such an effect is well portrayed by Mrs. Deland in "John Ward—Preacher," where she relates the dialogue overheard by the preacher's wife as she sat by an open window, beneath which some strictly brought-up Christian children were trying to amuse themselves in an orthodox manner on a Sunday afternoon. This is what the heroine hears:

"Now, children," Ellen said, "you sit right down and I'll hear your catechism."

"Who'll hear yours?" Bobby asked, discontentedly. "When we play school, you're always teacher, and it's no fun."

"This isn't playing school," Ellen answered, skillfully evading the first question. "Don't you know it's wicked to play on the Sabbath? Now sit right down." There was a good deal of her mother's sharpness in the way she said this, and plucked Bobby by the strings of his pinafore until he took an uncomfortable position upon an inverted flower-pot. Ellen opened a little yellow-covered book and began:

"Now, answer, Jim! How many kinds of sin are there?"

"Two," responded Jim.

"What are these two kinds, Bob?"

"Original and actual," Bob answered.

"What is original sin?" asked Ellen, raising one

little forefinger to keep Bobby quiet. This was too hard a question for Jim, and with some stumbling Bobby succeeded in saying:

"It is that sin in which I was conceived and born."

"Now, Jim," said Ellen, "you can answer this question, 'cause it's only one word and begins with y.'"

"No fair!" cried Bob, "that's telling."

But Ellen proceeded to give the question: "Doth original sin wholly defile you, and is it sufficient to send you to hell, though you had no other?"

"Yes!" roared Jim, pleased at being certainly right.

"What are you then by nature?" Ellen went on rather carelessly, for she was growing tired of the lesson.

"I am an enemy to God, a child of Satan, and an heir of hell," answered Bobby promptly.

"What will become of the wicked?" asked the little catechist,

Bobby yawned and said contemptuously, "Oh, skip that—cast into hell, of course."

"You ought to answer right," Ellen said reprovingly, but she was glad to give the last question: "What will the wicked do forever in hell?"

"They will roar, curse and blaspheme God," said little Jim cheerfully; while Bobby, to show his joy that the lesson was done, leaned over on his flower-pot and tried to stand on his head, making all the time an unearthly noise.

"I'm roaring!" he cried gaily.

Ellen, a few minutes later, confides to her little brothers that "she is tired of catechism and church and long blessings at table," so she means to run away and "be a circus" and ride horse barebacked. To illustrate how she intends to do that, she mounts a large grindstone, falls off, the boys forget that it is Sunday and break into wild cheers, which brings out the mother, who sends them all supperless to bed, and punishes Ellen additionally for thus playing on Sunday by requiring her to learn a psalm.

Unlike theology, ethics can be taught and absorbed by the immature mind without danger of stunting or warping. It is true that it is impossible for the undeveloped mind to reason clearly, or to understand in all its widely varying relations, the meaning and bearing of any moral principle, but it can be taught the immediate reason therefor, and can be brought under sufficient discipline to obey those under whose guardianship it is placed, and thus become habituated to do the right thing even before it understands clearly why it does so. The parents' outlook should be that the reasons for any action should be so plain that the mature mind shall be able to accept without cavil their rightness. The ancients well understood the need of this moral and intellectual training for the young. Plato, in his ideal "Republic," says:

In our education we will follow the old routine. First, music; that is, all training by word and sounds. But we will have a strict censorship of the press, and banish from our state all those lying fables of our mythology, as well as the terrific descriptions of the lower world. We will lay down, instead, types, to which all tales told to children must conform. Our music shall be simple and spirited strains after the Dorian mood and in sculpture and in art we will encourage the same pure taste. Thus, with fair and graceful forms everywhere around them, our youth will drink into their souls, "like gales blowing from healthy lands," all inspirations of truth and beauty. In their bodily training we will encourage a plain and healthy diet, and there shall be no sauces or made dishes. Their amusements are to be carefully watched. They are to learn dancing, to give them stately and graceful movement; wrestling, to give them quickness and agility; and music to humanize their souls. Till the age of thirteen they are to learn their grammar and letters; afterward the use of the lyre and grave and simple melodies. Their education is to conclude with the rudiments of science, which should be taught in an interesting manner.

One might hazard the conviction that here in this last hint of Plato's lies the beginning and germ of the kindergarten idea. You will observe, too, that Plato insists upon the elimination of theology from education of youth; and Aristotle did the same in his plan of education, and his list of virtues to be taught the young included only moral qualities, such as courage, temperance, liberty, magnanimity, self-respect, mildness, truthfulness, friendship, etc.—all those feelings and actions which govern our relations with our fellow-beings and widen the sphere of happiness for all.

All religious sects agree upon the main points of morality, and even Christians do not hesitate to draw ennobling moral lessons from Pagan sources, as when they speak of the virtue of Lucretia, the justice of Aristides, or admiringly "read in solemn stories"

How Ulysses left the sunlight  
For the pale Eidola race,  
Blank and passive through the dun light  
Staring blindly on his face.

How that true wife said to Pætus,  
With calm smile and wounded heart,  
"Sweet—it hurts not!" How Admetus  
Saw his blessed ones depart."

and, without a thought of the religious creed of the doer of noble deeds, admire his action and desire to emulate his virtues. This shows how little theology has to do with ethical principles. As one of our own writers on the subject well says, "Morals can be taught in our public schools without trespassing upon the rights of any class. Modern civilization adopts from all sources—Greek, Roman, European, as well as Asiatic—those principles which constitute our standard of morals." Thus we all agree upon the main questions of morality, while scarcely any thoroughly agree upon theological matters, which should therefore be taught only in private homes or in the churches whose members are agreed in opinion and belief, and not in the public schools designed for the good of the whole community.

But the question arises, since it is part of man's nature to wonder and surmise concerning the source and nature of being, and the universe of which he finds himself a part, and to theorize from such data as he is in possession of toward some tenable solution of the mystery of life and our relations to the Unseen, just what and how much liberal thinkers should teach their children in regard to religion or religions. There is much difference of opinion and of practice among free-thinkers on this subject. It seems to me unwise and but another form of religious bigotry to forbid our children any clear knowledge of the Christian forms of faith, or to read the Christians' Bible, if so inclined; indeed, I would advise a department in advanced schools where all religions should be impartially studied as a phase in man's intellectual development—a department where, however, no one religion should have any advantage over the others through prejudiced text-books or treatment in study and investigation. I have sometimes found opposition to this view among thinking liberals. One who was then a stranger to me opposed my views on this point, I remember, in the *Index* some ten years ago, in an article in response to a previous one from me on the subject of the religious education of the children of liberals. She took the ground that the minds of children should be kept from any knowledge of theology until mature enough to study the questions involved with logical discrimination. I did not then think it possible to so educate children in these days. Within the past few years the writer of that article has become an intimate friend, whose charming daughter and manly sons are well known to me, as I have seen them in their beautiful city home. I find that while they are very thoroughly educated and accomplished in all that pertains to the usefulness and beauty of the world and society in which they live, and have been carefully grounded in the highest morality, she has succeeded in keeping their minds free from all theological bias, and they seem to have little curiosity as yet upon the subject, though the two older ones are now entering upon manhood and womanhood and are already taking their places in society. She declares she found no difficulty in this. She and her husband have literary and artistic tastes, which bring about them a social atmosphere of the best minds, and all topics outside of orthodox dogmas are freely discussed in her home; but she claims the secret of her success to be in the fact that she has kept the minds of her children so constantly occupied with the studies, pursuits and pastimes necessary for their pleasure and success in life that they have found no time to investigate or speculate on theological matters. Now that they are reaching maturity, she takes no pains to keep them from such speculation, nor does she—while holding herself ready to explain, reason and argue with them—invite them to it. If they choose to become interested in religious matters now, she feels confident they will be able to form unbiased opinions and to make discriminations as to the truth or falsity of prevalent religious theories; also they are free from any prejudicial antagonism towards any faith, and so less liable to hurt the feelings of the reverent believers in any system of religion by ungenerous and injudicious ridicule or scornful flaunting. They will be ready to hear all sides, weigh and reasonably discuss every question presented to them.

But successful, so far, as this experiment has proved, I am not yet quite convinced that this ignoring of all points of religious differences is the wisest course to be pursued in the education of the children of liberals. The very ignorance of these subjects may make these young minds, healthy in tone as they are, all the more susceptible to the insidious inroads of the mystic phases of certain theological beliefs than they would be if forewarned of the power over the human mind. It is doubtless because of such ignorance of the history of religious belief that children of free-thinkers have occasionally become converts to the Roman Catholic faith—a faith which more than any other has made a special study of the most direct avenues by which to reach the heart, and of the most

plausible intellectual sophistries to enmesh the logical brain. Yet I would much prefer such ignoring of religious knowledge, with all its dangers, to the practice of some, perhaps well-informed, but crude and coarse-grained freethinkers who deliberately encourage in their children discourtesy and contempt, shown in rude manner, for the religious beliefs of their neighbors and fellow men.

I remember one such liberal who, if he did not encourage, yet laughingly allowed his boys unchecked to scandalize and horrify his Christian neighbors and their children by singing out in their play, at the highest pitch of their voices, "There is no God!—there is no God!" and other expressions of the rabidly "radical" kind, which bring disgrace upon intellectually progressive ideas and retard the spread of true free-thought. The children of liberals, those whose radical stand against the superstitions of religion is the outgrowth of advanced ideas and of a knowledge which implies the highest culture, should be taught above all other youth to give evidence of their parents' wider intellectual outlook, by their own more perfect manners and larger charity towards the narrow prejudices of less progressive people.

One step in the right education of the children of liberals would be in the establishment of Sunday schools where purely ethical teaching should prevail, disassociated from all blind guessing at the unknown; where man's needs and possibilities, his power to aid and to hinder the happiness of his fellows should be explained and made clear, the reasons made plain why we ought or ought not to do certain things, and the way to further intellectual and moral evolution pointed out. The isolation of liberals renders this step difficult in many cases, but one such Sunday school has been in successful operation for many years now at Florence, Mass., whence so many things honorable to liberalism have come, thanks to a few whole-souled and far-seeing thinkers whose works speak more eloquently for the cause they have espoused than any speech could do.

One thing is clear and certain—that the moral sense, the conscience, of the rising generation should in every way be aroused, developed, and strengthened, and that children should be thoroughly instructed in the precepts of morality, and, as soon as they are able to understand them, in the principles of ethics. This, of course, implies a knowledge of man's history and relations to his fellow men and to the world. That only should be taught as unquestionable truth which is beyond reasonable controversy. The world's knowledge is constantly increasing, and propositions which are not susceptible of proof should not be taught in a way to limit further inquiry. Philosophical and religious speculations, concerning which the greatest thinkers of all ages have differed, cannot be accepted as truth by immature minds, save upon the dicta of authority, and it is manifestly unjust to impose upon the young in this way theories that are open to doubt. It is better as the young mind develops to acquaint it with the *pros* and *cons* of all disputed questions, the arguments for and the objections to each side, and allow it to form its own conclusions. Some may say that in limiting the education of the young to the known and proven deprives it of the uplifting impetus which the search after the infinite and the unknown gives. To this our answer is that liberalism does not seek to limit the search after the now unknown, or to forbid making it sure wherever possible. It does forbid building air-castles with no sign of a foundation. Search and inquiry are the legitimate tools of progressive men and women, but they refuse to theorize on what is unknown until their search has revealed something definite and tangible. They are not shut off from the blessed enthusiasms which make life better worth living. We can teach our children to find exaltation and delight in work for the uplifting of humanity. We can teach them to help bring happiness to themselves and to mankind by seeking to lessen the hours of toil for the laborer, to make his hours of leisure intellectually profitable—to give him his due share of the profits gained by his work; in efforts to give strength to weak bodies and weaker minds; to help make hearts purer and intellect stronger; to win men and women to deal justly by each other; to make the waste places of the earth productive until it gives us its best; to bring nature and man up to their highest possibilities, and by united action prove the brotherhood of man. So, working unitedly toward the realization of the highest ideals we yet know, we may become clear-eyed and large-brained enough to search more deeply, more clear-sightedly, and more successfully into the mysteries of the universe and approach more nearly the yet unknown truth which quarrelsome guesses seem to push farther and farther away from us. There remains to all the heights of philosophy—aye, even of spiritual inquiry to ascend by as slow or as swift degree as within us lie. We are not shut off from that ascension, but have no right at the foot of those heights to shut our eyes and declare definitely what those unseen summits hold of ineffable presence and power.

#### PRACTICAL PROFIT-SHARING.

Messrs. Brooke, Bond & Co., Leeds, write to the *Leeds Mercury*: As you and your readers appear to be interested in this subject, we send you particulars of a profit-sharing scheme, which has been adopted by us since 1882. A certain percentage of profits is set apart for distribution. The whole is handed over in cash, without any reserve, every six months as soon as our profits have been ascertained. The amount to which each worker is entitled is based on his salary for the current six months, irrespective of length of service. But the first six months' service does not count. At the present December distribution, for instance, assistants who have been with us seven months will be entitled to bonus on one month's wages. The number participating varies; so does the amount of net profits. Consequently the ratio between normal wages and the sum allotted to each worker fluctuates considerably. We have distributed a bonus at the rate of 1s. 8½d. per pound of wages, and a bonus of 2s. 11½d. per pound of wages. The smallest amount distributed has been equal to 8½ per cent. on the assistants' earnings, and the largest has been equal to nearly 15 per cent. In the event of a worker leaving of his own accord, or because his services are not required, in the absence of culpable negligence or misconduct, he is paid his share of profits up to the date leaving on the basis of the previous half-year's percentage. In addition to the regulations as above, our staff have a sick fund, managed by themselves, to which the firm contributes. Our system of profit-sharing was introduced, primarily, for the benefit of the workers. The problem was how to add to the earnings of labor without diminishing the profits of the employer. The solution was supposed to be found in increased zeal, vigilance, punctuality, economies of time and material, identification of interests. It was hoped and anticipated that the operation of these motives and qualities would add to the profits all that is given back in the shape of bonus. We are completely satisfied with the results. As you see, our assistants enjoy a substantial bonus. On our part, we have the advantage of a better choice of hands, indisposition on their part to change, less necessity for incessant personal supervision, and greater amenity and agreeableness in the relation of master and servants.—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

#### A STRANGE APPARITION.

According to a despatch from Chamberlain, S. D. to the *St. Paul Globe*, for a month or more men living on McCloud's cattle ranch, near the mouth of Battle Creek, have been startled from their sleep at night by footsteps threading the halls and passageways of the house, doors opening and shutting, and an occasional laugh of the demoniacal, hair-raising, blood-chilling variety. All these ghostly demonstrations had been looked upon by the inmates of the house as the workings of some practical joker, or imagination, and very little attention was paid to them until about a week ago, when one of the men, about 10 or 11 o'clock at night, stepped out of doors. What he saw there almost froze his blood.

Standing in the middle of the yard was a familiar figure, that of a former lady resident of the house, clothed in the habiliments of the grave. A dull phosphorescent light seemed to be emitted from the shrouded figure, whose back was turned toward the man. Slowly the figure turned, and, with arms extended, its staring eyes shining with a dull lustre, it commenced a movement toward the man, who stood spellbound. For a second only did he stand transfixed, then with a yell of terror he dashed in upon his comrades within the house. He told his story to the crowd, and a rush was made for the yard to investigate, but the spectre had fled. That night the footsteps and noises throughout the house were more frequent and louder, banishing sleep from the eyes of the now thoroughly frightened inmates. The next night a watch was kept for the ghostly visitor, but it came not.

The next night followed, and still no ghost, so the watchers had about given up all hope of its reappearance, when on the fourth night the watchers, while sitting in a darkened room, were startled by suddenly seeing the spectre's face pressed against the window pane. Each man seized his gun and a volley was fired at the visage. When the smoke had cleared away and the men's courage had in a measure returned, they ventured outside, expecting to find a corpse lying beneath the window. They did not but instead saw standing about thirty paces from the house the figure of a woman looking at them reproachfully, and seeming to have just arisen from the grave. For a moment the men stood breathlessly looking at the strange sight, when one of the boldest raised his gun to his shoulder, took deliberate aim at the figure, and pulled the trigger. The figure was still there when the smoke cleared away, and, looking at them for a moment with its staring eyes, gradually disappeared.

Next morning there was an emigration from the ranch.





## SILENT HEROISM.

To fight aloud is very brave,  
But gallanter, I know,  
Who charge within the bosom  
The cavalry of woe.

Who win, and nations do not see,  
Who fall, and none observe,  
Whose dying eyes no country  
Regards with patriot love.

We trust, in plumed procession,  
For such the angels go,  
Rank after rank, with even feet,  
And uniforms of snow.

—EMILY DICKINSON.

Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures;  
That life is long which answers life's great end;  
The time that bears no fruit deserves no name;  
The man of wisdom is the man of years.

—YOUNG.

His were the songs of the heart,  
His were the songs of the mind;  
His the songs that gave a part  
Of heaven to human kind.

—JAMES RILEY.

A representative of the *Chicago Times* interviewed a number of leading woman suffragists upon the effect the ballot would be likely to have upon marriage. It is said there are 80,000 unmarried women in Massachusetts alone, with the number increasing.

Miss Susan B. Anthony says: Our business and professional life will of course effect marriage. It will lessen bad marriages, and it will guard women from ill-sorted ones. It will take from immoral and unworthy men the advantage they now have over some women as their only means of support, and will give them the freedom to choose for themselves. On the other hand good marriages will be increased by the present condition. When women achieve real independence, and have their political, industrial and financial equality, they will no longer sell themselves to a so-called husband for a so-called home. They will not be satisfied with board and lodging in some man's house, and as much else of his worldly goods as he chooses. Financial dependence is the secret of this woman's rebellion, for it is the core of her domestic unhappiness. When men recognize women as equal factors in human government, as creatures of financial independence and apace with themselves, then women will not only be wooed as real sweethearts, loved as wives and enjoyed as companions, but they will be respected as self-respecting human entities. The woman of the future is going to climb up where she can take a look over this field. She is not going to snatch at anything that passes for a man because it draws a salary, and the man of the future will be just as apt to select a woman who is mentally developed for companionship and morally fitted for motherhood, as one whose physical beauty has enthralled him, or whose form is especially adapted for showing off fine rags.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall, president of The National Council well known in educational circles in Indiana, who with her husband has established and maintained for some years a successful co-educational school for higher education says "Too many marriages are made because women are driven to marriage for support. As women enter the industrial world, acquire higher education, and are admitted to the professions they will be fitted for self-support and able to maintain that self-respect which forbids unchaste marriage. The man of the future is to be envied; he will be accepted because he is loved, not as a mere means of a living. Men now have little assurance that they are accepted for love alone when there are so many other motives impelling women to matrimony. Educational and industrial freedom will permit a woman to give her heart with her hand. These larger activities will improve domestic life, and more than this, a current slander that suffragists were neglectful housekeepers has put that class on its mettle, and the best housekeepers in the country to-day are these same progressive women."

"My marriage may be quoted as a result of suffrage training on both sides," said Rachel Foster Avery, secretary of the National Woman's Suffrage Association. "Both my husband and myself were born and reared in anti-slavery and woman's

rights families. His mother is a devoted suffrage-worker, while my father was the first man in the country to pay women printers salaries equal to men. At the age of twelve I wrote my first woman's rights essay, and the same year Mr. Avery, then a boy of sixteen, wrote a similar one in college. We were introduced years later through a suffrage convention—that is, by a letter from a mutual friend in attendance. I had long before this become used to the idea of old maidenhood. Very liberal home training had made me fastidious. Being fond of children I had legally adopted a little orphan girl and planned my life without reference to marriage. That introduction, however, brought a man whose life and purposes were similar to my own, and, after adopting a domestic platform of love, liberty, and equality, we served notice upon our friends that the third party had declared its principles. The Rev. Anna Shaw, Methodist, postponed a couple of suffrage meetings and came on to Philadelphia to perform the ceremony. She was assisted by the Rev. Charles Ames of Boston, a famous Unitarian. We have a daughter now aged nine months, and who already is a member of four suffrage societies of Chicago, of Cook county, of Illinois, and of the National. My own happy marriage on the liberal plain is my answer to this question. "And my last conclusion," said this young and charmingly gay-spirited woman, "assures me that an equal rights marriage can never be a failure." Mrs. Avery wears a watch on the face of which is her husband's picture, and among the official papers in her hand-bag was another of the same handsome man. The mutual adoration of this couple furnishes many stories among their friends.

"When I was a child," said Frances Willard, "I lived in the country and close to the heart of nature. I loved all animal life, and unconsciously became a student of natural laws. It was there, idly watching the mating of birds and the association of the animate creation generally, that I learned the fundamental principles of sex. Though my eyes were keen in those days, I saw nothing of what we call domestic tyranny, nor of marriage based upon anything but natural law. The father and mother birds to be, first sang together, flew together, and then together built the nest. Except in tribes that betrayed sex by plumage, I was always puzzled as to which was which. When the nest was full of eggs even then they shared the long, loving service of bringing their family into the world. Each of the birds sat upon the nest, and when the children had chipped the shell both parents brought them food, sang to them, and taught them to fly. Nor did I ever see manifestations of superior and inferior relations between horses male and female, or other of the nobler orders of the animal kingdom. They worked and rested, ran and nibbled together in apparent equality. The cattle grazed harmoniously in the same meadow and the fishes swam side by side. Nature is democratic. Nature also arranges that her children shall go two by two. There are no 'go-it-alones' in the field or wood, and if I felt that the emancipation of woman would interfere with this divinely appointed union, I would be totally against the woman movement. But I see in woman's physical, mental, and spiritual advancement the only road up to nature's standard of harmony to the human race. I grieve over this unnatural division of the sexes into apparently antagonistic groups. We would usurp no rights of men. We are willing to concede man his half of the world, but he must give us ours. By and by marriage will rise to a universal harmony, and this is the love that will be the fulfillment of the law. True marriage is a perfect mating upon the three planes—physical, mental, and spiritual. At the present stage men have the greater mental, women the higher spiritual development. Women must acquire the mental hardihood of men, and men must reach a higher spiritual plane. If man may be called the mind of the world, woman is its soul, but they must be in harmony. Marriage must mean companionship. There must be one standard of fidelity. Wifehood and motherhood must be voluntary.

Said Julia Ward Howe: "With this larger liberty comes a larger moral outlook. To the proper solution of the marriage question all other problems are really secondary. This progress of woman is going to solve it. The ideal marriage is one based upon mutual liberty and equality. Only independent human beings can form a union such as marriage should be."

"Yes," said Lillie Devereux Blake, "woman's progress does interfere with marriage. It makes girls fastidious. In New York two-thirds of the unemployed women

marry, while over one-half of the school-teachers remain single. This, said Mr. Jasper, superintendent of public schools, is because a sensible young woman isn't exchanging a certain \$50 for an uncertain young man. Nor is this independent or emancipated woman to lose her attractiveness. Higher education, finer thoughts, and equal rights will not obliterate, but rather add to youth and beauty. Charm and grace of manner will then be properly supported, and the man of the future may count on having a companion as well as a wife."

The Rev. Anna B. Shaw, president of the Womodaughis, national lecturer for the suffragist organization, when questioned said without hesitation: "I have no doubt but that this emancipation of woman, political, mental, and industrial, will have a marvelous effect upon marriage. It will tend to decrease the number of bad marriages; it will increase the number of happy ones. Just so long as men continue to marry their mental inferiors and women to select their moral inferiors, marriage will be unequal and unsatisfactory. As there will be fewer ill-sorted marriages among equals, so there will be smaller families and better children. If I were to state the chief cause of domestic unhappiness where divorce is not sought, I would say it was the wife's lack of financial independence."

Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton, the daughter of Judge E. B. Taylor of Ohio, and one of the world's fair lady managers, said: "This new departure of women may decrease the number of bad marriages, but it will make wiser and better ones. Men are yet even inclined to resent this new independence. They cling to the idea that love must fade or be spoiled by it. The marriage will be a less beautiful relation when a woman is something more than a pet, and dependent, clinging child. They mistake also our demand for political equality as a desire to follow man's methods and steal his perquisites. We care very little for the brass bands and torch-light politics, we care less for offices. What we women hope must from political equality is equalization of pay and the opportunities for individual life that men enjoy."

## THE FRIEND OF DEATH.

One of the most remarkable Spanish writers is Pedro Antonio de Alarcon, whose literary work has given him fame which caused his election in 1875 to the Royal Spanish Academy; he is author of many poems and a number of novels. One of his allegories entitled "The Friend of Death" has been done into English by Mrs. Frances J. A. Darr, who entitles the allegory "The Strange Friend of Tito Gil." The *Springfield Republican*, in its literary department, in referring to this work says:

The story of "The Friend of Death" is one found in many versions and in several languages, being a piece of folklore. He who is the friend of death can tell the day or hour at which a person must die, for Death, invisible to all others, will be visible to him. Thus Death finds Tito Gil, an unfortunate youth, about to drink poison in a doorway at night, and says to him "Friend, wait!" We need not recount the melancholy history of Tito, which had brought him to such a pass, but only to say that he loved with all his heart a beautiful girl of noble birth, with whom he had been associated through the years of childhood, and who he was sure still loved him, but from whom fate inexorably separated him. Death, the mysterious, has obtained from God Tito's soul, to deliver it "cleansed of sin and worthy of His glory." He therefore promises the youth that no other arm than thine or mine shall ever enfold her, to give him "the felicity of this world and the other;" he bestows upon him the strange power before described, and he sends him to the palace where Philip V, ex-king of Spain, dwells in anxious suspense between choosing to inherit the crown of Spain or that of France, for his child, Louis I of Spain, and his nephew, Louis XV of France, are both ill; and Tito is to offer him the first crown. For what happens in this strange tragedy of state life, as told by Alarcon, let the book be read; our present concern is with something greater. For wonderful as is the power which Tito wields by means of his friendship and clear sight of Death, more wonderful is the effect which the possession of the strange privilege has upon him,—more wonderful and most significant. It removes him above passion; hatred, revenge for bitter wrongs, die out of his heart;

he forgives and brings peace to his worst enemy in life, as she is dying, and the result is, though he had no thought of it, that heirship, honor, wealth, and the hand of his beloved Elena are his.

But on the wedding night Death appears and calls on Tito (as the horn of Silva calls on Ernani in the opera), and bears him away from happiness. In the chariot of death, Tito with his awful friend traverses high in air all the round of earth. At Jerusalem they stop, for it is midnight, when Death bows the knee to worship; Tito bows with him, and as they remount the chariot Death says:—

That hamlet that thou seest yonder on a hill is Gethsemane. There was the orchard of olives. On this other side thou wilt distinguish an eminence crowned by a temple which stands out against a field of stars—that is Golgotha. There I passed the great day of my career. I thought to have conquered God, and conquer I did for many hours. But ah! it was in this mountain, one Sunday morning at day break, three days after, that I saw myself disarmed and powerless. Jesus had risen. In these places, too, I fought hand to hand with Nature. Here was our duel. It was three in the afternoon, I remember it perfectly, that Nature, beholding me brandish the sword of Longinus at the breast of the Redeemer, began to hurl stones at me, to open the graves and revive the dead. What could I think? I believed that she had lost her reason."

Then they sped onward to Death's home, the pole, where in eternal ice Death made to Tito Gil his explanation. He surveyed the transiency of man, as they had viewed it everywhere, and said:

"Perhaps thou wilt have comprehended that all which man does is mere child's play with which to pass the time; that his greatness and his miseries are relative; that his civilization, social organism and most serious interests lack common sense; that fashions, customs, heirarchies, are powder, smoke—vanity of vanities. What say I? vanity? less even. These are playthings with which thou entertainest the leisure of life; the deliriums of fever, the hallucinations of mania. Children, the old—nobles, plebeians—the wise, the ignorant—the beautiful, the deformed—kings, slaves—rich and poor—all are the same to me; handfuls of dust, which dust my breath unmakes. And still thou clamorest for life! And still thou desirest to remain in the world!"

"I love Elena," said Tito. Then, when Death finds that every other desire of earth has been purged from Tito's spirit, and nothing remains but love, he says to him, "Know all!" and tells him that he has been dead for nearly 600 years, that he drank the poison to the last drop the night he met with death, and that Elena died of grief and the shock when she heard of his end. Further, he shows the spirit in his charge that there are no other realities than those of the spirit. "But Elena," murmured Tito. "She prays with God. Think not of her; she does not exist, nor ever has really existed. Elena was beauty—the reflection of immortality. To-day Elena will be part of God forever. To him, then, thou shalt address thy supplications." "It has been a dream," exclaimed the youth with inexpressible anguish. "And such will be the world in a few hours—a dream of the Creator."

In this marvellous allegory or apologue, as one may choose to call it, the romantic imagination of Alarcon has reached the ultimate of philosophy—for all schemes of synthetic philosophy, followed out, lead to the same conclusion—that into the fount of being all being returns—there is but one all-pervading, all-inspiring, all-absorbing spirit, which we may name God, as well as or better than invent another name. So that the Hindu mind, thousands of years ago, wrought out the secret of the universe in its Brahman—whose idea is framed in Emerson's verses, so ridiculed when they appeared almost forty years ago. All begins and ends in God. And then what are we? There is a curious passage in one of the "Alice" books of Lewis Carroll; the personages of the delicious narrative are the symbols of a game of chess, and in the course of Alice's adventures she spies the Red King asleep and snoring loudly; shortly after another personage, meeting Alice, treats her with some contumely, and finally says, (in substance) "What are you? You're nothing but a figure in the Red King's dream. When he wakes up you will be nowhere." So then are we all, however busy we be about our little affairs of earth, only images in "the dream of God." "It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves."

It is in this wise that the poets of to-day think of man, and it comes sometimes to

every one that our transiency is not only apparent, but real. Then is it strange that the ancient idea of the days without science should be repeated in our learned times, and that again we should reach the refrain of sleep—even an eternal sleep, as Tennyson does in his latest verses:

To sleep! to sleep! The long bright day is done,  
The darkness rises from the fallen sun.  
To sleep! to sleep!

Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;  
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away;  
To sleep! to sleep!

Sleep, mournful heart! and let the past be past!  
Sleep, happy soul! all life will sleep at last.  
To sleep! to sleep!

This view is under compulsion of what we know of life, of what has been argued from its conditions, and from the philosophers' resolution of all things into one origin, one continuing reservoir of life, whether we call the form of life "spirit" or "matter"—for both are in essence, as we must conclude, the same—both manifestations of the unceasing, persistent, overwhelming and inclusive force that we call God.

And yet there is another phase of this view—it depends on the instinct, or let us call it the intuition, of the human soul for individual immortality. "We shall not all sleep," says Paul, "but we shall all be changed." We shall continue, on the lines on which we have spent this spasm of earth life that has been given us, but with growth, constant and illumined. So that Tennyson's verses are to be regarded as the true expression of our earth mood, but not of the deathless yearnings of the soul. For, as Henry Vaughan wrote:

If a star were confined into a tomb  
Its captive light must needs shine there,  
But when the hand that lockt her up gives room  
She'll shine through all the sphere.

So also Tennyson thinks in his high moments of communion with the invisible, as when he wrote that exquisite poem, "Crossing the Bar," which closed his last volume of verse:

Sunset and evening star  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of time and place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have cross'd the bar.

It is better to judge Tennyson's outlook on the future by "Crossing the Bar" than by his musical lines of lullaby—which would suit no soul worth reckoning in the count of eternity. Bravery is a virtue that can nowhere be more valuable and serious than at the gates of the unknown country that the angel of death opens. The inscription Dante read is not so fearful if one has a clear courage. "Let him abandon hope who enters here"—well, what is hope? Certainly it is not essential to the soul that has borne long and hard discipline; for to such a soul either right doing has become a necessity, whether anything is hoped for or not, by the mere development of its highest qualities—or else it has wholly failed and must sink. To the same spirit contemplating its departure from the scheme of sense which encompasses it, there arises a finer hope than any that can be cherished by ordinary natures. Not only Tennyson, but all the lofty souled poets, like Goethe, Emerson, Browning, Wordsworth, have had a clear expectation of something glorious beyond this dust. Bryant, in one of his latest poems, "The Two Travelers," expresses this sense of hope. He pictures his winter landscape and the grief of him who departs into the storm; then he sees another who bids his farewell to his friends—Tennyson's own ideal vitalized with faith—

"And I," he said, "shall sleep ere long,  
These fading gleams will soon be gone—  
Shall sleep to rise refreshed and strong  
In the bright day that yet shall dawn."

And what does he say in the conclusion of "The Flood of Years," that grand poem of his closing life?—

Old sorrows are forgotten now,  
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour

That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled  
Or broke or healed forever. In the room  
Of this grief-shadowed present, there shall be  
A present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw  
The heart, and never shall a tender tie  
Be broken; in whose reign the eternal change  
That waits on growth and action shall proceed  
With everlasting concord hand in hand.

That is the poet's view of the hereafter, as evolved from the constitution of the soul. It may not come to the same point as philosophy, but let us consider that philosophy as men have reasoned it out for many centuries is but the invention of the human mind, as all the religions of the earth have been and are—while above and beyond all these dwells and dominates and interpenetrates a spirit of which we know nothing, with all our guesses, and which we may hope, because of what we feel in our finest and highest moments, has made and maintains for us a destiny of infinite and individual development.



### MAGNETISM NOT ALWAYS HYPNOTIC.

TO THE EDITOR: Since Mr. Braid first published his observations on passiveness of will, as a result of retinian congestion and the corresponding cerebral impressions, I have always doubted whether his own will had not even unconsciously to himself considerably influenced the phenomena. My doubts were based on my personal experience of physiological impressions by magnetizers and of having determined them in others without sleep, rigidity or other phenomena common to hypnotics. The impressions consisted in removal of pains, dissipation of febrile state and general invigoration.

I have not personally witnessed, but suppose many others have, the cases in which subjects who have once been rendered passive, may be arrested when walking in the street by the will of their magnetizer to whom their backs are turned and without any previous injunction or suggestion.

Young Mr. Griffin's narrative of hypnotized palate" copied into a recent number of THE JOURNAL, deserves thorough investigation. The localization of magnetic impression, and this without the subject's consent to passiveness, or previous induction of somnambulism, as well as the permanence of the impression, render the case, if true, of the highest importance.

As Mr. Wells Drury and the San Francisco Examiner give the names of the subject, Carroll Cook and his magnetizer Kennedy, there ought to be no difficulty in getting Mr. Griffin's narrative duly authenticated. This premised, for the physiological analysis, it would be interesting to know whether alcohol introduced into the stomach, through a tube, in any of the usual kinds of drink, without touching the palate, would effect Cook's system abnormally. The greatest peculiarity of the case as stated is the subjection of the body without a corresponding impression on the intelligent will which resisted and endeavored to drink. Without data for a decided opinion, I suggest that human or animal magnetism like mineral, implies specific polar relations between the agent and the object or the subject of his action—a sort of sympathy, which without being love or friendship, is a potential germ of these passions, subject to evolutionary culture. If, as is affirmed, hypnotism can be spontaneously self-induced by gazing on bright objects, it must be foreign to the above mentioned influence. This view of animal magnetism is in general analogy with the curious reference to the pit of the stomach—solar plexus—as the seat of somnambulant vision, or that consciousness which supplies similar knowledge, and with the physiological relation of the passions with the visceral organs, the lungs and liver—oxygenizing and decarbonizing—to the varied evolutions of ambition, the stomach and upper intestine to friendship, and the pelvic organs to love and parentism.

Analogy has long anticipated the localization of the magnetic will, by electrization in other forms, either with or without the intervention of nerves. Wilson Phillip and other experimenters excited or arrested the gastric and cardiac functions by localizing the voltaic current on the pneumogastric and sympathetic nerves and more recently, wonderful cures have been made by localizing it on the cervical sympathetics. Duchenne de Boulogne showed the muscu-

lar mechanism of physiognomy by localizing the faradic current, thus inducing every expression of the passions, without any passionate emotion. Localized anesthesia has been employed in dentistry and other surgical operations, and localized muscular excitement in the cures of deformities and maintenance of nutrition in paralysis, by both the voltaic and faradic currents. But Mr. Griffin's narrative is the first I have seen of localization by the will without a previous general subjection of the organism.

M. E. LAZARUS.

### A SINGULAR DREAM.

TO THE EDITOR: I dreamed such a peculiar dream last night, March 22nd, that this morning I am constrained to make a note of it. I dreamed that I was in a city, dressed in a common attire; in fact, rather poorly and thinly clad, and had a hatchet in my hand. Being cold and a stranger, I went into a large dry goods store to warm, and was surprised to find it owned by a Mr. Warner, with whom I had lived when a lad. I recognized him, his wife and a young lady whom they had adopted when a little girl. I wondered what had become of their little son, a boy of four at the time when I lived with them, and who by this time must have grown to manhood.

I laid my hatchet on the corner of the stove, and as there were several clerks in the store, I scanned their faces closely, and finally settled upon one young man as being Charlie Warner. Neither of the four seemed to recognize me, and as I was poorly clad and rather diffident, concluded not to make myself known, and left the store. I recollect nothing further until I again stood in the door of the same store. It had been gutted by fire. All the inside was burned out. Mr. and Mrs. Warner, the young lady and the son were there viewing the ruin. Mrs. Warner was the first to recognize me, and shook me heartily by the hand. Mr. W., the lady, and the young man also came and greeted me, and the older ones talked of many things that happened while I was at their house, reminding me of many incidents that I had long since forgotten.

One circumstance in particular was when their cook very unceremoniously left them without warning and I had volunteered to cook the breakfast, and as my mother had taught me the art, I succeeded in placing upon the table a very good repast. All this I had entirely forgotten, and Mrs. W. had to relate the circumstance minutely before I could remember it. But on mentioning a remark that was made at the table by Mr. W. in regard to my cooking, the whole circumstance returned vividly to my recollection, and I remembered it all in detail, even the most minute particulars connected with both cooking and eating the breakfast, and we all had a hearty laugh over the circumstance. Then I awoke with the circumstance of the dream vividly impressed on my mind, as well as the memory of having in my boyhood, lived in the Warner family. But the strangest part of this was that I never knew a family of that name; never lived with them, and knew no such circumstance as that of getting the breakfast, which had been so vividly remembered when related by Mrs. Warner in my dream. The whole thing in toto was simply a dream.

Were I a theosophist I would believe this occurrence was a memory of some former incarnation, but not believing in re-incarnation I have no explanation at hand. According to scientific ethics it is our subconscious self that forms the people of our dreams; but what strikes me as singular is that Mrs. Warner, a lady whom I had never seen or known in my waking moments, could be so familiar to me in my dream, and could remind me of circumstances that seemed to have happened in my boyhood, but which really never did; and could bring them apparently so vividly to my recollection in my dream. Can any of your readers explain this phenomena?

S. T. SUDDICK.

### CONSULTING MEDIUMS UPON TRIVIAL MATTERS.

TO THE EDITOR: I find myself so often wishing that seekers after knowledge concerning Spiritualism would refrain from consulting trance mediums upon trivial subjects. I could mention many cases of personal experience with such people, but for lack of space in your valuable paper and fear of offending some kind friend, I will only mention one instance. I have first gained permission to do so, for she is now in spirit life and is at my side and laughingly telling me to tell the public that the people still in the flesh may learn

to do better. One morning a woman rang my bell on Appleton street with great force. I went to the door, found a person all out of breath, who said she had not a moment to spare and desired me to let Alice, my control, come at once. Supposing it to be a matter of great importance, I asked a gentleman who was waiting for an interview, if he would kindly give place to the lady. He graciously consented. I waited and waited to become entranced, when all at once I heard a spirit voice say, "her business is of too little importance for us to attend to." I then asked her what her trouble was, when she informed me that she had a dress-maker at her house in Chelsea waiting for an extra yard of dress goods, and she came to ask Alice if she thought it could be matched. I asked her where she obtained the original. She said, at Jordan and Marsh's. I said to her, why in the world did you not stop there on your way, as you must have passed the door, instead of bringing your two dollars here, which you can not afford to pay? She thanked me, saying she had not once thought of that. Now do not picture to yourselves a stupid woman, for, on the contrary, she was considered very bright.

The man who gave place to her was a stranger, but, as he afterward informed me, he came into my house that morning with a heart full of grief at the loss of a loved one and left with a perfect assurance that the loved one had been found; that the blessed spirit was alive and had been able to make himself known.

J. E. P.

BOSTON, MASS.

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The definite study of great poets of the world which has more or less occupied the attention of the literary element of Chicago for the past four years, culminates this year in a Homer School, the program of which includes lectures on Homeric poetry, Homeric legends, Homeric art, Homeric ethics, etc. by Mr. Denton G. Snider, Prof. Thomas Davidson, Mr. Geo. Howland, Dr. W. T. Harris and Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman. Mrs. Sherman has the distinction of being the only lady whose name is announced in the program. The "Domestic Ethics of Homer" will be her subject. The lectures began Monday morning, March 30th, and the last of the course will be given Friday evening April 2nd.

The inventor of the Pennington air ship receives letters from every quarter, which indicate wide-spread interest in that invention. He says that Edward E. Rice, the opera manager, has asked for terms for big ships that will accommodate his companies. An Auckland, New Zealand, sheep-grower, Mr. Warneford Sewell, called on the inventor at the Exposition Building, where the small ship is now being successfully exhibited, and requested to be given the cost of a large ship that would carry sheep to the London market. Forty days are required to reach London from Auckland. With the large airship, the inventor says, the same distance can be traversed in ten hours.

Dr. William M. Stephens, of Atchison, Kan., passed to spirit life February 18th, at the age of 66. Forty years ago he investigated Spiritualism, and from that time had been a firm believer in its philosophy. The past winter he read and talked much of spirit return. Services conducted by a Spiritualist were desired at his funeral, but not being practicable the burial service was that of the Farmers' Alliance, of which organization he was a member. Dr. Stephens was a man of many excellent qualities, and in his removal Atchison has lost a worthy citizen.

Many Chicagoans will remember a former resident Mr. W. H. McDonald whose removal to Washington some years ago was regretted by Spiritualists and all who knew him and his cultured family. His son Harold is spoken of in a late issue of the *Washington Post* as follows: Mr. Harold L. McDonald, a genre painter, has studied abroad. He is one of the younger men, but has already done admirable work notable for the excellence of drawing, color, and poetic sentiment. He has done a great deal of charming pen and ink work for illustration, and is secretary of the Society of Washington Artists.

Dr. H. H. and Mrs. Jackson, after some years of residence in Cincinnati, are about to return permanently to Chicago. They are the proprietors of the Sykes Catarrh Cure, and in moving to Chicago are no doubt actuated by the same desire to get to the center of things that inspires many who are coming here from Cincinnati, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Jonesville, Halstead's Corners and other provincial places. Dr. and Mrs. Jackson will be warmly welcomed by a host of old-time friends.

Mr. James Richardson, an old pioneer in the cause of Spiritualism, passed away at Sonora, Ill., March 10th, aged 81 years. He lived up to the principles in which he believed and discountenanced all frauds and shams. He was a medium, but was disinclined to make any boast or parade of his powers. He had been a reader of *THE JOURNAL* many years.

Dr. J. W. Dennis of Cincinnati writes: *THE JOURNAL* is our best weekly visitor.

## March April May

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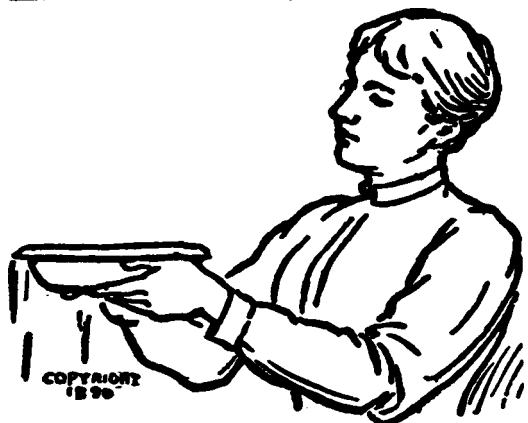
A black and white woodcut-style illustration of a woman in a long, flowing dress sitting on a large, ornate cushion. She is looking down at a small object in her hands. To her left, a large, leafy plant is visible. The background is simple, with a few vertical lines suggesting a wall or doorway. The text "COPYRIGHT 1890" is printed in the bottom left corner.

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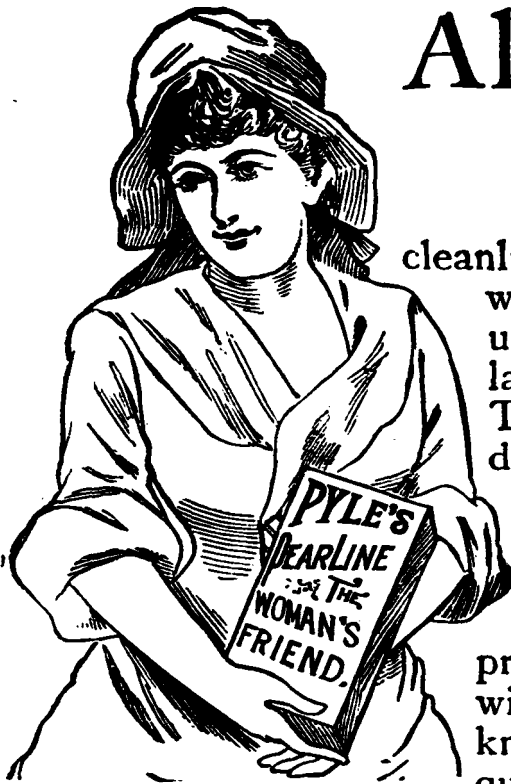
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When a couple of lines would do,  
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That the bread looks plainly through;  
So, when you have a story to tell,  
And would like a little renown,  
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,  
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,  
Whether prose or verse, just try  
To settle your thoughts in the fewest words,  
And let them be crisp and dry.  
And when it is finished, and you suppose  
It is done exactly brown,  
Look it over again and then  
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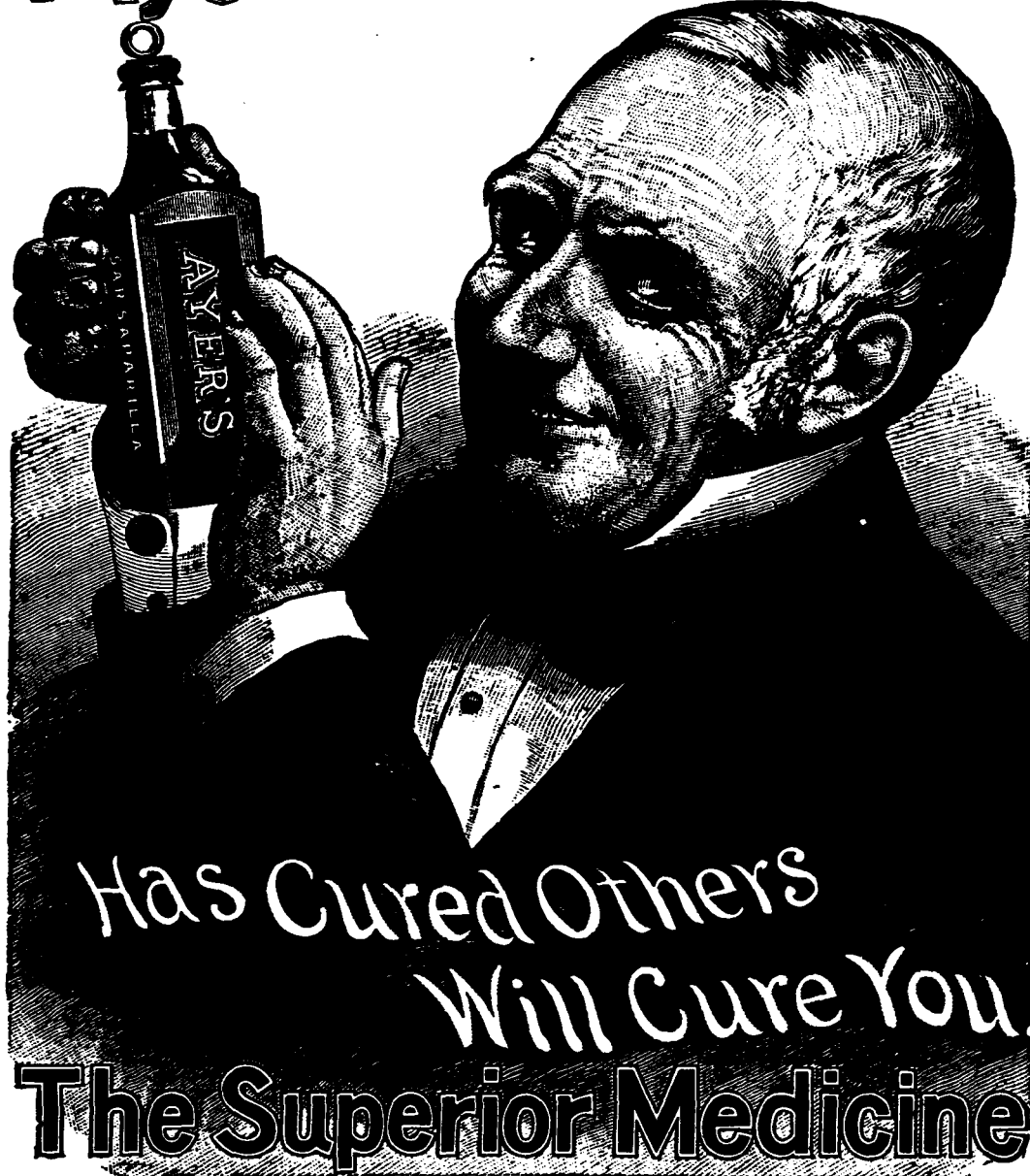
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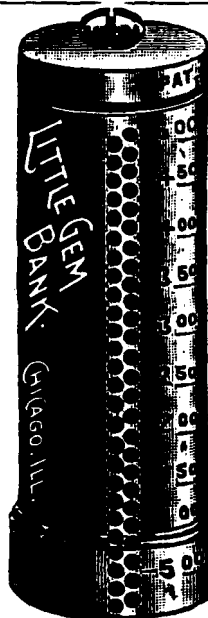
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I am the first day of Spring!  
And will you please get on to  
My style?  
I'm soaking wet,  
And I've got my inside pockets  
Stuffed full of pneumonia,  
And grip, and ague,  
And I'm carrying a large  
Invoice of damp, gray clouds  
In my Bureau;  
And a fine assortment  
Of wind in my whiskers!  
The ethereal mildness  
You read about  
Is a delusion and a snare,  
And I am not in it!  
I'm in league with the  
Quinine mills,  
And the Liver Pad factories,  
And a Weather Prediction  
Has no terrors for me!  
I do the weather, and  
Greeley does the predicting!  
That's what!  
If you don't like me,  
What are you going to do about it?  
Pull down your  
Chest protector!  
Hooray for Me!  
And the Springtime  
Comes gentle Annie—  
Rooney!

—WASHINGTON STAR.

## A THOUGHT OF THE RESURRECTION.

The bulbs that were hid in the darkness,  
Through the winter-time and the snow,  
Have felt the thrill of the sunlight,  
Their hour to bloom they know.  
Purple and gold and scarlet,  
And white as the robes of a king,  
To the glory of love at Easter,  
Their beautiful wealth they bring.

The grass that was brown and withered,  
And cold on the sodden plain,  
Has been kissed by the tender sunshine,  
Caressed by the crystal rain,  
And its bright green lances quiver,  
Lo! twice ten millions strong,  
And the bird with her nest among them  
Flies up with a sudden song.

And we, who have seen our darlings,  
Rest from our side away;  
Who have wept in silent anguish,  
O'er the cold and pulseless clay,  
Take heart in the Easter gladness,  
A parable all may read;  
For the Lord who cares for the flowers  
Cares well for our greater need.

He knows of the loss and anguish,  
The grope of the stricken soul.  
He will bring again our dear ones,  
By his touch of life made whole.  
We shall need and know and love them,  
In the spring beyond the sea,  
That after earth's dreary winter,  
Is coming to you and me.

—MRS. SANGSTER.

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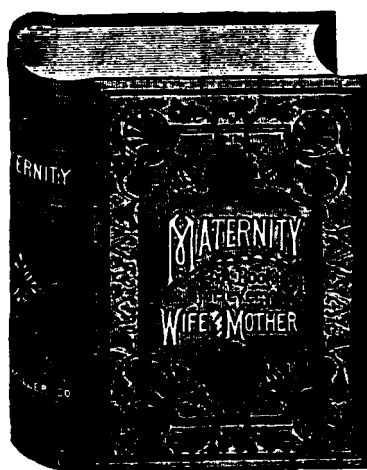
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## CONTENTS.

- E.—Topics of the Times.
- AGE.—Dr. Holbrook on Materialization in the Schools. The Natural Order.
- AGE.—Women's Clubs.
- PAGE.—The Open Court.—Ghoulishness. Materialization.
- AGE.—The Resurrection of Jesus.
- PAGE.—Rational Unsectarian Education.
- PAGE.—Rational Unsectarian Education (continued).
- PAGE.—Practical Profit-sharing. A Case of Apparition.
- PAGE.—Woman and the Home.—Silent Death. The Friend of Death.
- PAGE.—Voice of the People.—Magnetism Always Hypnotic. A Singular Dream. Consulting Mediums on Trivial Subjects. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- I PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- PAGE.—Book Reviews. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- TH PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- TH PAGE.—Bolt it Down. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- TH PAGE.—Spring. A Thought of the Season. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- TH PAGE.—A Characteristic Canard. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

## CHARACTERISTIC CANARD.

Persons best known to themselves, parties in New York and elsewhere at the editor of THE JOURNAL has a considerable time in the east the past year being in New York City for business. The facts are that he has not left Chicago since last September. Quacious Gothamites who are so active when he is a thousand miles off and so unaggressive when he is in the city are anxious to join issue with him and accommodate him.

## DEATH OF MRS. J. R. BUCHANAN.

well-rounded and highly-developed finished the earthly career in a higher sphere. Cornelia life of Prof. Joseph Rhodes underwent the great transition and funeral services were held at 6 James st., Boston, on our good friend for many years.

friends and cheerfully recognized by her husband. Dr. Buchanan is now in his 77th year and the loss will be irreparable, but his philosophy will sustain him in this trial as it has done in others.

The event of the week in Chicago was the brilliant opening of the reconstructed McVicker's Theatre, on Monday night. Joseph Jefferson, W. J. Florence and Mrs. John Drew, in "The Rivals," were welcomed as old friends. The beautiful auditorium was filled by an audience which seemed in its sympathy and enthusiastic good will to surpass anything heretofore seen in this city of complete expression. The repeated calls for Manager McVicker, and the prolonged and tumultuous applause which greeted him on his appearance after the play, were evidences of the esteem in which he is held. It is not often that an experienced manager's feelings get the better of him, but when Mr. McVicker stood in front of the drop-curtain and faced that splendid audience of friends and felt the great waves of kindness pouring upon him from parquette to dome, it was almost too much for even his iron nerve. Briefly and modestly he told the story of nearly half a century in Chicago; and there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes and tremor in his voice. It were worth a life-time of noble effort to gain such a hold upon the hearts of those who have made Chicago what it is.

In THE JOURNAL of March 14th, was an account of a séance at Keokuk. Mrs. W. L. Thompson, medium, at which the alleged spirit of one Sadie Carr who committed suicide some years ago appeared. She told a story about hiding a silver dollar under a board nailed on top of a post against which the bridge gate swings on the Iowa side of the Mississippi. The next day search was made and the coin found. This was considered conclusive evidence of the genuine nature of the materialization by the uncritical. That the coin could have been easily placed there to further a trick never seems to have been thought of by the parties patronizing the show. It now transpires that the board behind which the silver piece was found was nailed on to the post only a few months ago. This of course entirely dematerializes the materialization of the spirit and her message. Mr. C. Bolton of Sonora, Illinois, writes that from his experience with this medium he believes her fraudulent.

THE JOURNAL cannot undertake to investigate the numerous accounts of alleged phenomena reported in exchanges. Readers must exercise their own judgment or make their own investigations. In many of these accounts there is some truth, often highly colored.

In its notice of the transition of W. H. Herndon, the New York Post says: Mr. Herndon occupied himself during the last quarter of a century in collecting inside facts regarding Mr. Lincoln's life prior to his accession to the Presidency, which he embodied in a remarkable biography of three volumes, which was published two years ago. A second edition of this work containing a good deal of new matter had been completed before his death, and a great many unpublished manuscripts remain in the hands of his literary executor and coadjutor, Mr. Jesse Weik, of Greencastle, Ind. Herndon's biography of Lincoln was a labor of love, but at the same time a labor of the strictest veracity [and many think too searching in small personal details.] It was not an apotheosis, but intended to be an exact and truthful picture of the man Lincoln, showing how he grew to greatness in spite of all adverse environment, and how he was prepared by rough knocks in early life to steer the country through the roughest period in its history.

It possesses much of the charm of "Boswell's Life of Johnson" by entering into special details which appear to be insignificant in themselves, but which in their sum total make up a rounded whole, just as the separate lines of the face make up a true portrait. Nobody had so good opportunities to do this necessary work as Mr. Herndon, and nobody else has done it so well. Mr. Herndon was born in Virginia, and was about 73 years of age at the time of his death, and was a victim of the grip.

Dr. James De Buchananne writes: The society in Delphos, Kan., my present address, is going to celebrate our anniversary in a public manner, by meetings, speeches, etc., for two days. I wish all societies would celebrate the anniversary. Why not make it take the place of the orthodox Christmas? It commemorates the rebirth of spiritual truth—the Infinite Power's best gift to man. Why not let Spiritualists make that day the day for giving the annual gift, in imitation of the great gift? Make that day in March our day of days; let it take the place of the old Christmas, which is done with its mission, to thousands, of calling to mind the birth of a Saviour. Not that I would detract in any measure from the importance of the mission of Christ, but I think the same Christ-spirit was reborn in the birth of modern Spiritualism, so-called. Let us celebrate his last spiritual coming, instead of the

date of which there is no historical proof of its accuracy. What do others say to the new Christmas idea?

Mr. Edward W. Emerson, of Concord, Mass., will lecture on Friday evening, April 3rd, under the auspices of the Chicago Institute for Instruction in Letters, Morals and Religion, on "The Life and Character of Henry Thoreau, with Reminiscences." The lecture will be given in the New Athenaeum Hall, Athenaeum Building, 26 Van Buren st., near the New Art Institute Building. Thoreau was a strong and unique personality, and his intimate acquaintance with the lecturer's illustrious father will give peculiar interest to the lecture. Tickets, 50 cents, to be had at the door or at 175 Dearborn st., room 94.

Miss Arline Foye writing from Denver says: My mother, Mrs. Ada Foye has been engaged in her spiritual work in this city for fifteen months continuously, and needs a change from this high altitude. Therefore, though the society is reluctant to let her go, we are about to remove to Omaha, Nebraska, where she will continue her spiritual work.

The word printed "tariff" in the fifth paragraph of the article entitled "Ownership of Railways," in THE JOURNAL of March 21st, page 4, should read "traffic."

# DR. PRICE'S CREAM Baking Powder

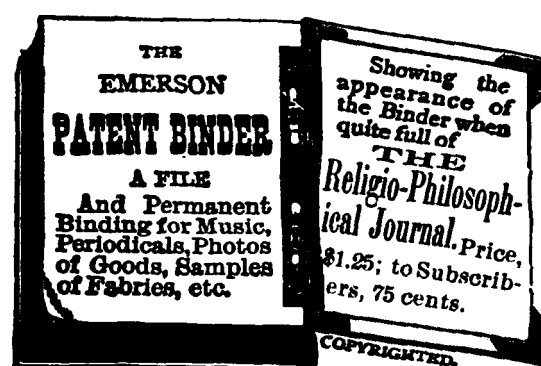
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The definite study of great poets of the world which has more or less occupied the attention of the literary element of Chicago for the past four years, culminates this year in a Homer School, the program of which includes lectures on Homeric poetry, Homeric legends, Homeric art, Homeric ethics, etc. by Mr. Denton G. Snider, Prof. Thomas Davidson, Mr. Geo. Howland, Dr. W. T. Harris and Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman. Mrs. Sherman has the distinction of being the only lady whose name is announced in the program. The "Domestic Ethics of Homer" will be her subject. The lectures began Monday morning, March 30th, and the last of the course will be given Friday evening April 2nd.

The inventor of the Pennington air ship receives letters from every quarter, which indicate wide-spread interest in that invention. He says that Edward E. Rice, the opera manager, has asked for terms for big ships that will accommodate his companies. An Auckland, New Zealand, sheep-grower, Mr. Warneford Sewell, called on the inventor at the Exposition Building, where the small ship is now being successfully exhibited, and requested to be given the cost of a large ship that would carry sheep to the London market. Forty days are required to reach London from Auckland. With the large airship, the inventor says, the same distance can be traversed in ten hours.

Dr. William M. Stephens, of Atchison, Kan., passed to spirit life February 18th, at the age of 66. Forty years ago he investigated Spiritualism, and from that time had been a firm believer in its philosophy. The past winter he read and talked much of spirit return. Services conducted by a Spiritualist were desired at his funeral, but not being practicable the burial service was that of the Farmers' Alliance, of which organization he was a member. Dr. Stephens was a man of many excellent qualities, and in his removal Atchison has lost a worthy citizen.

Many Chicagoans will remember a former resident Mr. W. H. McDonald whose removal to Washington some years ago was regretted by Spiritualists and all who knew him and his cultured family. His son Harold is spoken of in a late issue of the *Washington Post* as follows: Mr. Harold L. McDonald, a genre painter, has studied abroad. He is one of the younger men, but has already done admirable work notable for the excellence of drawing, color, and poetic sentiment. He has done a great deal of charming pen and ink work for illustration, and is secretary of the Society of Washington Artists.

Dr. H. H. and Mrs. Jackson, after some years of residence in Cincinnati, are about to return permanently to Chicago. They are the proprietors of the Sykes Catarrh Cure, and in moving to Chicago are no doubt actuated by the same desire to get to the center of things that inspires many who are coming here from Cincinnati, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Jonesville, Halstead's Corners and other provincial places. Dr. and Mrs. Jackson will be warmly welcomed by a host of old-time friends.

Mr. James Richardson, an old pioneer in the cause of Spiritualism, passed away at Sonora, Ill., March 10th, aged 81 years. He lived up to the principles in which he believed and discountenanced all frauds and shams. He was a medium, but was disinclined to make any boast or parade of his powers. He had been a reader of *THE JOURNAL* many years.

Dr. J. W. Dennis of Cincinnati writes: *THE JOURNAL* is our best weekly visitor.

## March April May

Are the best months in which to purify your blood, for at no other season does the system so much need the aid of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, as now. During the long, cold winter, the blood becomes thin and impure, the body becomes weak and tired, the appetite may be lost. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted to purify and enrich the blood, to create a good appetite and to overcome that tired feeling.

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### The Spring Medicine

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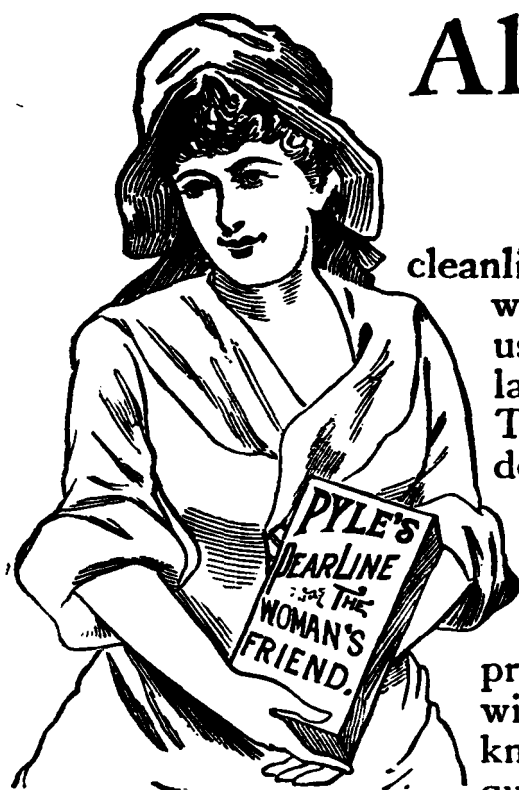
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There is no doubt about the real value of that extraordinary country. Thousands are going. By taking a seat in a Palace car at the Dearborn Station any afternoon, you can go to San Francisco, Los Angeles or San Diego without changing cars. This provided you take the SANTA FE ROUTE. You do it without changing cars, and in twenty-four hours less time than by any other line.

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A wonderful discovery was made on the land of the Turnbull Colony, which is situated about fifteen miles southwest of this place, a few weeks since. This land is situated near the eastern margin of the old line of Tulare lake and is in the centre of the celebrated artesian well belt. Gas was found bubbling up through the waters that flowed upwards in the artesian wells, and, when confined, burned readily and produced a very hot fire. No odor was perceptible. In one well that was tested, enough gas could be stored so as to be distributed and used in a town of 5,000 inhabitants, providing both light and fuel in abundance.

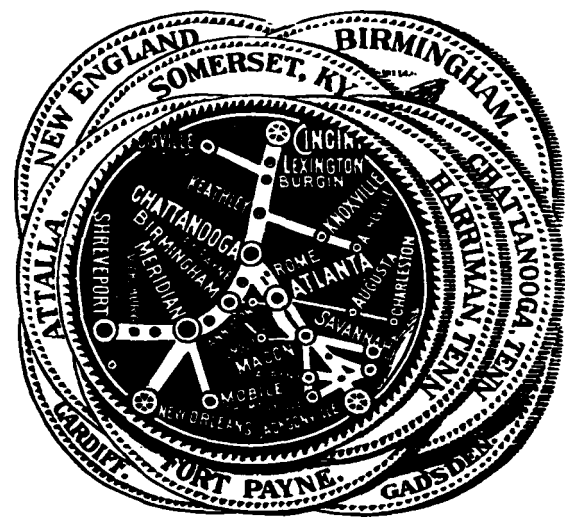
This important and wonderful discovery coupled with the offers and inducements now being made to non-resident subscribers to the Colony, situated as it is in the midst of the great fruit and raisin belt of California, has attracted a great deal of attention, and will be good news to those in your neighborhood who may be looking for a home in this beautiful land. The timely rains that have prevailed here during the past six weeks have made glad the heart of every one about here.

A great number of men and teams are now busily engaged in preparing and cultivating the land, and a new and commodious home residence and other buildings are in course of erection.

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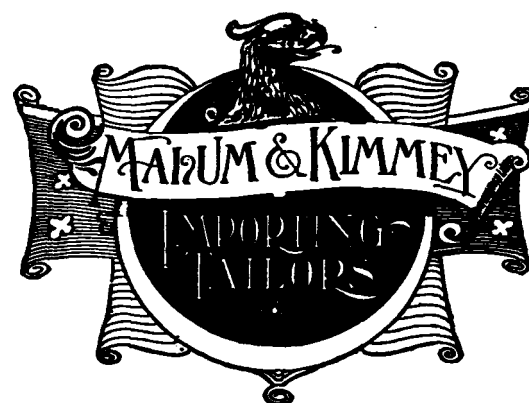
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This case is frequently referred to in that invaluable standard work *Encyclopedia of Spiritualism*, his latest case of Mary Reynolds does not c rancy Vennum, but is nevertheless dition. The two narrations make a

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Whether witty, or grave, or gay,  
Condense as much as ever you can,  
And say it in the readiest way;  
And whether you write of rural affairs,  
Or matter and things in town,  
Just take a word of friendly advice,  
Boil it down.

If you go spluttering over a page,  
When a couple of lines would do,  
Your butter is spread so much, you see,  
That the bread looks plainly through;  
So, when you have a story to tell,  
And would like a little renown,  
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,  
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,  
Whether prose or verse, just try  
To settle your thoughts in the fewest words,  
And let them be crisp and dry.  
When it is finished, and you suppose  
It is done exactly brown,  
Look it over again and then  
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print  
An article lazily long,  
And the general reader does not care  
For a couple of yards of song;  
Rather your wits in the smallest space,  
You want a little renown,  
Every time you write, my friend,  
Boil it down.

—GUY R. LUCY.

The Orchestral Association of Chicago, under the management of Mr. J. W. Adams, formed for the purpose of maintaining in this city a permanent Orchestra of the highest character, giving orchestral and other musical performances of first-class, will give a public rehearsal on Friday afternoon and a symphony concert on Saturday evening of next week commencing Friday afternoon, April 16, and continuing twenty weeks, during the five weeks covered by the season. The association now has for sale a limited number of boxes and season tickets for the series of rehearsals. Diagrams showing the location of seats, prices, etc., can be had at the Auditorium Box Office.

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sneezing and every other form of catarrh is radically cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Fifty cents. Sold by druggists every-

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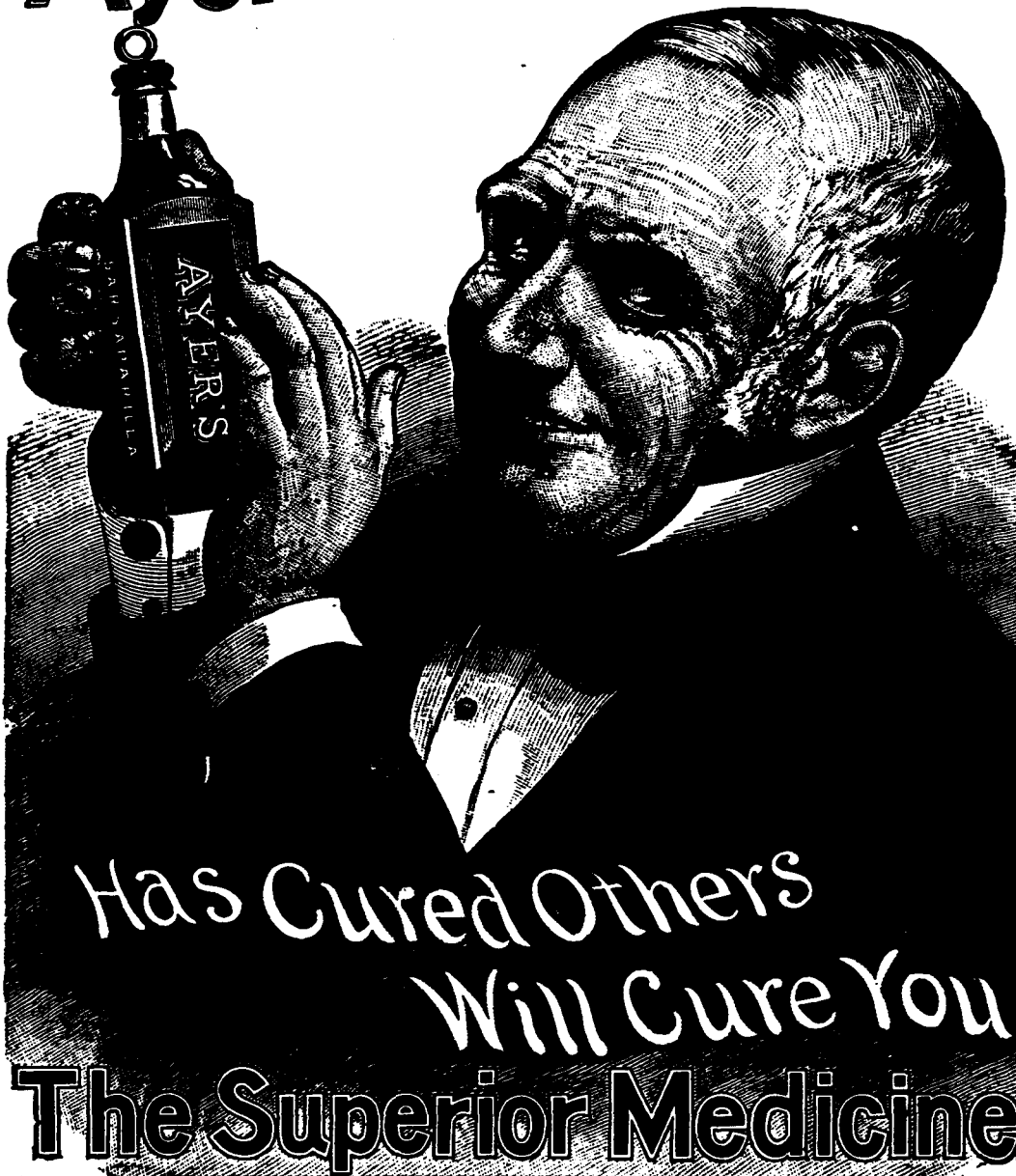
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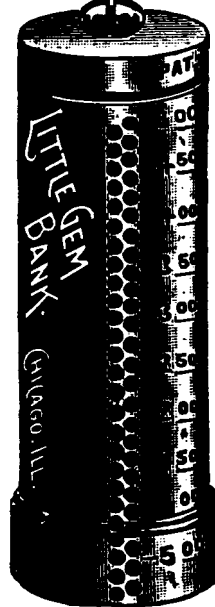
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## SPRING.

I am the first day of Spring!  
And will you please get on to  
My style?  
I'm soaking wet,  
And I've got my inside pockets  
Stuffed full of pneumonia,  
And grip, and ague,  
And I'm carrying a large  
Invoice of damp, gray clouds  
In my Bureau;  
And a fine assortment  
Of wind in my whiskers!  
The ethereal mildness  
You read about  
Is a delusion and a snare,  
And I am not in it!  
I'm in league with the  
Quinine mills,  
And the Liver Pad factories,  
And a Weather Prediction  
Has no terrors for me!  
I do the weather, and  
Greely does the predicting!  
That's what!  
If you don't like me,  
What are you going to do about it?  
Pull down your  
Chest protector!  
Hooray for Me!  
And the Springtime  
Comes gentle Annie—  
Rooney!

—WASHINGTON STAR.

## A THOUGHT OF THE RESURRECTION.

The bulbs that were hid in the darkness,  
Through the winter-time and the snow,  
Have felt the thrill of the sunlight,  
Their hour to bloom they know.  
Purple and gold and scarlet,  
And white as the robes of a king,  
To the glory of love at Easter,  
Their beautiful wealth they bring.

The grass that was brown and withered,  
And cold on the sodden plain,  
Has been kissed by the tender sunshine,  
Caressed by the crystal rain,  
And its bright green lances quiver,  
Lo! twice ten millions strong,  
And the bird with her nest among them  
Flies up with a sudden song.

And we, who have seen our darlings,  
Reft from our side away;  
Who have wept in silent anguish,  
O'er the cold and pulseless clay,  
Take heart in the Easter gladness,  
A parable all may read;  
For the Lord who cares for the flowers  
Cares well for our greater need.

He knows of the loss and anguish,  
The grope of the stricken soul,  
He will bring again our dear ones,  
By his touch of life made whole.  
We shall need and know and love them,  
In the spring beyond the sea,  
That after earth's dreary winter,  
Is coming to you and me.

—MRS. SANGSTER.

## Now.

The benefit to be derived from a good medicine in early spring is undoubted, but many people neglect taking any until the approach of warmer weather, when they will like a tender flower in a hot sun. Something must be done to overcome that tired feeling and give the strength necessary to do daily work. Vacation is earnestly longed for, but many weeks, perhaps months, must elapse before rest can be indulged in. To impart strength and to give a feeling of health and vigor throughout the system, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seems peculiarly adapted to overcome that prostration caused by change of season, climate or life, and while it tones and sustains the system it purifies and renovates the blood. We earnestly urge the large army of clerks, bookkeepers, school teachers, housewives, operatives and all others who have been closely confined during the winter and who feel the need of a reliable medicine, to try Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will do you good.

For a disordered liver try Beecham's Pills.

The Turnbull Colony makes the grandest offer yet. They sell you land, and take their pay from the sales of fruit after they raise it, during the first five years. See their advertisement in another column.

A. H. PICKERING, Agent.  
Room 506 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.

## GOOD READING.

On receipt of 14 cents in stamps or currency, we will send to any address in the United States or Canada, postage prepaid, any one of the following named books:

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John Halifax Gentleman. By Miss Mulock.  
In Darkest England. By Gen. Booth.  
Love, the Greatest Thing in the World. By H. Drummond.

Address Chas. L. Stone, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.  
Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad, room 501 First Nat. Bank Building, Chicago.

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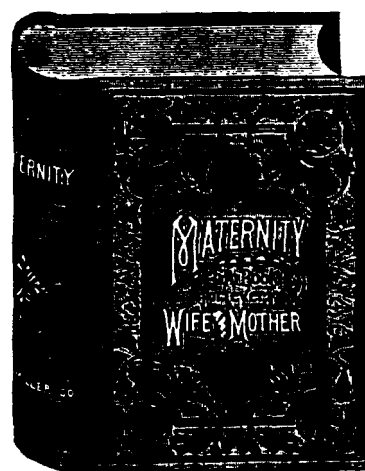
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BE UP  
TO  
THE MARKNot to Split!  
Not to Discolor!

BEARS THIS MARK.



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THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF  
COLLAR IN THE MARKET.



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PUBLISHED AT 92 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO

BY JOHN C. BUNDY

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## CONTENTS.

E.—Topics of the Times.

AGE.—Dr. Holbrook on Materialization in the Schools. The Natural Order.

AGE.—Women's Clubs.

PAGE.—The Open Court.—Ghoulishness. Materialization.

AGE.—The Resurrection of Jesus.

PAGE.—Rational Unsectarian Education.

PAGE.—Rational Unsectarian Education (continued).

PAGE.—Practical Profit-sharing. A Case of Apparition.

PAGE.—Woman and the Home.—Silent Partner. The Friend of Death.

PAGE.—Voice of the People—Magnetism Always Hypnotic. A Singular Dream. Continued Mediums on Trivial Subjects. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements.

PAGE.—Book Reviews. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements.

PAGE.—Bolt it Down. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

PAGE.—Spring. A Thought of the Season. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

PAGE.—A Characteristic Canard. Continued of Mrs. J. R. Buchanan. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

## CHARACTERISTIC CANARD.

Persons best known to themselves, parties in New York and elsewhere at the editor of THE JOURNAL has considerable time in the east the past year being in New York City for business. The facts are that he has not left Chicago since last September. Aquacious Gothamites who are so sure when he is a thousand miles off are unaggressive when he is in anxious to join issue with him and accommodate.

## DEATH OF MRS. J. R. BUCHANAN.

Well-rounded and highly-developed finished the earthly career of a higher sphere. Cornelia life of Prof. Joseph Rodas underwent the great transition and funeral services were held at 6 James St., Boston, and our good friend for many years bore the burden of his life.

friends and cheerfully recognized by her husband. Dr. Buchanan is now in his 77th year and the loss will be irreparable, but his philosophy will sustain him in this trial as it has done in others.

The event of the week in Chicago was the brilliant opening of the reconstructed McVicker's Theatre, on Monday night. Joseph Jefferson, W. J. Florence and Mrs. John Drew, in "The Rivals," were welcomed as old friends. The beautiful auditorium was filled by an audience which seemed in its sympathy and enthusiastic good will to surpass anything heretofore seen in this city of complete expression. The repeated calls for Manager McVicker, and the prolonged and tumultuous applause which greeted him on his appearance after the play, were evidences of the esteem in which he is held. It is not often that an experienced manager's feelings get the better of him, but when Mr. McVicker stood in front of the drop-curtain and faced that splendid audience of friends and felt the great waves of kindness pouring upon him from parquette to dome, it was almost too much for even his iron nerve. Briefly and modestly he told the story of nearly half a century in Chicago; and there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes and tremor in his voice. It were worth a life-time of noble effort to gain such a hold upon the hearts of those who have made Chicago what it is.

In THE JOURNAL of March 14th, was an account of a séance at Keokuk. Mrs. W. L. Thompson, medium, at which the alleged spirit of one Sadie Carr who committed suicide some years ago appeared. She told a story about hiding a silver dollar under a board nailed on top of a post against which the bridge gate swings on the Iowa side of the Mississippi. The next day search was made and the coin found. This was considered conclusive evidence of the genuine nature of the materialization by the uncritical. That the coin could have been easily placed there to further a trick never seems to have been thought of by the parties patronizing the show. It now transpires that the board behind which the silver piece was found was nailed on to the post only a few months ago. This of course entirely dematerializes the materialization of the spirit and her message. Mr. C. Bolton of Sonora, Illinois, writes that from his experience with this medium he believes her fraudulent.

THE JOURNAL cannot undertake to investigate the numerous accounts of alleged phenomena reported in exchanges. Readers must exercise their own judgment or make their own investigations. In many of these accounts there is some truth, often highly colored.

In its notice of the transition of W. H. Herndon, the New York Post says: Mr. Herndon occupied himself during the last quarter of a century in collecting inside facts regarding Mr. Lincoln's life prior to his accession to the Presidency, which he embodied in a remarkable biography of three volumes, which was published two years ago. A second edition of this work containing a good deal of new matter had been completed before his death, and a great many unpublished manuscripts remain in the hands of his literary executor and coadjutor, Mr. Jesse Weik, of Greencastle, Ind. Herndon's biography of Lincoln was a labor of love, but at the same time a labor of the strictest veracity [and many think too searching in small personal details.] It was not an apotheosis, but intended to be an exact and truthful picture of the man Lincoln, showing how he grew to greatness in spite of all adverse environment, and how he was prepared by rough knocks in early life to steer the country through the roughest period in its history.

It possesses much of the charm of "Boswell's Life of Johnson" by entering into special details which appear to be insignificant in themselves, but which in their sum total make up a rounded whole, just as the separate lines of the face make up a true portrait. Nobody had so good opportunities to do this necessary work as Mr. Herndon, and nobody else has done it so well. Mr. Herndon was born in Virginia, and was about 73 years of age at the time of his death, and was a victim of the grip.

Dr. James De Buchananne writes: The society in Delphos, Kan., my present address, is going to celebrate our anniversary in a public manner, by meetings, speeches, etc., for two days. I wish all societies would celebrate the anniversary. Why not make it take the place of the orthodox Christmas? It commemorates the rebirth of spiritual truth—the Infinite Power's best gift to man. Why not let Spiritualists make that day the day for giving the annual gift, in imitation of the great gift? Make that day in March our day of days; let it take the place of the old Christmas, which is done with its mission, to thousands, of calling to mind the birth of a Saviour. Not that I would detract in any measure from the importance of the mission of Christ, but I think the same Christ-spirit was reborn in the birth of modern Spiritualism, so-called. Let us celebrate his last spiritual coming, instead of the

date of which there is no historical proof of its accuracy. What do others say to the new Christmas idea?

Mr. Edward W. Emerson, of Concord, Mass., will lecture on Friday evening, April 3rd, under the auspices of the Chicago Institute for Instruction in Letters, Morals and Religion, on "The Life and Character of Henry Thoreau, with Reminiscences." The lecture will be given in the New Athenæum Hall, Athenæum Building, 26 Van Buren st., near the New Art Institute Building. Thoreau was a strong and unique personality, and his intimate acquaintance with the lecturer's illustrious father will give peculiar interest to the lecture. Tickets, 50 cents, to be had at the door or at 175 Dearborn st., room 94.

Miss Arline Foye writing from Denver says: My mother, Mrs. Ada Foye has been engaged in her spiritual work in this city for fifteen months continuously, and needs a change from this high altitude. Therefore, though the society is reluctant to let her go, we are about to remove to Omaha, Nebraska, where she will continue her spiritual work.

The word printed "tariff" in the fifth paragraph of the article entitled "Ownership of Railways," in THE JOURNAL of March 21st, page 4, should read "traffic."

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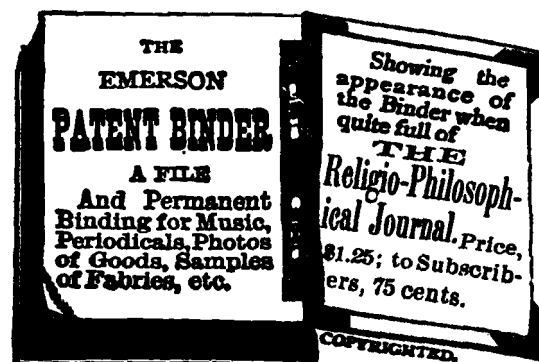
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ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, APRIL 11, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 4

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Andrew Carnegie said lately, "Within two years I shall leave Queenstown about 2 o'clock p. m. Sunday and be at Sandy Hook about the same hour on Friday." That means a five-days' trip across the Atlantic. Mr. Carnegie, in explanation of his prediction, mentions some of the sources on which he believes the steamship of the future will depend for increased speed. They are in the direction of greater steam-making power, which will be accomplished by putting in additional boilers, and arranging the fire apparatus so that the necessity of slowing up six or eight times in each twenty-four hours, to clean the fires and grates, will be overcome.

Dr. Paul Gibier, director of the New York Pasteur Institute, has just made public the results of inoculation for hydrophobia during the first twelve months of the institute's existence, February 18, 1890, to February 18, 1891. There were 828 persons treated for dog and cat bites. Of this number 643 were bitten by animals that were not mad. In 185 cases the anti-hydrophobic treatment was supplied, hydrophobia of the animals which inflicted the bites having been evidenced clinically or by the inoculation in the laboratory and in many cases by the death of some other persons or animals bitten by the same dogs. No deaths caused by hydrophobia have been reported among the persons inoculated. Indigents have been treated free of charge.

Statements are published of wonderful cures effected by William Brown of Fort Kent, Mo., who until last month was a back woodsman. He has, it is stated, a strange influence over diseases of certain forms, especially rheumatism, lameness and mild paralysis. There appears to be no doubt of the genuineness of the cures he has made since, says a despatch from Bangor, he came to this city a week ago at the solicitation of a prominent business man. He knows nothing of religion or medicine. Willie Warren, a son of Druggist Asa Warren, had been a cripple all his life. For a year his condition had grown worse and he has suffered severely and been obliged to use crutches. After fifteen minutes' rubbing by Brown he dropped his crutches and walked off about the room. The next day he went down-town without his crutches.

A young confederate soldier, beloved by his comrades, who fell at the Battle of Resaca, according to the Atlanta (Ga.) Journal, received better burial than usually falls to the lot of those who die upon the field of battle: With rough boards taken from the bridge near by they made him a rude coffin, and tenderly and lovingly placed him under the sod. It was some time in the spring of 1866 that Jethro Jackson went to Resaca to look for the grave of his son. He wished to find the remains and to take them to Griffin and inter them in the family burying ground. The comrades who laid young Jackson to rest gave the father a description of the spot where they had buried him, telling him of the rude pine coffin made from the boards taken from the bridge. After many days of tireless search Mr. Jackson failed to locate his son's grave and

returned to his home in Griffin. A few nights after his return he dreamed that his son came to him and pointed out the spot where he was buried. The dream was like a vision. He saw his son standing beside his bed and heard him say: "Father, I am buried under a mound which was thrown up by the Yankees after I was killed. You will know the mound when you see it by the pokeberry bushes growing upon it. Go and take me up and carry me home to mother." So irresistible an impression did this dream make upon Mr. Jackson that he returned at once to Resaca, taking with him one of the comrades who had buried his son. The mound was found just as described in the dream, and the pokeberries were growing upon it. An excavation was made, and a few feet below the earth the rough pine coffin was found, and in it were the remains of young Jackson. He was fully identified, not only by the coffin and the shoes, but by the name which was on the clothing.

Secretary Rusk, himself a farmer, says in the *North American Review* that the duty of the hour is to study the wide spread movement among the farmers of the country, that their profits are small rarely exceeding 5 per cent and that reduction of prices which seem small to industries yielding 15 or 20 per cent profit, cut the farmers to the quick. He says capital need fear no illegitimate onslaughts on the rights of property at the hands of men who own their own homes, who till their own acres and who owe their living to the proper administration of the little capital they possess. The danger lies far from the American farmer. It lurks in our large cities in the rum shops and gambling dens, and in the slums where the ignorant and irresponsible congregate and are led by the worst elements of society.

The great danger to the United States from the present large foreign immigration lies in the fact that the mass of the immigrants come from the most ignorant and superstitious elements of other lands, says the *New York Press*: The Italian nation, for instance, is noted in its better element for refined culture and respect for the ties that hold together society. Among the Polish Jews there are doubtless worthy people. But the trouble is that the immigration to the United States includes a very large proportion of the worst elements of these and other races—elements that European countries are very glad to get rid of—and that the kings, who abhor our institutions, take a sinister pleasure in seeing dumped on our shores. Self protection, the first instinct in individuals and nations, dictates that something must be done to restrict the admission to this republic of elements not only undesirable, but dangerous, and of no appreciable value in adding to the material or intellectual wealth or military strength of the United States.

Recently White Caps in Northwestern Kansas armed and disguised, surrounded the sod house of a settler named Duncan, who had been accused of stealing small quantities of grain to get seed for his spring crop, and riddled his body with bullets, after which they rode away leaving the mutilated body of the victim of lynch law lying across his own door-step. The offence of the settler was small compared with that of his murderers. As one of the daily papers says:

Nothing can be more dangerous to the interests of justice and social order than the lawless attempts of individuals to mete out punishment with their hands. Whether such attempts are made by a mob of men on the Kansas prairies or by an armed thousands in New Orleans, the inevitable effect encourage and inspire lawlessness by develop popular contempt for law. There is no port in the United States in which the courts, honestly ministered, are not competent to deal with crime and when the courts are not honestly administered that is the fault of the people themselves. If law and property are to be everywhere made secure rule and lynch law must everywhere be put down.

A foreign writer has been at pains to give a category of the points of difference between the typical women of the three leading nationalities. It is recommended as an infallible one, but is certainly interesting: "A French woman loves to the end her honeymoon, the English woman her whole life the German woman forever. The French woman takes her daughter to the ball, the English woman takes her to church, the German woman gives employment in the kitchen. The French woman has spirit and imagination, the English woman has taste, the German woman modesty. The French man chats, the English woman speaks, the German woman renders decisions. The Spanish woman kills her lover in jealousy, the French woman her rival the German woman simply renounces, but all at one time marry some one else."

For several centuries Christian theologians have defended the story of Jonah and the whale as inspired truth, part of a veritable revelation from God, as typical of the burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ. He who expressed doubts as to the literal truth of the story was solemnly told that what made the story difficult with him was a corrupt heart and enmity toward God. Of late years there has been a disposition to treat skepticism in regard to the story with more charity and to find some interpretation of narrative that will exempt even a devout Christian from the duty of accepting it as literal truth. *Christian Leader* says that the story receives this suggestion, suggestive at least of probability, as the result of recent research: Jonah's visit to Nineveh coincides with a period of great Assyrian depression, when appearance, the most dangerous place for a stranger was within the walls of Nineveh. Now the Assyrian meaning of Ninua or Nineveh is "fish." Yet at the cuneiform method of writing the name was of so arranging the arrows as to represent a tank closing a fish. Basing a suggestion upon a hint from Lenormant's "Legende Semiramis," Zenai de A. I. ozin, in "The Story of Assyria," says: "The big fish that swallowed Jonah was no other than Nineveh, fish-city itself, where he must surely have been sufficiently encompassed to warrant his desperate cry for deliverance." Farther, continues the *Leader*, the method of solution is strictly in keeping with Oriental rhetoric of which the Bible is redolent. Yet again the much abused, because misapprehended, high criticism is, by discoveries similar to that of the tank and fish, throwing a great deal of light upon scriptures.

## A NOVEL VIEW OF HYPOCRISY.

ature of every age and the common speech of people abound in denunciations of hypocrisy, but, like every other vice, it has had its influence for good, as well as for evil, in as well as intellectual development, in social as individual progress and well-being. Out of comes good. The would-be enemies of truth unwittingly aid it, and the most stubborn opponents of a reform sometimes by the very zeal of opposition hasten its triumph. In the *Popular Monthly* for March is an article by John McElroy in which the position is taken that the pretence of virtue, though inferior to the genuine, is the next best thing to it, "just as white, though inferior to marble, is yet greatly superior to dirty nakedness." Although it is desirable, the writer argues, that all men and women rise to a plane and live up to the highest standard of; yet it is certain that the mass of humanity, at least does not thus live, and so far as men even assume virtues which they do not possess, showing outward respect and conformity to the habits of living than are exemplified in conduct, these higher thoughts and habits come to some extent realities in their lives, and in their development.

is truth in this contention. The man who is to virtue which he does not possess, at least recognizes the virtues, and persistence in doing them tends to the formation of habits the lines of thought and conformity. Far better than open denial or utter disregard of these virtues which implies an undeveloped or atrophied moral sense. To quote from Mr. McElroy's paper. "Those who pretend to be much better than they are have at least begun the upward development, and recognize the fact which their faces should be turned! No man is worse by simulating goodness. There is every chance that he will be made better by the mere act of simulation. Beyond doubt the much-abused Pharisees are powerful promoters of the ethical development of Jews. Their firm insistence upon higher moral and purer lives could not have been without a good influence upon those around them. If the motive for doing this was to enhance the esteem which they were held by the community, it speaks for their shrewdness in recognizing the drift of public sentiment and for the community which honors superior goodness. Jesus Christ's denunciations of them should be given the allowance usually accorded to the polemic blasts of a sorely nagged sectary against his rival sectaries." The writer thinks that the Pharisees cleaned only the outside of the cup and that they did much better than those who allowed the outside and inside to remain foul, which as the relation implies, was the rule with those around them. "If a man seeking the applause of his neighbors begins by furbishing the outside of his platter, he is to be superior to them, there is every probability that he will soon progress to the cleansing of the inside also so as to still keep ahead of those who remain clean by external purification of their culinary vessels. Then their cleanliness as a principle becomes merely a matter of time."

fact is pointed out that national histories and portraits of the great men of the past are more flagrant pieces of hypocrisy, which while they enhance the self-esteem of every nation, make out of the lives of the great men a more elaborate and exaggerating everything that is unworthy and by obscuring everything that is desirable, ideals for the emulation of coming generations.

Referring to men even in our own country, as late as the end of the last or the beginning of the present century, Winthrop, Hancock, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin, Jackson, etc., the fact is noted that every informed man knows that their private lives and in their public careers would not bear at all if we now apply to public and private character. The hypocritically assume that these men were always superior to any now before the public. This is not hypocrisy," our essayist thinks, is probably the public policy. Those men were in their

morals superior, in fact, to the rule of their day; nothing is to be gained by parading their weaknesses, but much by holding their characters up as exemplars for present and future generations.

Mediaeval gallantry was a form of hypocrisy, but it aided in the elevation of woman. Even "the coarsest grained of the gluttonous and swilling boors who formed the body of the 'gentle knighthood,' became more respectful to woman by the ostentatious gallantry which varnished his bestiality. Outward compliance begets inward conviction. In religion pretence is developed into actuality.

This is a rather novel view of hypocrisy and an aspect of the subject to which our religious and moral teachers have given but little attention. It is interesting in the light of evolution and the paper presenting it is a valuable contribution to the study of ethics. But there is another aspect of the subject which is not included in Mr. McElroy's considerations. Hypocrisy implies or is closely allied to insincerity, deception, treachery and falsehood and these debase character, destroy confidence, a condition of social harmony and progress—and justify the world's condemnation of this vice which, in spite of all the essayist says of its incidental effect for good, is not likely to come to be regarded as a virtue. No error, no crime, can be mentioned perhaps, from which good is not educed, but the fact only shows that in the world's evolution even the follies and mistakes of man are made to serve in the uplifting of humanity.

## READING A SEALED LETTER.

At the late Spiritualist anniversary meeting, in Everett Hall, Brooklyn N. Y., an exhibition of reading a sealed letter was given. The report in the *New York Sun* is as follows:

About three weeks ago Mr. W. S. Davis, of Nassau street, Brooklyn, who says he is an unbeliever but a sincere searcher after truth, issued a challenge to any medium. He offered to forfeit \$1,000, to be donated to any charity that might be designated, if any medium would read a number of words written by him and placed in a sealed envelope. Mrs. Mattie Martin, who is very pretty and a medium, through her husband, it was understood, had accepted the challenge, and last night the test was to be made.

Mr. Martin said that since he read the circular of Mr. Davis he had decided not to accept the test. There was no number of words mentioned, and he said that no medium could be held long enough under the influence to read a large number of words. Nothing was said, either, of the language to be used, and mediums could not always read Greek, Hebrew or Latin, or all of the modern languages at will. Mr. Martin announced that he had visited Mr. Davis since the last meeting and agreed that Mrs. Martin would read any twenty words that Mr. Davis might choose to seal up in an envelope. The consideration was a bet of \$50 and Mr. Davis said he would send a certified check for \$50 to the meeting. President Bogart announced that he had received the check and then asked if Mr. Martin was in the hall.

Mr. Davis is a blonde, youngish-looking man. He arose in the rear of the hall and announced that he had the letter prepared. He was asked to step forward, and he advanced to within six feet of the low platform.

Mrs. Martin took a seat on the platform and her husband tied a silk handkerchief over her eyes. There was some dispute as to the custody of the letter during the test, but the meeting finally decided that Mr. Davis should hold it.

Mr. Martin begged the pianist to play soft, slow music, and as he began Mr. Davis raised the letter in his hand. It was in an envelope which was secured with four rows of machine stitching. The medium began to fall under the influence. She took a deep breath once or twice, gasped, and then her head fell back. She was in a trance.

"Do you see anything?" asked her husband.

"It is very dark," she replied. Then after a pause: "It is very hard to see. It is all covered with sealing-wax."

"Can you read it?" asked her husband.

"I can," she replied.

Then she began: "I shall—be—very much—surprised—if—Mrs. Martin—will—read this letter—for it is sewed—fast—inside of the envelope. It is the—work of the—devil."

"Is that right?" asked Mr. Martin. There was a sensation when Mr. Davis replied that he did not know.

"A third party wrote it," he explained. "I did not write it myself, for I did not want to have mind reading mixed up with this test."

The President asked if the writer was in the hall. Mr. Davis did not know. The letter was then opened, the stickers and sealing wax removed, and the words were read. They were almost exactly as pronounced by Mrs. Martin. Mrs. Martin read "will read this letter," when the words written were "reads this letter."

When the result of the test was announced the hall resounded with cheers. Mr. Davis said he was satisfied, and the check was handed to Mr. Martin.

Doubters declared that there was still some reason to believe that there had been collusion. Mr. Davis seemed to be well acquainted with the promoters of the meeting.

Before THE JOURNAL can accept this incident and use it as evidence, the good faith of Mr. Davis and the individual who wrote the sealed note must be satisfactorily established. Strong as the *prima facie* proof seems to be at first blush, it needs fortifying. Supposing Mr. Davis had made a statement or taken part in an act reflecting upon the honesty of a medium or the genuineness of some manifestation, would not the Everett Hall people have been very slow to credit his truthfulness and fairness? Would they not have jealously sought to probe the matter thoroughly. Indeed, it is more than likely that some of them would have denounced him without investigation. By parity of reasoning should they not be cautious in accepting the exhibit given them even though it did make for their side? Substitute the name of Kellar or Herrmann for that of Davis, and suppose Mrs. Martin to represent the assistant, and where is the difference between the above account and that of those repeatedly given of the feats exhibited in theaters and known to be tricks? If Mrs. Martin actually read the letter clairvoyantly, or if it was read by a spirit and the contents communicated to her, why was it not read accurately, and why should she have said, "will read this letter" when the correct reading was, "reads this letter"? This may seem to some a frivolous inquiry, but it is not; it is of great importance. It is readily conceivable that if Mrs. Martin was repeating from memory she might easily make the change; but it is highly improbable if she got the contents slowly, word by word as she ostensibly did, that she could have made the mistake—improbable but maybe not impossible. The hypothesis of collusion must be removed by reasonable proofs before the account will stand as authenticated. It is an extraordinary fact—if a fact—and therefore is not to be taken on the same evidence as an ordinary fact. In this brief analysis no reflection upon the honesty of any of the persons concerned is implied or intended. It is all a matter of cold fact and no one is justified in feeling injured or piqued.

After the above was in type we received a letter from Mr. Davis in response to our request for his version of the matter. Although not written for publication, we have permission to use it, and it will be found on another page.

## MISREPRESENTED AND MISAPPREHENDED.

The bill now before the Illinois legislature making it a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, to impersonate a materialized spirit, or to represent a spirit by any trick, device or mechanical contrivance is being misrepresented, wilfully by some, ignorantly by others. This was inevitable. An extract from our editorial on the bill in THE JOURNAL of March 28th, is here pertinent:

Why is it that every last one of the tricksters, their confederates and personal friends so stoutly oppose such a statute and loudly proclaim that the law now existing is sufficient? Is not the reason plain? Than their persistent antagonism can a more cogent reason be offered for the passage of the bill now before the Illinois legislature? To say that innocent people will stand in danger of malicious prosecution and cruel persecution under the provisions of this bill is preposterous; a libel upon the American people and a travesty on common sense. The claim of danger to the innocent is only honestly advanced by those who credit the subterfuges resorted to by such creatures as Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Sawyer and others when caught in the act of personating a materialized spirit.

That Peter Funk editors, ever on the alert to cooperate with tricksters in bleeding and bamboozling the



public, should froth at the mouth over this bill was a foregone conclusion. It is regrettable but not surprising that good and well meaning people should be befuddled by the robust falsifying against the bill by tricksters and their editorial abettors. It is not strange that the sensitiveness and fears of some honest people should prevent a correct understanding of the bill; but we venture to assert that no honest, intelligent person will have any fear that the proposed law can work harm to the innocent, if only a careful study is given to the language of the measure.

The following letter from a prominent business man of this city whose wife is a medium has inspired this further reference to the proposed law:

TO THE EDITOR: Since reading your article concerning this bill now before the legislature to punish mediums for personating the dead, I am not quite able to see how any medium can escape, whether he or she be a materializing medium or trance medium. I would like your explanation either through THE JOURNAL or by letter.

CHICAGO, APRIL 1.

We very seriously doubt if our correspondent has carefully and candidly studied the bill or our comments thereon. Before the bill was sent to Springfield, it had passed the scrutiny of a number of able lawyers, some of them as devoted Spiritualists as ever lived. Than the author of the bill, Hon. A. H. Dailey, we know of scarcely a man in America who has given so much time and money, or worked more assiduously for mediums and the welfare of Spiritualism; his wife is a medium; his house, purse, and time have been freely open to mediums for many years. His legal attainments are of a high order; his integrity, and goodwill to honest mediums unimpeachable. Here is the bill, read it carefully:

Every person, who, for profit or gain, or in anticipation thereof, for the purpose of presenting any spiritualistic materialization, shall impersonate the spirit of any deceased person, or by any trick, device, or mechanical contrivance shall present anything representing the spirit of any deceased person, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined a sum of not less than \$100 nor more than \$300 for each such offense; or shall be imprisoned in the county jail not less than three nor more than six months; or in the discretion of the court, both such fine and imprisonment may be imposed. Provided, that nothing in this act shall be construed as applying to a theatrical performance.

There is no legal way of twisting this so as to make it a menace to other than the class against whom it is aimed, to-wit: those who seek to palm off their own bodies or those of confederates as materialized spirits; or who use various well known tricks, devices and mechanical contrivances for the same purpose. We will go with our correspondent, if he desires, to any first-class lawyer in Chicago and present the matter for his opinion, and afterward publish it in THE JOURNAL. If his decision does not sustain our position we will pay his fee, if it does sustain us, then our correspondent shall pay the expense.

Those who make such loud outcries against the law but protest they are opposed to fraud, are invited to formulate one which will punish the offense aimed at in the present bill and yet avoid the danger which they profess to see in it. We are not strenuous about the verbiage, only so it covers the ground. If they are honest in their professions they will undertake it and cease to labor in the interests of a class in comparison with whom burglars, horse-thieves and ordinary criminals are decent people.

#### CHIROGRAPHIC CARELESSNESS.

Were those who write for the press aware of the infinite trouble, loss of time an expense entailed by careless handwriting it is certain more pains would be taken to make legible manuscript. Many a good article or letter is thrown into the waste basket because the editor cannot spend time to re-write it; from his raining and knowledge of the theme written upon he is usually, though not always, able to give a correct guess as to what an illegible word may be; but the compositor who puts the article in type cannot be expected to exercise his judgment, and certainly he should not be asked to give his time, which means bread and butter for the family, in deciphering words.

We are moved to refer to this matter again at this time by a manuscript now lying before us written by a lady who can and does as a whole write very plainly, yet to many letters a twist or quirk is given that entirely destroys the meaning of the writer. One illustration will answer: She uses the word *us*, frequently; not an individual in THE JOURNAL office read the word correctly, but all said it was *no*. Sometimes the context showed what it should be, but not always. Now to put that short contribution in shape for the compositor cost THE JOURNAL one dollar. To have made it legible to any body would have cost the writer nothing but a little care. After an article or a letter intended for publication is written the writer should read it before sending off, and if a word is found likely to be mistaken by the printer it is an easy matter to write it plainly directly over the original.

These comments are not made in any spirit of fault-finding, but in the interest of all concerned. It would give great pain to many kindhearted people could they realize how much real loss both of money and vital force is caused by habits of composition and handwriting which with only a little effort they could prevent. An editor does not expect perfection, he does not mind any number of misspelled words, nor does he contract his eyebrows at the sight of awkward handwriting; on the whole he is a patient, enduring mortal, but he has little patience with carelessness, especially when it is evidently the result of indifference rather than thoughtlessness.

#### CAMP MEETINGS.

The brief words of criticism on camp meetings offered by THE JOURNAL a few weeks since have afforded occasion for weaklings to exploit their ignorance and show their haste to ingratiate themselves with camp managers. So far no competent or responsible person has undertaken to traverse THE JOURNAL's statement; when this is done we are prepared to uncover the grounds and supply the evidence in support of the assertion that these camps are deteriorating, and require a radical change of policy. To show that we are not alone in our views, and that they are not even new, we shall quote below the opinion of one of the ablest men who have lent their aid to the Spiritualist movement, and one of the originators of Spiritualist camps. Mr. E. Gerry Brown, a life-long journalist and one of the founders of Onset camp, formerly published during the sessions of that camp a paper called the *Onset Bay Dot*. In the issue of *Dot* for August 9, 1884, Mr. Brown over his initials published the following editorial:

Have we not outgrown the present system of camp meetings? Are they not too vague in their design, and, therefore, not adapted to accomplish the end that is or should be desired? Are they not year by year drifting away from the strong inspirational devotion to the advancement of the spiritual philosophy of early years? We are inclined to answer in the affirmative. We do so, because we do not discover that any practical work is accomplished, unless it be that crowds of people are interested or amused, and, perhaps, a few occasionally instructed. And yet we do not advocate their abolition. We merely direct attention to the subject, in order to again suggest, as we have in times past, the feasibility of a better system, adapted to the requirements of Spiritualism and Spiritualists. What we have now is merely a copy of the old Methodist grove meetings; what we should have in the future is a school of spiritual philosophy. The plan we would outline is as follows: Some months before the meeting is to be held the directors or managers of the meeting should arrange a series of subjects, involving the most interesting principles in the philosophy of Spiritualism. They should engage the soundest thinkers in the cause to lecture at a given date on the announced topic, thus giving an abundance of time in which it could be prepared, with facts to substantiate any theory or position that might be taken, and giving an opportunity to name authors, who could be consulted by Spiritualists who were interested in further research. Prominent mediums, who could illustrate facts by phenomena, should be engaged to furnish, if possible, scientific demonstration of their reality. The same topics should be subjects for conference for a day following, in which the speaker should take part. The advantages are that Spiritualists would be attracted by the subject rather than by the speaker; there could be an orderly interchange of thought

and information gained by individual experiences and research. It would be a new departure that would be a welcome relief from the chaotic condition of the present system which permits the possibility of brilliant and satirical, but useless attacks upon theological dogmas, which, at the best, are only loosely maintained even by their defenders. It will not waste two hours in demolishing a clergyman's views on Spiritualism, who knows nothing of the subject. No! Let us commence to be practical. Go to work together to construct the basis of a system which will grow and prosper and be of benefit to others after we have finished our earth work. It can be done. In such a system there is room for all, and each can do a part. It has been warmly endorsed by many, and we expect another year will see it in successful operation.

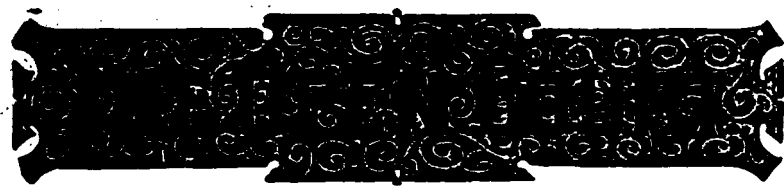
Unfortunately, Mr. Brown's expectations have never been realized; and with others he has almost ceased to hope for any improvement at Onset. That camp has steadily and rapidly deteriorated in all that should be looked for in a gathering of Spiritualists and seekers after evidence of the continuity of life.

This is plain talk but not as forcible as it could be made were we to give the data on which it is based. We forbear; and only plead with those who control Onset, and those who manage other camps to weigh carefully the wise words of Mr. Brown, which now after seven years are more weighty even than when first uttered. Let no acrimonious disputations paralyze efforts for improvement. Let those in responsible positions rise to the demands of the times, and with undaunted courage and renewed zeal set about putting their several camps abreast of the progress of the age and in a condition to command the respect and support of all good people regardless of theological differences.

There was a time when it might have been reasonably said that the sins of commission on the part of Spiritualists were serious. There was not adequate care in the exclusion of fraud, and so it came to pass that the fair fame of our Spiritualism was besmirched by the tricks and humbug of the exploiter of the weaknesses of his fellow creatures. It did not matter to him that his ill-earned gains came from those whose feelings were raw with sorrow, and who fell to him an easy prey because of their great grief. He traded on this, and he gambled with the holiest instincts of his dupes. He sang hymns over them, he prayed at them, while he cheated and befuddled them. Some of us thought that this was monstrous, and we warned the impostor off. I see that the *Better Way* is of opinion that we have made the conditions too stringent. I am not. I would rather have no Spiritualism at all, deeply convinced as I am of its profound blessings, its immeasurable consolations, than I would allow it to be travestied by that fustian counterfeit.—"M. A. (Oxon)," in *Light*.

Parnell in one of his recent speeches referred to Gladstone as "the Grand Old Spider" who had woven entanglements about all the Irish representatives except himself and his followers. This reference to the man who has lifted the cause of home rule to the plain of great statesmanship leads the *New York Press* to remark: There is no such persevering and painstaking creature in animal life as the spider, which weaves its nets in spite of discouraging destruction and seemingly insurmountable obstacles. When Mr. Gladstone began to weave about English hearts the network that should compel them to throb in sympathy with Irish wrongs his task appeared simply herculean. Defeated time and again, often baffled by the mercurial temperament of the Irish themselves, his perseverance was crowned at last with a measure of success which might have turned the head of a younger or more ambitious man. Whatever future there is for Irish home rule, it is believed lies in the further extension of the web of "the Grand Old Spider" around the hearts of English voters.

Garibaldi said: In Rome, in 1849, I myself visited every convent. I was present at all the investigations. Without a single exception we found instruments of torture, and a cellar with the bodies of infant children



## SHALL HYPNOTIZING BE LEGALLY RESTRAINED?

By C. H. MERRY.

In speaking of hypnotism a writer in the *Nineteenth Century* asks the following questions: (a) Should hypnotism remain in the hands of the ignorant? (b) Should hypnotism be legally restrained in any way? (c) Should hypnotism be confided to the sole care of the medical profession? This magazine writer is evidently imbued with the idea that hypnotism is some sort of commodity, something that, like buns and ice cream at a picnic, may be handed out by authority to anyone having a desire to purchase.

Because Oliver Goldsmith was unable to distinguish the difference between a dodo and a humming bird and was able at the same time to write a popular book on natural history it does not follow that a writer on hypnotism who knows less about his subject than Goldsmith did about birds can write a paper on this esotericism that will throw any light on its dark places or that will in any sense commend itself to the serious consideration of the reading public.

These modern knights of the inkhorn fondly believe that a paragraph of a dozen lines or so over a signature with Ph. D., F. R. S., etc., tacked on to the latter end of it will settle this abstruse question for all time. From the profound (?) depths of such shallow intellects rules and regulations are evolved for the government of hypnotism with as much assurance and nonchalance as a street-fakir would put an extra twirl in his already over-twisted and over-waxed mustache.

These hypercritical and self-opinionated savants would have us believe that hypnotism is simply the result of a strong mind acting on a weak mind, and that if the strong mind happens to be depraved it can influence or rather compel the weak mind to commit any wrongful or immoral act that it may suggest. The long catalogue of thinkable imponderables contains no name the character and constituents of which are so utterly inconceivable to the human consciousness as mind.

This granted, how can it be demonstrated that one inconceivable imponderable substance or stuff can control and direct to its injury or otherwise another inconceivable imponderable substance or stuff? From every point of view this theory is untenable. That it is absolutely undemonstrable is self evident. Hypnotizers are born not made.

This fact alone should convince the investigator that the power to hypnotize cannot be delegated by any one of either high or low degree.

If science would fathom the profound and mysterious depths in which hypnotism is so deeply and securely engulfed, she must deal with it as a condition not as a theory. No one, be he scientist or not, is able to demonstrate that the mind of the operator acting *per se* on the mind of the subject is capable of producing the hypnotic state or condition. No writer has yet formulated a rational theory that will account for the apparent individual difference in the quality and quantity of mind stuff. When the mind stuff that somehow falls to the lot of different members of the race is carefully considered and compared, heterogeneity in quality and its difference in quantity both become painfully apparent. These facts leave ajar the door through which the first gleam from the torch of knowledge sweeps athwart the consciousness from across the borderland of the unknown.

Let us reverently enter the vestibule of the temple that holds within its sacred portals the hidden mysteries of hypnotism—hidden because men of science are always weaving theories and assigning causes for the phenomena that occur in their presence, that are so opposed to sound reason and common sense, that in every respect they fail of their deed and purpose. Physical organization is really the potent factor in bringing about the hypnotic state. In point of conductivity human organisms may be compared to

different metals, for example, copper is a better conductor than iron; a given surface of copper will transmit without leakage a stronger current of electricity than will pass over the same surface of iron. Whether the superior conductivity of the copper is due to elemental combination or to peculiarity of structure has never been clearly explained.

The fact that in many cases the hypnotic condition is, to all outward appearances, self-induced, is proof positive that the presence of second or third persons as aids in bringing it about may be dispensed with. The power that produces the tiny raps, the force that moves a table and manifests intelligence by responsive raps or movements, is the same subtle spiritual essence that produces the hypnotic condition. Scientists may rest assured of this, that the trance, hypnotism and somnambulism are one and the same thing; they are all produced by the same agency, the only difference in them being one of degree. Be the physical organizations of the operator ever so perfect, be the will ever so strong, the hypnotic conditions can never be brought about unless the spiritual agency is present. In proof of this the reader is cited to the fact that for periods of time covering several years both mediums and hypnotizers have been known to lose the "power," neither of them being able to induce the hypnotic condition or to produce any phenomena whatever.

An experience covering a period of forty years convinces me that loss of "power" occurs chiefly from the following causes, viz.: sickness, abuse of the gift for the purpose of getting money, or where it has been used for immoral or improper purposes. In more than one instance I have been personally acquainted with mediums who were forced to reform before manifestations would be permitted to occur in their presence. This being the exact state of the case, who but the higher intelligences are competent to decide the question of who may and who may not practice hypnotism? This question is entirely outside of and beyond the jurisdiction of both the courts and the medical doctors. The sooner they both recognize this fact the sooner they will cease to make themselves ridiculous in the sight of cultured and spiritually minded men and women. Hypnotism and Spiritualism are both capable of taking care of themselves. Are their opposers and vilifiers able to do as much?

## A CHICAGO POET.\*

By SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

An æsthetically bound volume bearing the modest title "Dramatic Sketches and Poems," contains a collection of original, poetic gems which will prove a pleasing surprise to every lover of poetry. The author, Louis Block, a Chicagoan, is not only a true poet but a thinker and a scholar of high attainments. He has for years been a close student of every phase of speculative philosophy and more particularly that of the Platonic school, while he has given much attention to the great poets, such as Dante, Goethe, Emerson, and Browning. In these poems he has interwoven many of the lofty ideas and spiritual conceptions gained from intercourse with such philosophic thinkers, as well as many, quite as inspiring, born of his own original thought. In consequence nearly every line of his verse is marked by profound earnestness, and a breadth of intellectual outlook, rarely found among our younger poets, which is sure to awaken responsive thought in the minds of intelligent readers.

The first and longest poem in the book entitled "The Exile," though written in dramatic form, is scarcely fitted, because of its mainly philosophical significance, to be put upon the stage. But it is overflowing with beautiful word pictures as well as noble ideas. The lesson which this strong drama seems to convey is that those solitary souls who find their highest happiness in the realm of pure intellectualism, must necessarily forego the lower, yet helpful and more satisfactory solaces found in social ties and human lovingness. Two passages descriptive of the relative degree of happiness possible in opposite states of feeling may be quoted.

"Here all is pure and intellectual calm,

A mild self-centred spot which needs no commerce  
With outward and debasing elements  
To make its joyance: here I make my home  
And meditate the boundless universe—  
I see unfold the endless leaves of thought  
Until the inmost heart lies bare: I see  
Within the multitudinous blood-red folds,  
The pygmy tribes of men: and history  
Is as a silly tale told by the fire side."

The needs of the social life are no less strongly drawn.

"It is not well

To deem oneself sufficient unto all  
In this dark mystery that we call life.  
The appulse of souls and things and deeds so close  
Connects the each with all, that disarray  
Means exile: As the tree draws life from air,  
Yet rooted in the soil has dwelling-place,  
And perishes withdrawn from vital circle,  
So there survives no deed save as with all  
It mixes in the spiritual ebb and flow  
That is the soul of this vast universe,"

Many of the shortest poems are based upon classic and mythologic legends such as "Pygmalion," "Tantalus," "The New Midas," "The Feast of Roses," "Pandemon," "Ariadne," "Actæon," and "Urania," but Professor Block reads into all these new and more spiritual meanings than we have been wont to find in them: this is especially true of his exquisite rendering of the story of Pygmalion and Galatea, wherein he finds a high spiritual meaning. In his metrical poems one forgets to admire—even while unconsciously enjoying their charm—the perfect rhythm, in the deeper pleasure of the meaning conveyed in the rhymed thought. Even in the more simple and less ambitious efforts of his muse there is a masterly power in the language used which evidences Prof. Block's true poetic ability. Though several poems, for instance "Success," "The Royal Questioner" and "Weaving," have a decidedly Emersonian form and flavor, they are in no sense imitations, for the thought in them is as strongly original as Emerson's own. Plato more nearly dominates the writer's spirit; and his admiration of him is clearly shown in "A Platonic Hymn" in which he declares Plato to be

"The mystic one

From whom all life begun  
And in whose round all things and times are placed."

This volume of poetry is not one to be read entrancedly at one sitting; rather, each poem, however short, demands a serious séance of its own, wherein to take cognizance of the full import of its inner meaning. In "The Voice of the Soul," and the three complementary sonnets, "The Soul Speaks," "The Intellect Speaks" and "The Spirit Speaks," are embodied the highest dreams of the most spiritualistic philosophy. This æsthetic volume needs to be read in thoughtful and sympathetic moods wherein the lesson of each poem may be assimilated. The hope and promise of a progressive immortality are interwoven in every page of this work—it is indeed the outcome of intellectual Spiritualism, but it is a work for intellectual thinkers and not for mere longers for sooth-saying and mortal gossip from spirit spheres. The lesson which runs through all these poems points to the conclusion found at the close of the sonnet on "Progress."

"Therefore it was with lover-like device  
This lower world was built, through whose cleft bars  
The limitless sun of truth shines more and more."

\*Dramatic Sketches and poems by Louis J. Block. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company 1891. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. pp. 230. Price, \$1.00.

## MYTHS.—IV. (CONCLUDED.)

By M. C. C. CHURCH.

The writer has attempted to give the meaning of myths. It will be seen that they are formed by uniform law. They have their origin in spirit and are projections into time of the operations of spirit within the depths of human nature. They are bodyings forth of the states of the race. Take, for instance, the Bible myths. They are representative, not alone of all previous dispensations, but of the specific qualities



of the Jewish people in all the stages of Jewish life. At the time of the so-called coming of Christ the whole world lay in darkness. The perversion of the truth was universal. It was extinct in man. There were only faint gleams of this truth shadowed forth through the symbols and sacrifices, and the representative ritual of the Jewish church. All the alleged facts in the life of the Christ were simply placing before the mind the internal condition of universal man. The childhood, youth and manhood of the Son of Man were the birthing in the hearts of the disciples of the Truth-Goodness. It was the one God, as Truth, crucified in the hearts of the Jews and as Truth resurrected in those who formed the germ of the new kingdom. All the apparent changes in the Son of Man—his growth in physical stature, his teaching of the people, his miracles, his sufferings, his death, his ascension, his praying to the Father as a distinct being, his final union with the Father—so that he declared himself and the Father to be one—were all representative effects of the incarnate working in the process of uniting the severed Truth from its companion Goodness in the interiors of the race.

There have always been two views of the Son of Man—one view that he was a mere man like other men; the other that the appearance in India was an illusion—a pneumatic representation in time of the manifesting God. The Nazarenes or Ebionites held to the first view; the Docetes or Gnostics to the second. The same thought runs through all history, the spiritual conception being left out of view by the sensualized church, which literalized the whole divine experience in time. Swedenborg, although at times, sensualizing his thought, has given, in numerous passages of his works, the Gnostic a spiritual idea of the incarnation. He claims that the body of the Son of Man, taken from the Virgin Mary, was only a sheath for allowing the divine natural Truth to take form, and as this form grew in the interiors of the disciples the corporeal substances was dissipated, and with it all sensual ideas merged in the one idea that Jesus Christ the divine natural Truth and Goodness was the one God-Jehovah.

It seems to the writer that Boehme expresses the true idea—an idea which brings the incarnate fact under law, and hence eternal and unchangeable. Boehme differs from all other writers with whom I am acquainted in this: that incarnation in time was a continuous generation—not sexual, but a parthenogenesis; a self-generation—the same as the eternal generation of the "Son" in eternity, that it was all one process, that oracle and incarnation are the profoundest facts of history; and that both come under the operation of law when all faith in God is lost, and man lapses into the sensuous materiality which has periodically visited the race. In this sense Spiritualism may be considered God's visitation to this age. To the writer this is so. He believes that the last manifestation of the Truth as Jesus Christ, ended all personal tribal and exclusive manifestations of the God-head in time. These divine object lessons were in accommodation to the sensuous, infantile conditions of the race; and as Swedenborg says as man rises into a true conception of the absolute the personality of God recedes and the universal or impersonal takes its place. If there shall be another manifestation it will be to the race, to universal man—under the same law, a generation of the divine Goodness and Truth through the collective state of the church in man. It will be a sensuous view of the God-man dwelling in the interiors of humanity.

The presentation in India has for its own not the creaturely manifestation of the Son of Man, but the broader significance of a union of man and God as God-man. It is representative of the final state of humanity. The fact is worthless without this meaning. With it all life becomes sacred; and a destiny is opened to the spiritual vision, making this the age of fraternity and reconciliation and science.

The birth of the Truth in a "manger" among animals is significant. This is the only feature of the myth without a parallel in the other world-myths. This, taken with the glorification of the Lord's body down to the "flesh and bones"—one at the beginning

and the other of the close of the incarnate process—gives the hope that man's whole nature, even his animal appetites and passions, are included in the glorious issues in store for our common humanity. It is the union of divinity with animality

#### HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

##### XVII.

###### SPIRITUALISM PREVIOUS TO THESE PHENOMENA.

Independent students of mesmerism and all that follows in its train, without concert, and cautiously guarding their secrets with fear and trembling, stood face to face with what they deemed another life. From various points, and far apart, came the confidential recitals and strange experiences by prudent and sagacious men, describing phases of certain phenomena and prophecies of future revelation, in odd and unlooked-for modes, curiously and exactly fulfilled in the present day. Pains-taking writers collected the stories that had long been floating round the world, sifted their authority, and enforced them by parallel illustration from their own knowledge. Along the whole line of inquiry there was no dissentient voice; all the students were of one accord. Proof waited upon experiment so uniformly that it seemed the result of design to smooth the way for the readier acceptance of more incredible events.

So invariably had some degree of these strange things cropped out in the investigation of every branch of the subject, and so current were many of them in all periods of the world's history, that far from being against any known order of nature, law would have been violated if the sequence had seemed to fail, when from various causes the conditions had become eminently favorable.

We are struck with the similarity of the phenomena of the present day to those of the past. There is internal evidence that the same primary cause lies behind all these strange occurrences, which have perplexed the world so long and have been so often the objects of religious thought and judicial investigation. The characteristic actions of these phenomena and their fitful bearing are the same now as in all time.

If we pay no attention to cognate features, here and there making part of these phenomena, we either know nothing of their current history or avoid reasoning justly of it. The failure to recognize this constant relationship as the surest proof of reality, makes a denial of the facts by those who imperfectly study them, or have been unable to witness them, entirely useless when coming either from individuals or formal collective committees.

In searching for the causes which make men look to the spiritual idea as a serious possibility, and finally oblige so many unwilling minds to accept it, we soon find that we must not confine ourselves altogether to ocular and tangible evidence, for many other considerations, impossible of fraud, have caused convictions equally with the physical demonstrations, and years before these last had become generally known, led the observers to the same theoretical conclusions that are entertained to-day. As these mental phenomena foreshadowed a belief in spirit intercourse before the present movement began, so they sustain it now in spite of all alleged and detected fraud.

It lies upon the surface of the question, and no man can help knowing it if he cares to know of what he speaks, that there is perception of things unseen by the eye, or unheard by the ear—that a large class of uncultured people can address an audience with words and knowledge beyond their own cerebral power, on subjects then and there presented. Literal descriptions are given of persons long since deceased, with names, ages, incidents of life and degree of relationship to absolute strangers at the first interview, addressing them by long disused and almost forgotten appellations of childhood. Oftentimes the clairvoyant seems to have visions of deceased persons, as spirits, unknown to him in life, and easily to be identified by the description, at the same time showing that something invisible may exist there as the object of that power by taking perception of things and acts tran-

spiring at distant places equally invisible to us, yet afterwards proved to be true.

The effect of the visible phenomena of the present day has been to increase the number of believers to an incredible extent, by offering a personal examination of the subject to the senses of the multitude, and thus procuring a wider field than was to be found in the psychological study of the few. The vital essence of intelligence and of knowledge, not of the brain, always to be found in the subjective experiments, was also inhaled in the objective facts, in their turn corroborating the invisible.

So much then of exact experimental investigation in clairvoyant powers of embodied mind, frequently enforcing spiritual probabilities, gave a logical and indisputable right to examine, as the possible effects of disembodied mind, such new facts as come to us with this character that did not occur before, and were radically different from our past experience.

###### PHENOMENA AS GENERALLY ACCEPTED.

The overpowering difficulties that present themselves in considering the question as one of entirely human psychic force, constitute grave and sufficient reasons why some other hypothesis should engage the respectful attention of those who care more to exhaust every chance that may lead up to the truth than to remain in any contented error. In venturing to treat of matters so imperfectly known, it can only be provisionally, yet not prematurely. We are forced to go through many a tentative process, as the facts open out more broadly, before we arrive at a conclusion which satisfies the judgment at all points.

A precise view of the claims that are made by the most accurate and pains-taking men is of the first importance. Obviously only that evidence can be admitted which commends itself by oft repeated and precise experiments of judicious observers, the true experts alone capable of speaking wisely. Other methods of reasoning by any order of scientific intellect, not arising from personal knowledge and close observation, are of no possible value in the direction of these truths.

The apparent facts adopted with a very general unanimity by those who have given the ripest thought to the subject may be summed up in a few lines.

A human imponderable that may be imparted to a material object, proceeding from one organism and acting on another, producing coma and insensibility to pain, with no cerebral memory when awake or perhaps no ordinary consciousness at any time of that which transpires in the sleep, but perfect memory when again put into the same state, and generally accompanied by healing properties. Clairvoyance, in which the mind takes cognizance of the thoughts of others and of things beyond the reach of the natural senses. In this condition of partial freedom from the limitations of the body, the subject enjoys all the knowledge that has been gained through the senses and all that comes through this interior perception. It is marked by a frequent assertion of spirit-communicating. The power of a living being to impress its appearance on others, especially through the conditions created by the near approach of death. Subjective visions of persons just deceased, but whose death is unknown, accompanied by objective physical acts. Descriptions of the dead with names and incidents of life unknown to the psychic. Visible and tangible hands of various sizes, form and color, doing physical acts.

Rappings by which words are spelled out from the faintest tickings to resounding blows, taking place at a distance from any person present, often visibly moving the object they fall upon and claiming to be of spiritual origin. Various other imitative noises. Trance, in which there is a prodigious exaltation of the mental faculties; a minute knowledge of things unknown through the senses and a facility of expression not belonging to a normal state. Writing by involuntary motion of the hand without any conscious volition. Writing by pencils without any visible agency. Musical sounds on an instrument without a visible performer, and also without a visible instrument. Speech and singing from an unseen source. Lights like brilliant electric sparks, rising from the floor in

great numbers and phosphorescent illuminations floating through the air sometimes resting on the person without flame, odor, heat or smoke. Currents of cold air of considerable force blowing at intervals and often by mental request in closed rooms. Diminution and increase of sensible weight. Levitation of human beings. The use of languages the medium has no knowledge of.

Other extraordinary things yet more improbable are believed by many to occur, which, however, are rejected by careful observers on the ground of insufficient proof. Those enumerated meet with the concurrence of all whose opinions possess a value on the subject. Our inquiry must be trivial indeed, if we do not find facts beyond the known order of nature, and therefore we are precluded from absolutely refuting other things, not so well proved, but must look upon them doubtfully as requiring more confirmation and an infinitely wider scope of exact experiment. All unite, however, in the most positive certainty as to rappings, touches, voices, hands, writing between slates, playing on musical instruments and movement of untouched objects.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### DIABOLICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

[We should decline to publish the following strange story did we not know the writer well, and know that she is one of the coolest, keenest and most trustworthy of women. There can be no mistake or delusion on the part of our correspondent. We heard her relate the story years ago and made notes of it. Her present account does not vary in the least from the one given us thirteen years ago. Having no permission to use real names the writer has substituted fictitious initials and blanks. We were personally acquainted for years before her transition with one of the most important witnesses mentioned and also have met the lady who was the victim in the most startling act of this psycho-physical drama.—ED. JOURNAL.]

In the year 1873 I was residing on — street, New York City. In the latter part of May in that year I was visited by a lady friend, Miss L. of N—. Miss L. was something of a medium, in a private way only. She spent a few weeks with me, and during her visit some curious phenomena occurred. One day an influence which called itself an Indian spirit and which had been accustomed to control her took possession of her and proceeded to give me a warning to this effect: That there was some influence (a spirit) hanging about that house and was watching for a chance to do some harm to me. He advised that we both be very careful in our movements, that by no misstep we might get a fall, particularly in going up and down stairs. A few days after this warning we had been taking our tea together in the dining room which was at the rear of the parlor. The parlor floor consisted of a large, deep parlor with a large dining room in the rear, the rooms divided by a partition in which were two large sliding doors made of frame work and large panes of stained glass which reached down to within twelve or fifteen inches from the floor. These doors, or the one nearest the table at which we sat was closed. The chair I occupied stood with its back towards this door, but distant not less than five feet. Miss L. sat at the opposite side of the table. I kept no servant at this time, so when we had finished our meal I commenced to remove the dishes from the table to a closet and a dumb waiter which was located in the corner of the room. Miss L. had also arisen from her chair and was standing talking at the end of table, but over towards the opposite side of the room and farther away from my chair than while at table. I had crossed the room to the dumb waiter when suddenly I heard a crash and looking around found the chair which I had occupied with its back through one of the panes of glass in the door. It had smashed the glass all to pieces and lay there with its back protruding through and resting on the bottom part of the frame. This was on the side of the table farthest away from Miss L. who had been looking toward me, and like myself had not seen the movement of the chair, but heard the crash. We both started for the chair, rather shocked I must say. I picked up the chair and set it back in place, about where it had been left or as near as I could calculate, and began trying to see if I could make it fall over and reach that door. I could not, neither could my friend; we placed it in every conceivable position and tried to see if it had accidentally fallen, we could find no position that would make it fall and were obliged to conclude that it had been moved towards the door and then dashed through or against it. We com-

mented upon it awhile, then I proceeded to finish clearing the table; after which it was necessary to go down a stair into the basement kitchen (which was the room directly below) in order to remove from the dumb waiter the dishes that belonged there. As I started to go down Miss L. remarked "I will go down with you, as after the exhibit we have had I shall not let you go alone." We both proceeded down stairs into the kitchen. It was a duplicate of the room above as to size; partition across the house in same place as above; but here was only one door, which opened into cellar on same level. Between the door and the foot of the stairs was what we call a dresser, that is, a cupboard under a broad shelf with narrow shelves above for dishes. On this broad shelf sat a cup with a handle, and filled with mutton grease which had been skimmed from some mutton cooked for dinner. Miss L. stood leaning against the set tubs which were on the side of the house and opposite the range and dumb waiter. I began removing things from the waiter and putting them in place. The ice-chest was just inside the cellar door. I had taken a dish from the waiter and had just entered the door into the cellar when I heard a peculiar whizzing sound, and turning quickly caught sight of the cup, filled with grease, spoken of above, just as it was about to land on the hearth in front of the range. It was moving as though violently thrown, and it landed bottom up. Miss L. had remained standing, leaning against tubs, fully seven or eight feet distant from where the cup sat. I had passed within about five feet of the cup as it rested on the dresser. We both started for the cup, and in taking it up the lump of mutton, which had cooled, dropped out on the hearth. The cup was not broken or even cracked, though it had struck quite hard on the stone hearth.

After a little time I finished my work there and we both went up stairs, and finally on up another flight into my chamber, where we spent the evening.

This chamber was on the second story of the house, directly over the dining room and of the same size. The head of the bedstead stood between the two large windows which opened out into the back yard. The partition across the room dividing it from others was opposite these windows and about eight feet from the foot of the bedstead. It had three doors, one opened into the hall, one into a dark room, the other into the bath room. The gas-burner in my chamber was attached to the frame work of the middle door, and between that door and the one that opened into the hall stood a library table. Miss L., as my guest, had a room on the next floor, front. This night, after spending the evening together, we concluded to sleep together in my room. Of course it is to be understood that after the occurrences above related we were somewhat nervous and disturbed. We retired about 10 o'clock after securely fastening all doors, and they had both locks and bolts. Miss L. took the left hand side of the bed, while I occupied the right. She appeared to drop off to sleep very soon, but I lay awake. It was not long before I began to be very sick, taken with violent pains in my bowels and nausea. We had left the gas burning quite a flame, sufficient to see clearly every part of the room. My sickness increased and I was obliged to go to the bath room, but I left the door wide open. I quietly slipped out of bed, so as to avoid waking Miss L. I vomited freely, and was obliged to visit the bath room about every fifteen minutes until 3 o'clock. I am positive I did not have any sleep at all, but Miss L. slept heavily. At about 3 o'clock, I was in the bath room, when for the first time I heard Miss L. move as though just waking up. At once she called my name and asked, "Where are you?" I was about answering her when she gave a loud scream—a frightened scream—which brought me to my feet and back into the chamber instantly. As I caught sight of her she was sitting up in bed with both hands clasped to her head and her unusually large eyes seemed about twice their natural size. I asked: "What is the matter?" When she responded by "come around here and see!" I quickly went around to her side of the bed, when she removed her hands from her head and said, "look!" I looked and what a sight! Her beautiful long luxuriant hair was almost entirely gone, cut close to her head, so close that in places the scalp was bare; it was a ragged cut, as though some one had grasped the hair close to the head, and made a long sawing cut with a dull instrument. I shall never forget the look of that head. I asked, how came this? She did not know. I asked her to step out on to the floor, which she did. On the sheet where she had lain was a small pair of embroidery scissors, whose blades were never more than one inch in length, but the points I had broken off long before in attempting to pry a cork from a bottle. I had discarded the use of these scissors and put them in a little compartment of an unused work-box which stood on a little table in the corner on my side of the room, a distance of about six feet from the head of the bed. Miss L. had never known I had such a pair of scissors, and said she had never seen them. On the sheet and pillow and on the neck of her night dress, were little scraps of hair, none of them over one inch

in length, and if all collected together would not have been enough to fill a small teaspoon.

My thought at once was that Miss L. must have cut the hair herself in her sleep—but where was the hair? It had been the heaviest suit of hair I had ever seen; long and thick, so thick that when it was twisted into a coil, it was larger around than a good sized wrist, and must have measured in circumference at least six inches. We searched the room, bed, and furniture in every part, everything and everywhere, but could not find a trace of it. After quite a long time spent in the search, I suggested that we lie down again and rest and think. In the excitement I had forgotten all about my sickness and felt no more of it, except the natural weakness from such an attack.

After we had quieted down a little Miss L. became entranced, and this same spirit which had given the warning spoke to me. I began to question him, and asked how this had happened. He declared he had not been there, and could not tell, but would try and find out and tell me. I do not now remember whether we had any more sleep, but am sure I had none at all before 3 o'clock. We arose early that morning. I said to Miss L. that I thought we ought to have some good, clear headed friend come in and make a thorough search for that hair. She readily acquiesced and proposed to remain in that room until such search was made. I wrote a note to a friend Mrs. X. of—street asking her to come down immediately, also one to Miss L.'s brother, who was a physician in town, and sent them off by a messenger boy. Miss L. remained in the room, locked in when it was necessary for me to leave it. My level headed friend, Mrs. X., responded by immediately coming. While telling her the story, the door bell rang, and on going to the door I found my next-door neighbor, a friend, Mrs. Y. now of—avenue. She at once noticed the condition I was in—I had been crying—and asked what was the matter. At first I tried to avoid telling her, but finally under a promise of security I told her. Then I suggested that she remain and help Mrs. X. make the search; to which she consented.

Miss L. gave the ladies the keys to her room and trunk and requested that both be thoroughly searched. We gave them full liberty to search any and every part of the house, while Miss L. and myself remained in my room. They made a most thorough search of every part, bath room and all. The hair could not be found, out doors or in—for they searched the yard as well. It was never found, though I never entirely gave up the search until after I moved from the house. After they gave up looking, a little was found, which appeared as though it might have been two or three long hairs wound around the fingers into a loop, and chucked down into a bottle of cologne. The bottle was one of a pair of cut-glass bottles with a very small neck and a round bulb at the bottom. One had been opened and the cologne partly used, the other had never been opened. The hair was in the unopened one. Both stood on the mantle shelf, on my side of the room. The bottles had slender cut-glass stoppers and had been tied down with white kid, such as is used for this purpose. After examining this bottle carefully I said, I will put that away, and I placed it on a high shelf in a closet. When it was taken down a long time after the hair was gone, I could never conceive of anyone being able to put a lump of hair like that into so small a necked bottle.

When the ladies had finished their hunt, we consulted as to what could be done with Miss L.'s head, it looked horridly, and something had to be done at once. My friend, Mrs. X., for whom I had sent, said she would take Miss L. down to a hair-dresser on Sixth avenue and consult with her as to what could be done. Miss L. fixed up her head as best she could with hat and veil, and went with Mrs. X. When they returned my friends told me the result; it was this: The hair-dresser was told the lady had met with an accident and her opinion was wanted as to the best way to cut the hair. She examined the hair and scalp very carefully, after which she said it was a very fortunate accident, for Miss L. had some disease of the scalp and her hair had already commenced to fall out, and she pointed out a small bare place to prove her assertions. She said Miss L. would probably not have discovered it until too late to save her hair; and had it remained and dropped out itself, none would ever have grown in again, hence Miss L. would have been baldheaded. Now her only course was to have the head shaved, and keep it shaved a full year or more; then the hair would grow out again all right. I will here mention that some five years before Miss L. had been bitten on the forehead by a spider, which had poisoned her to such an extent as to nearly cost her her life. This was doubtless the cause of the diseased scalp.

Miss L.'s brother arrived at the house shortly after Mrs. X. and Miss L. returned from the hair-dresser's. He advised following the hair-dresser's advice and volunteered to do the shaving, after the first time. The advice was followed and the head cured. Miss L.'s hair grew out very thick, but somewhat gray. The Indian influence above mentioned afterward re-



ported to this effect: That the hair had been cut, the things thrown, and my sickness caused by the same spirit influence of which he had warned me, and said the spirit thought he had done some terrible damage, whereas it had actually resulted in good. I must not forget to mention that a large pair of scissors lay on the table, which stood against the partition opposite the foot of the bed.

I leave anyone to solve the question, who can, as to what was the power. I have tried to argue that Miss L. herself cut the hair in her sleep, then I tell myself if she did it necessitated her getting out of bed, coming around to my side of the room, getting the small scissors, which she did not know I had, passing a pair which she could have used better, going back and getting into bed again, and then while in bed slowly cutting it off with these little, dull, broken scissors. But, then, what could she have done with such a mass of hair? It has been suggested that she threw it into the water closet. To do that she must have again gotten out of bed and come around to my side and gone into the bath room, and such an amount of hair would have entirely choked the pipes—anyone knows how completely even a small amount of hair will choke up pipes. Then, it must be remembered, I was not asleep, and Miss L. could not have moved about without my knowing it, and I, when not in bed beside her, was in that bath room with the door wide open and the light burning enough to see all over the room. Had she thrown it out of the window, we must have found it in the yard, which was searched. No one had access to the yard but ourselves. Then one must account for the chair and cup being thrown, which is as hard a problem as the other. I positively assert that neither of us could have cut off the hair, and no other human being was there—in the flesh. For various good reasons I withhold the names, but if any one wishes to ask any questions, the Society for Psychical Research, for instance, the names can be given in confidence, or the questions can be asked through the editor of THE JOURNAL, who will kindly forward them to the writer.

#### WAS IT A DREAM?

BY EMMA MINER.

A June sun was shining brightly, but its rays did not penetrate the windows of a certain attic apartment in the city of D—.

Bennie Seymour was lying on a narrow bed in a corner of the room. He was a crippled lad, 10 years of age, fatherless and motherless. The other occupants of the room were his sister Thalia and Ruth Macon. Thalia was a devoted sister. She was only 20 years old. The last three years had been full of toil and poverty. Her fair, pale face wore a sorrowful look, and her blue eyes were often dimmed with tears. Still, she worked bravely on, trying to earn the daily bread for Bennie and herself. Ruth was a tall, dark-eyed girl, whose face bore the stamp of a resolute independence.

Both were busily sewing. Ruth glanced out of the window, only to look upon high, stifling walls.

"Thalia," said Ruth, pausing a moment in her stitching, "does it seem as if we were ever at Madame Braces, among other well-dressed and happy girls? I remember we only seemed to have one object in life, and that was to pass away the time somehow, trying not to make too many blunders, and looking forward to the time when we should have finished our education, and be ready to make our debut in society."

Thalia sighed wearily in response. "I remember," she answered slowly. "Oh, if father had not failed in business, Bennie and I might have been happy, and rich, too, perhaps;" and she glanced sympathetically towards Bennie's hard bed.

"Yes," said Ruth, "and if that terrible Mr. Barton had not cheated my father, I might have been rich and happy too. Poor father! It quite broke his heart, and so I have to sit sewing these horrid, poky seams!"

"I know it's dreadful," said Thalia, "but think, Ruth, what if we couldn't even have the seams to sew. What would we do?"

"True enough, Thalia. I will try not to complain so much—if we can only keep together."

Thalia sighed again as she looked around the dingy apartment. Everything was plain, coarse, neat, but uninviting. Surely, Wood Court was not a desirable place for a home; yet even here rents were high, and they could scarcely pay for the two little rooms they called home.

Presently Ruth raised her head. There was a ring of determination in her voice as she exclaimed:

"Thalia! Let's move!"

"Where, pray?"

Thalia's lip curled sarcastically as she added, "Where there are more dingy brick walls and tumble-down places called houses? more scenes like those going on inside and outside?"

A discordant clamor had arisen between two drunken men on the stairs; also between two charcoal men who were standing in the narrow alley.

"No," said Ruth, "to a nice, large house which will be cool in summer and warm in winter."

"Yes, let's go to heaven at once!" replied Thalia, smiling a little.

"I really mean it, Thalia!" said Ruth.

Thalia turned toward Ruth in surprise.

"What do you mean, Ruth?" she asked.

"Just this," answered Ruth. "Let's move to Rose Hall and take up our abode there!"

Thalia's thoughts flew instantly to a house standing a little apart from others, quite out of the suburbs of the city. It was not tenanted. Evidently the builder was a man of taste, and had some knowledge of the fitness of things, for it was well planned. The shutters had been closed through all the years the girls had known of it. In fact, the house had never been occupied.

At the time of building, a rose hedge had been planted on two sides of the spacious lawn, and the roses had climbed and spread around as roses will. Wishing to designate the place one day, Ruth had called it "Rose Hall."

Thalia drew a long breath. She seemed to inhale the odor of the sweet June roses which she knew even then were blooming.

"Oh, if we only could!" she said. "Wouldn't it be Paradise?"

"Well, what is to hinder? Room enough for us in that big house. What right has anybody to keep a place like that empty while we are just dying for fresh air and a decent place to live in?"

Ruth's voice had a defiant ring as she propounded this question.

"Oh, Ruthie! I don't know about other people's rights, but surely we have none there!" answered Thalia decisively.

There was a little pause.

"What made you think of such a thing, Ruth?" asked Thalia.

"I didn't think of it," answered Ruth. "I dreamed of Rose Hall last night, and in my dream I saw the sweetest lady I ever saw in my life. She stood by my bed, and looked around the room so sorrowfully, as if she didn't like it any better than we do. Then she took me by the hand and said, 'Come, dear, I want you to go with me.' I dreamed I went, and she took me to Rose Hall. We went in. How we got in, I'm sure I don't know; and then she said: 'I want you to live here, dear; you and Thalia and Bennie.' Then she disappeared, and I woke to find myself in this hot, stifling room. The dream has been in my mind all day."

"How strange!" said Thalia. "But it's only a dream after all, Ruth, you know."

"See here now, Thalia," said Ruth, "here we are, living in this miserable place. We are both willing to work. But now, there's that empty house, nobody going near it for years. What is to hinder us from going over, there and appropriating three or four rooms for our use?"

"Why, Ruth! The owner could do something dreadful to us!"

"Not if we did not harm anything," said Ruth. "Anyway, we should have had the good of it for a little while!"

"Surely, Ruth, you are not in earnest?"

"Yes, I am! Tell you what, Thalia, I am going over there to-morrow. It is Sunday, you know. I promise you if I find the house locked, bolted, and barred, I won't say anything more about it; but if there is one place where I can get in so I can truly say I didn't break in, I shall explore the interior; and if I like the looks of it as well as I did in my dream, I shall certainly go there!"

"What! and leave us?" Thalia's lips quivered a little.

"Not a bit of it. You and Bennie will go too. You would have just as much right there as I!"

"Which is no right at all, Ruthie," said Thalia.

Sunday morning dawned, a perfect June day. Ruth went about her little tasks with a look of decision on her pretty face, which made Thalia feel that remonstrance would be useless. She felt a sudden curiosity herself, and a longing to inhale the odor of those beautiful roses.

"Ruth, I'd really like to go with you," she said. "I want to get some roses, and I want to keep you out of mischief."

Ruth was inwardly pleased that Thalia had decided to go with her. Leaving the car, they made their way through pleasant streets, and passed out of the more closely settled portion. Rose Hall was in sight, but at quite a distance. They passed quietly through a small opening in the rose hedge, and walked up the lawn.

"Let's go around by the back of the house," said Ruth.

Thalia followed, hardly trusting herself to speak.

A trail of a door opening on a small piazza, showed it to be fast. Another, a narrow door, opened readily to Ruth's effort, and she stepped in. Thalia followed her, feeling like a thief.

Ruth gave a hurried glance around and turning pale, sat down on the floor.

"Thalia! It all looks exactly as it did in my dream! Exactly!" She rose to her feet and began to explore farther.

"Are you sure, Ruth?" asked Thalia seriously.

"Yes—and I truly feel as if we might come here, and not be wicked either! Oh—wouldn't it be heavenly!"

Thalia held up her little thin hands to the sunbeams pouring in at the open doorway.

"Seems just as if it would welcome us here, doesn't it, Ruthie?" she said, smiling pitifully.

They wandered together over the beautiful house, Ruth meanwhile chatting and planning what she would do if it were hers.

"Come, come, Ruth? We must not stay any longer. Let us get our roses and go," said Thalia thoughtfully.

They gathered great bunches of the treasures, then made their way back to the noisy, dark place they called home.

"Here are your roses, Bennie," said Thalia. But her thoughts were back in that beautiful house.

It was late when Ruth and Thalia retired that night. Both fell asleep with a rose lying close to their pale cheeks.

Only a little while, and both were awakened by the cry of "Fire! Fire!" They wrapped a blanket hastily around Bennie, and he was given to the care of the firemen, while they rushed out, barely escaping the falling walls.

Some of the poor people near by generously contributed a few articles of clothing from their own scanty store; and there they stood in the street, even more homeless than before.

Their joint earnings were in a little pocket which Thalia always kept about her person. The girls smiled a little ruefully as they counted over the small store—just seven dollars.

"Seven dollars, and no debts!" exclaimed Thalia. "How fortunate this was saved! But what shall we do? Where shall we go?"

"To Rose Hall of course," replied Ruth, very decidedly.

"Well!" replied Thalia, "if the Lord didn't drive us out of this court, the fire did! I don't want to do anything wrong, but I really think I will go to Rose Hall with you!"

"Very well! Now, we must buy some beds and a few other things," and Ruth began to write out a list.

"But how can we get anything over there? It would look very suspicious if we send an order to that place," and Thalia looked doubtfully at Ruth.

At that moment Jack Loring approached. Jack had been a teamster, but was expecting to ship for a long voyage that very day. The girls had been kind to him. He had come to say good by. A sudden thought entered Ruth's head.

"Oh, Jack! Will you do something for us and be quiet about it? We want a few things moved!"

"I'll move heaven and earth and never speak of it, Miss Ruth!" he replied.

A cheap, second-hand shop was visited, a few articles bought, and Jack got a team of a comrade, and carried the little load over to Rose Hall, placing them just inside the rose hedge. Thalia and Ruth were profuse in their thanks.

That night they slept in their new home.

"Here we are, safe and sound," said Ruth next morning. "We begin to look quite housekeep. Nobody knows except Jack, and he is far away on the ocean for three years. Who can tell what may happen during that time?"

"Well," said Thalia, "I'll try to make the best of it and not feel too much like a burglar!" and she smiled through the tears that would force themselves when she thought of the straits to which they had been driven.

"We have some bread and butter, and fifty cents in our bank. How rich we are!" said Ruth laughingly; and she took up her work bravely.

That very night Ruth dreamed of the same lady who had told her to go to Rose Hall. She awoke with a start, to see Thalia half sitting up, and with pale face and strained eyes looking at the white robed, beautiful figure. The moonlight shone in brightly, and crowned her head with a fair glory.

"Who are you?" gasped Thalia.

"Call me Hope, dear child. I will not harm you. I come only to bless!" With a parting wave of her hand she disappeared.

Thalia sprang from her bed, and ran into Ruth's room. Ruth was just awaking. Thalia seized her, and shook her roughly.

"Ruth! Ruth! I've seen your ghost!"

"And I was just dreaming about my beautiful lady!" said Ruth.

"But I saw her, I tell you! I really saw her! I was wide awake. She spoke to me—said her name was Hope!"

"Why, Thalia! It can't be!"

"I tell you I did! I never believed in ghosts before, but I know I saw one to-night! But she looked so good I am not so very much afraid!"

They went to look at Bennie, and found him sleeping quietly.

"I told you she wanted us to come here, didn't I, Thalia?"

"Yes—but what is it to her?"

"Perhaps this house is one of her haunts, and she will keep us company," said Ruth, turning drowsily to her pillow.

But Thalia could not sleep any more that night.

The summer passed. Thalia and Ruth worked busily. Bennie grew stronger, and his pale face had become quite rosy.

"Ruth," said Thalia one day in October, "I used to wish that the rich people for whom we worked had a little interest in us beyond being suited with our work. Now, I am rather glad they haven't. How frightened I should be if any one were to ask us where we live!"

"Not much danger," said Ruth. "The dear ladies have all they can do to attend to the hanging of their draperies and trains."

"Only think!" continued Thalia. "Here it is the last of October. We have been here four blissful months! And how comfortable we have been!"

"Yes," replied Ruth, "and it seems as if we might be more so the coming winter. How nice that the builder placed that cunning little chimney just where he did! Nobody ever sees the smoke from our camp fire. And we've had so much better food since we could use our money that way, besides putting by quite a little store for winter. And we shall be likely to be so warm here. I do feel so thankful to our ghost!" They laughed together.

"After all, our ghost may get us into trouble yet. What if the owner should come along one of these fine days? It really worries me," said Thalia, wrinkling her fair brow in a most melancholy way.

New Year's day found them happy and busy. The January sun looked in the windows upon very scantily furnished rooms, but they were clean and bright and cheerful. The girls now treated themselves to the *Daily Globe*, and occasionally a magazine.

In marked contrast to these rooms were a suite in Hotel De Place, in a distant city. Two gentlemen sat by an open fire on this same New Year's day. Both were habited in comfortable dressing gowns and slippers. Everything gave token of wealth and ease. Both gentlemen were of dark complexion, and strongly resembled each other. In fact they were relatives. Mr. Philip Manning, senior, was uncle to Berthold Manning. He was thirty-five, and there was only a difference of ten years in their ages. They were bachelors, and inseparable companions.

"Well, Bert," Philip was saying; "Here it is New Year's day again, and our heads are level after all the demands made upon us to-day! It is a good thing we came home when we did, or we should have made one call too many."

Bert assented by a nod of his head, only half noticing what Philip said.

"Here—here! Wake up! Are you dreaming?" exclaimed Philip.

"Not just now," said Bert; "but fact is I did have a singular dream last night. Never had any such thing make such an impression on me before."

"Tell me, do," said Philip. "Ifeel just in the mood for something of the sort."

"Well," said Bert, "my dream carried me to that house my father built for Cousin Alma a number of years ago—fifteen I should say. It is near the city of D—."

"I remember I heard father say that Alma's affianced was drowned. She never recovered from the shock of his death, and she died about six months after."

"Father felt so badly he never felt like doing anything about selling the place, so it remained on his hands with the rest of the property. I being the only heir, you know, did not feel disposed to do anything about it," And Bert puffed away dreamily.

"Well—what of your dream?"

"Oh yes! I forgot where I was! Well, I dreamed I went to that house, and found somebody living there—two of the prettiest girls I ever saw; and a crippled boy. It seemed to me they were very poor, and had really gone there to be more comfortable; not with any bad intent. And there they were, living as cosily as poor people could. And it seemed to me they were in constant dread of the owner coming to find them in that house. One was light, the other dark; both about the same age; and the crippled boy was a brother to one of them. I am quite curious about it, for I never had such a strange impression before. Oh! and I almost forgot another thing. I dreamed Cousin Alma came into the room and said, 'He shall give his angels charge over thee, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone;' and then I awoke; but all day long I could not help contrasting their poverty with the abundance I have seen in aristocratic homes to-day."

"It is curious," remarked Philip, after a few moments' pause, "but you know we are not superstitious about dreams. Very likely there's nothing to it."

Bert assented. Still, he could not get it out of his

mind. He surprised Philip a week after by announcing that he was going to D—to look up that house.

"Why, Bert! Really going?"

"Certainly."

"I have half a mind to go, too, unless you object," said Philip.

"Do! I shall be glad to introduce you to those—" Bert hesitated.

"Housebreakers!" suggested Philip.

The words fell upon Bert's ears harshly.

"Surely, Uncle Phil, they are not that!"

"What else are they? Never mind, Bert. It's not my business. But I will go with you to investigate this mystery."

It was a clear, cold day when they drove out beyond the suburbs of D— Bert's heart gave a dismal throb as he placed the key in the wide door. Both looked about curiously for a moment.

"No footprints here, anyhow, Bert. Guess your tenants are ghosts."

At that moment the heavy door creaked on its hinges and swung open.

They tramped noisily in, across the bare floors, and passed from room to room.

"Looks just as I dreamed it did," said Bert. As he spoke, he opened another door. It would be hard to tell who were the most astonished parties—Thalia and Ruth, or the two gentlemen, who really felt they were intruding.

How white Thalia and Ruth were! Poor little Bennie, unconscious of anything unusual, looked curiously at the strangers.

Thalia sat in her low sewing chair, her face as white as the work lying on her lap, her eyes raised appealingly to Bert, for she instinctively felt the time of exposure had come.

Ruth had more command over herself. She, too, felt the owner of Rose Hall stood before them. She summoned all her courage, and said quietly:

"Well! So you have found us?"

Philip and Bert exchanged glances without speaking. "I beg your pardon, Miss—er—Miss, but really—" Bert stammered.

Ruth turned toward Thalia.

"This is my friend Thalia Seymour," and turning toward Bennie, "this is her invalid brother, Bennie. I am Ruth Macon."

There was a moment's pause, and she said bravely.

"It's all my fault—Thalia wouldn't have come here if it had not been for me. It is all my work!"

Bert stood stupidly looking at Thalia, while Philip's gaze was fastened upon Ruth's pleading face.

"It is just like this," Ruth continued. "We were so poor, and we had to live in such a dreary, dismal place, and it was so hard for us because we were once used to better things." Ruth's voice choked a little. Then she went on.

"And one night I dreamed that a beautiful lady came to me, and told me to come here. We knew about the place, and had always admired it. Then I said to Thalia, 'let's go'; and she said 'no'. But that very night the block we were living in burned, and we had no place to go; so I said I was coming to Rose Hall; and then Thalia said she would come to, so we did."

Still the gentlemen were silent.

"This was last June," continued Ruth, "and we have been here ever since, but indeed we have tried to be careful."

There was another silence. Then Thalia spoke.

"If you are offended with us, we will go away to-day—at once. I'm so sorry!"

She was pale, but neither Thalia or Ruth took refuge in tears. It was Bennie who did that.

"Oh, Thalia! Must we go away from this place—back to that dreadful city? Oh—we've been so happy here—must we go?"

Then Bert found voice for the first time.

"Not a step, my lad!" he exclaimed. "You shall stay here as long as you please!"

He turned toward Ruth.

"Excuse me, but I am so surprised! I never dreamed—confound it! Yes, I did dream, too! And that's how I happened to come. I felt curious about it. I dreamed you three were here, and Cousin Alma came to me while I was here, and I felt just like coming to see what it all meant!"

Philip and Bert were still standing, for really there were no extra chairs.

"Cousin Alma?" questioned Thalia.

"Yes—but Alma is dead—but I dreamed of her with the rest."

"How did she look?" asked Thalia.

Bert gave a personal description of his cousin.

"Why, Ruth! That is just like our ghost!"

Then Philip spoke for the first time.

"Well, I should say this is all strange enough without a ghost, but with one! What next?"

Bert looked inquiringly at Thalia.

"What ghost?" he asked.

"The lady, or somebody, or something who comes here to see us so often," answered Thalia. "She calls herself 'Hope', and really we have learned to love her."

Thalia forgot for a moment that she was speaking to a stranger.

Ruth began to think of proper hospitality toward her unexpected guests. She turned to Philip and said "Please be seated." That the ladies need not feel embarrassed the gentlemen seated themselves. Thalia and Ruth sat on the lounge by Bennie's feet, he drawing them up to give them a little more room.

"It is all very strange," said Bert. "But pray do not think I mean to make any trouble about it. You are quite welcome to stay—indeed you are," noting the anxious expression on Thalia's face. "We don't need the house," he continued, "and I am thoughtless to let it stay empty so long. It ought to be of some use to some one. Don't feel uneasy about it. It will be all right."

It was plainly to be seen that Bert was getting beyond his depth.

A little longer they sat and talked, the gentlemen meanwhile quietly noting their plain dress, and the piles of work which gave evidence of their industry.

Bert learned that Thalia's father and his own had been friends. And Philip learned that Ruth's father had been in former years a partner in business with his own father.

There was an absolute silence for a little while after the gentlemen left, and then both girls heaved a long sigh of relief; and Thalia said.

"Oh, Ruth! Ar'n't you thankful it is over!"

Philip and Bert called frequently for several days, and every day they were reminded of their presence in the city by the reception of various bouquets, and baskets of flowers.

"This will never do, Ruth," said Thalia one morning. "We ought to go away from here—we must go, no matter what we suffer, we must go."

Thalia spoke decisively.

"You are quite right, Thalia. I can see that we ought to go."

At that moment the door bell rang. It was a very pale faced Thalia who answered the call.

"What is it?" asked Bert instantly. "Has anything happened?"

Thalia led the way to the little kitchen without replying. They found Bennie trying to dry his tears.

"Are you worse, Bennie?" asked Bert with real concern.

"No, sir; only Thalia says we must go away from here, and when she says must in that way, I know she means it."

Bennie rubbed his eyes again with his little coarse handkerchief.

"It's nice here," said he, "and I don't want to go!"

Thalia's cheeks flushed crimson.

"And I don't want you should, unless it is to a better place than this, even," said Bert. He turned to Thalia.

"Thalia, will you let Bennie go with me? And will you go, too? For life you know!" And he took Thalia's hand.

They were turned away from Philip, who walked directly up to Ruth and exclaimed desperately.

"Ruth! Don't let that nephew of mine leave me alone in the world. Will you go with me to a home which shall be your own?"

There was some very earnest, but quiet conversation in that house for the next two hours.

Neither could bear to be separated from the other. So when a few weeks later they entered the door of a spacious, handsome mansion, and felt they were really in their own home, a tide of happiness swept over them too deep to be expressed by words.

Entering the well furnished library, a portrait of a noble looking, beautiful lady seemed to bestow her blessing upon them.

"Oh, Ruth! Here is a perfect picture of our lovely ghost!" exclaimed Thalia.

"It is my Cousin Alma's portrait," said Bert, standing reverently before it. "Blessings on her for what she has done!"

Was it a dream?

A uniform currency has been the dream of financiers for generations. The present coinage system of France was established at the beginning of the century; was adopted twenty odd years ago by the nations of the Latin Union—Belgium, Italy and Switzerland, and has since been extended to Spain, Greece, Rumania and Servia. But its friends have never been able to introduce it into England, Germany, Russia or Turkey. Some day an international convention in which all the commercial nations of the world will be represented will probably agree upon an international coinage. The choice will be between the system of the Latin Union and the system which it is now proposed to inaugurate with the American international dollar. Experience will indicate what coins public convenience requires, perhaps it would be premature at this time to hazard predictions on the subject. But it stands to reason that any new scheme of metallic currency must be based on the decimal system.





## THE MEETING.

BY JULIA GREY BURNETT.

After long years of absence,  
Years of life's changes and care—  
We met at the dear old hearthstone,  
All who were left were there.  
With love we scanned the faces  
Well known in the long ago;  
Noting time's pencil traces  
On hair, and eye, and brow.

Recalling happy childhood,  
With its merry romp and play;  
The blossoms in the wildwood,  
The song birds' roundelay.  
The school, the stern old teacher  
With ferule and rod of birch;  
The dear, kind-hearted preacher  
We listened to in church.

The church stands on the hillside,  
A sentinel gray with age;  
But teacher—yes, and preacher—  
Have long since closed life's page.  
We spoke of those who loved us  
In the days of long ago;  
Those who had made the homestead  
A paradise below.

The arm-chair in the corner,  
Which so many times before  
For father and for mother  
We placed in days of yore,  
Had long, long since been vacant,  
And the dear forms long been mold—  
To-night we knew them present,  
All an unbroken fold.

It almost seemed their voices  
In our song and soft refrain,  
Beneath the dear old roof-tree,  
Blended with ours again.  
And who shall say: Ah, never  
Can those who've loved so dear  
Return from the great "whither,"  
To bless and guide us here?

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Did it ever strike you that the reason human beings grow to be so wrinkled and battle-scarred by the time they get ready to die is because they talk too much? The family cat goes through trials as great as ever befell a mortal Rachel in seeing family after family of blooming kits consigned to the water bucket; the cow hands over one after another of her frisky offspring to the butcher's shambles; the chicken is chased into the dinner pot; the bird is waylaid by the small boy and his sling-shot; the horse is over-loaded and abused to the limit of equine endurance, and yet each and all from the family cat to the noble horse preserve countenances of youthful calm and serenity to the last. You never saw a tear-stained cheek or a pain-furrowed brow on an animal, and I believe it is because they were mercifully denied the power to communicate and dilate upon their troubles. If they met together to talk over their ailments as we do, and flitted the hours of a morning browse under the maples with details of bad digestion or the items of a family funeral, perhaps they would grow old and hollow cheeked and wizened before their time as we do. What is mankind's universal form of salutation? "How are you?" Ten to one the question launches a full-rigged craft of physical wretchedness upon the tide of conversation that should be devoted to nobler commerce. How would it do to change the form of inquiry to matters pertaining to the spirit rather than to the body? "How is it with your soul, sister?" rather than "Have you got the grippe?" "How fares your temper?" instead of "How is your liver?" Would it not be better to interest ourselves in the progress of the soul on its journey toward the delectable country rather than to vex ourselves so widely about matters pertaining to headaches, catarrhs and hay fever? Try it.—*Amber, in Chicago Herald.*

Why do benevolent woman so seldom make provision in their wills for the benefit of their own sex? asks *The Press* of New York. Emma Abbott was a generous and kindly soul. Her will was in most respects not unworthy of her loveable character. The testamentary disposition of her property was generous in bequests to institutions of religion and charity. Yet this woman, whose gift of song had brought her wealth did not leave one bequest for the benefit of any institution of charity or education exclusively for women. Wealthy Mrs. Fogg recently left \$200,000

by will, not to Harvard's annex, where it would benefit her own sex, but to the main Harvard College, where its beneficiaries would be young men. Of the \$400,000 she bequeathed to other educational institutions not a dollar went to a woman's college. No doubt these ladies had a right to do as they would with their own. But in view of the fact that there are so many ways in which legacies of money can be of immense assistance to the cause of higher female education it is to be regretted that more wealthy women do not provide pecuniarily for the intellectual and moral needs of their striving sisters.

*Cincinnati Gazette:* There is no serious objection to the submission of the question of woman suffrage to the voters of Ohio at the November election. If a majority of the men desire that the women shall be allowed to vote, and the women themselves desire to enter politics, why, all we have to say is that the legal bars should be let down. But should the question be submitted, and should it carry in the popular election, the proper thing would not be to resort to the plea practiced by some high authorities in the Methodist church respecting the admission of women delegates to the General Conference. This issue was submitted to a church membership vote, and when it became apparent that the women had secured a majority their opponents immediately concocted a scheme to set aside the returns on the plea that a full vote had not been cast. That sort of business may work in the church, but it will not do in politics.

An exchange says that Kansas has reason to be proud of her women office-holders. Mrs. Kellogg, of that State, makes an admirable Attorney General, and Mrs. Salter who is now serving her second term as Mayor of Argonia, is said to have done all the housework for her family of five people, as well as given due attention to her public and social duties during her tenure of office.

Mrs. Farrow, of Boston, Lincolnshire, England, is a poor law guardian and wife of a county councillor. She is also a woman with a remarkable capacity for business. Knowing nothing of printing, she nevertheless bought all the machinery required for doing the printing called for by the increasing needs of her husband's mustard factory, and within one month had mastered the whole business of printing the gay-colored labels and case covers, the bill heads, and notices, etc., for the entire concern.

Mrs. W. W. Taylor of "Cliff Cottage Stock Farm," near Loveland, Col., is joint proprietor with her husband of a high-bred herd of registered Jersey cattle. They make specialties besides of fine poultry and Scotch collie dogs. They also keep sheep, and supply the markets far and near with early spring lambs. There business cards read, "Z. and W. W. Taylor." It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are firm believers in equal rights, and "practice what they preach."

Miss Kate Steele has been made a full professor by the Royal Academy of Music in England, with all the privileges pertaining to that dignity. *The Westminster and Lambeth Gazette* says: "Miss Steele is the first lady to be thus honored, and deserves the heartiest congratulations, both from professional and private people, as being the pioneer in paths once closed to women."

Miss Anna Sewall is said to have received the idea of writing the famous book "Black Beauty," while driving a guest to the station, who quoted to her from an essay on animals by Dr. Howard Bushnell, of Hartford. For many years she felt that "it was worth while to try, at least, to bring the thoughts of men more into harmony with the purposes of God on this subject."

Miss Jennie E. Hooker, of McCutchanville, Ind., won the *Cosmopolitan's* prize of \$200 for the best article of 4,000 words written by a farmer's daughter, describing farm life, with suggestions as to the best means of making farm life attractive and happy. More than 200 writers competed for the prize.

Miss Emily Howard, director of the First National Bank, at Auburn, N. Y., is the first woman in the United States to hold such a position. Miss Howard is rich and for several years has maintained at her own home a school for farmers' sons and daughters.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the novelist, is still writing, though over 75 years of age. As to her full name, which is Emma Dorothy Eliza Nenette Southworth, she says: "When I was born my people were too poor to give me anything else, so they gave me all those names."

Miss Kingsley, daughter of Charles Kingsley, has been awarded the decoration of the French academic palms, with the grade of "Officer of the Academy," for her valuable writings upon French art.

Mrs. Jennie M. Lozier, who has been elected President of Sorosis, is a physician, although she has not practiced medicine for several years. She devotes all her time to philanthropic work.

## READING A SEALED LETTER.

After the editorial on the second page, headed as above, was ready for the press, the following letter was received from Mr. Davis, in reply to our letter of inquiry. Although the letter was not written for publication, we have the writer's permission to use it.

NEW YORK, APRIL 2, 1891,

DEAR SIR: Although not a Spiritualist, I am a regular attendant at the meetings held in Brooklyn. I am personally acquainted with all of the mediums in that city and know most of the Spiritualists. Some time since I issued a challenge to mediums, and it was copied in the New York and Brooklyn papers. Two Saturday nights ago, at the meeting of the "Progressive Spiritualists," a man named Martin was called on the platform and was introduced by President Bogert. This man Martin requested each person in the audience to write a question on a slip of paper and keep it out of sight. Mrs. Martin then went on the platform and Mr. M. did, or pretended to mesmerize Mrs. M. The woman then told what some person had written, and answered the question. This was done a good many times. Mrs. Martin also stated my question, and when I acknowledged that it was just what I had written, Chairman Bogert jumped up and said: "Mrs. Martin wins your \$1,000."

This created a great sensation. When the excitement cooled down I got up and explained that what Mrs. Martin had done had nothing whatever to do with my first three propositions, and although it had some bearing on my fourth proposition, still I did not consider that what the medium had done went beyond the limits of mind reading and that my proposition, as stated in my circular, was still open. Mr. Martin said he would accept the challenge. I said he could meet me at 100 Nassau st., New York, Monday morning, when I would arrange matters with him. Then some of the audience talked as though I was backing out and insisted that I should complete arrangements then and there. I declined to do so. I said that I did not care to put myself on exhibition in a public hall, but would go before a committee of Spiritualists selected by the conference and enter into an agreement whereby the test could be made in private. They would not listen to me, and said that Mr. and Mrs. M. would come to the hall the following Saturday night to meet me, and hinted that I would be made a laughing stock of if I was not there. The matter was taken out of my hands by hot heads who know as much about business as children. I tried to get a chance to talk with Martin after the meeting, but all the men were so thick around him, giving him their congratulations, that I could not get near. All the women were gathered about Mrs. Martin, kissing her. I left the hall without having any understanding with Mr. and Mrs. Martin. On my way home I said to a few friends who were with me that I would get another person to write the letter so as to avoid the possibility of direct mind reading, and asked one of the men who was with me if he could suggest a better scheme. He said: "If you do that, she will never read the letter in the world."

Tuesday I received a letter from Martin, stating that when he accepted my challenge he had not read it, and got his idea of it from what Mr. Bogert had told him. He said that I did not stipulate in my circular what language the sealed letter would be written in or how many words it would contain, but that he would bet me \$50 that his wife would read a sealed letter of twenty words written in English. I answered that I would be on hand with the sealed letter and the money. I then got one of my most intimate friends to write and seal the letter, which I put into a second envelope and carried in my pocket

until the test was made. Mrs. Isa Wilson Porter gave a party at her house the Friday evening before the reading of the letter, and they were all sure that Mrs. Martin would win my money. They were enthusiastic. An *Evening Telegram* reporter was in the house. He published a very sensational account of what would occur at the hall Saturday night, and that brought out reporters from all the other papers. The New York *Sun*, the New York *Daily Continent*, the New York *Recorder*, the New York *Sunday Mercury*, the New York *Press*, the Brooklyn *Citizen* and some of the other papers published accounts from one-third to a whole column long, treating the matter in a manner more respectful than they are in the habit of doing with this subject.

Mrs. Martin read the letter or pretended to read it. At any rate she stated the contents nearly correctly, I did not recover my astonishment until Sunday morning when it dawned on me that I had no guarantee that my friend, the third party, had not put the Martins *en rapport* with the contents of the letter. My friend denies that he did anything of the kind, but I find it more easy to believe that the contents were made known in that way than to accept any other explanation. If I am the victim of a trick, my friend will see that I do not lose any money, for I am sure that he would not put up a job so that I would be cheated out of \$50. Newspaper men, Spiritualists, investigators and others are in my place from morning until night and I tell them all that I am not satisfied.

I wrote to Mr. Martin that I was not satisfied with the test, and although I would not dispute his right to the money, still I thought that he had better let me have another chance of testing the matter, I told him that whether he was successful or not in the next attempt it would in no wise affect the other matter, as I had lost my bet and did not propose to have the result of a second attempt in any wise affect the decision of President Bogert and the appointed referee. He has agreed to have Mrs. Martin attempt the test again in private when her health will permit. He says that after the meeting when he and his wife left the hall that Mrs. M. vomited frequently all the way from the hall to their home in New York. Some of the members say that the woman was very sick in the street after the meeting. The Spiritualists tell me that if Christ came through a partition and took me by the hand, that I would cry hallucination, fraud, trickery, and etc. If there is collusion I presume my friend would not dare say so at present owing to the publicity that has been given to the matter. I am sure that he would not make me the dupe of a trickster to the extent of a single penny and that if it is collusion, my money will be refunded when the matter dies out. If the money is refunded and if the Martins back out of their second agreement I will let you know.

I know nothing of those people. To gratify my curiosity concerning their "Religio-Philosophical Test," I went to their materialization seance. The centre of a rope about eight feet long was tied around the neck of the woman and the two ends were passed through two holes in the cabinet, a hard knot was made in the outside and a man held the ends of the rope. The lights were made very low and a form came out. The performance was very satisfactory to the Spiritualists present. Confederates are out of the question because the cabinet stands up on four legs so that we could all look under it, and every person present was satisfied that everything was all right. If the woman can get away from the rope everything else is easily explained. Before closing, I want to say to you that you are quite different from any Spiritualist I ever heard of. You want to know the particulars of questionable phenomena, while the others get most awfully angry if it is even hinted that a manifestation is questionable. I presume the *Banner of Light* and the *Better Way* will assume that there is no question and will deal out their usual twaddle. However, it may be all right and I want to give the Martins the benefit of the doubt until I have a better reason for thinking that I am the victim of a trickster or a practical joker.

Respectfully,  
W. S. DAVIS.

The Martins have no moral right to advertise rope-tying as a "RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL test." THE JOURNAL would not regard such a condition as satisfactory. It would be no difficult feat to circumvent this supposed safeguard, as it would be applied by most people. We do not know Mrs. Martin—not by that name—at least.



## THE AMERICAN AKADEME.

TO THE EDITOR: The exercise for the March meeting of the American Akademie was the reading of a paper from the Rev. C. F. Bradley, of Quincy. Subject: "The Growth of Religious Symbolism, or the Origin of Christian Rites and Dogmas."

The theme took its departure in the following words from Eusebius: "What is now called the Christian religion," says Saint Augustine, "has existed among the ancients, and was not absent since the beginning of the human race till Christ came in the flesh, from which time the true religion, which already existed, began to be called Christian." Mr. Bradley proposed to demonstrate the truth of this proposition, laid down by the father of orthodox Christianity, by an appeal to the facts of historical and scientific research, and the antiquity of the Christian symbols, which Augustine confesses to be older than the Christian era. "At the outset," he said, "I must rest my argument upon that distinguishing doctrine of Jesus, the universal immanence of infinite spirit in human destiny, the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, which was the burden of his cosmopolitan religion, voiced in the imperfect accent of that time. A truth which, with the help of science, we are able still more clearly to apprehend, that universal humanity is a divine incarnation, and that all religions are successive stages of one unbroken revelation. We conceive then of the Power of the universe, the Power of which all religion is the expression, as spirit.... The liturgies and ceremonials and theologies are the witnesses which the Infinite Spirit makes to the divinity of man. They are the words which the God-essence in man has spoken, making the stages of growth which have elevated religion, as reason and intelligence have increased in power.... Now, if we will look into the soul of our first Christian centuries, we shall see what living streams flowed together to make Christianity. There was the straight Judaism which had come down from the eighth century prophets, the Persian Judaism, bringing with it the tenets of the Aryan Zoroaster, and the Greek Judaism. It is the inviolable method of human nature to build its new facts out of the seed already planted in experience. We keep exactly to the law of human nature only as we recognize that the Christian ecclesiasticism was a growth unconsciously out of an existing heritage of religious symbolisms."

## CONVERSATION.

Dr. Morey: Christianity is, in my estimation, something far wider, deeper, higher, more far-reaching in possibilities, than the glimpse of it—as one of the religions of the ages—as seen in the paper to which we have just listened. Christ an ethical teacher only, does not account for the divine quickening of the race, for the awakening to newness of life, for the streams of living thought which flowed forth to vivify and refresh the whole earth upon the advent of the saviour of men. Christianity cannot be accounted for by natural evolution, any more than the ocean can be accounted for by upsetting a child's milk cup. "Christ, one of the Essenes," is not probable. There was great dissimilarity between Christ's teachings and those of the Essenes.

Rev. Hayden: Our prejudices and moral sympathies have much to do with any state of facts. Well, it will be said, that is the way you were brought up. When it comes to Jesus being an ethical teacher, one of the Essenes, the wish seems father to the thought. There is not the faintest record that he was in sympathy with that order—not the faintest echo of asceticism in his life. It is inexpressibly perilous to dogmatize on questions upon which we have so little evidence.

Mr. Wolcott: The thought in my mind is that of reminiscence. Max Müller started a new movement in the study of philology, and important results have grown out of it. Mr. Wolcott made partial mention of his service to mankind, and said: "The issue of this large field of inquiry is in summary as follows: No institutions, manners, habits, customs, arts, are without their outgrowth from pre-existing habit of mind and way of looking at things. Whether Christianity started *de novo* and full blown by special interposi-

tion, or by natural law of mind, our scriptures are a history of the progressive development of the knowledge of God in the mind and life of man. Although Dr. Short is proverbially known to his friends to be full of gentleness and sweetness in all the relations of life, he bore down considerably on the doctrine of total depravity and of the consequent necessity of the advent of a power able to cope with it, that only power being Christ, so he could not be classified as one among other leaders of religions.

Prof. Turner made appropriate and telling points in his remarks, ruling out all "priests" and "man-made institutions," taking a general survey of the cycles and ages of man, retaining for steady diet all the "Christ words" and the "kingdoms of the heavens."

Mrs. J.: Mr. Bradley refers to a time when the English church believed in the damnation of unbaptized, unelected infants. I would like to expand that idea a little further by reference to a type of the genus non-elect infant found in a bit of poetry, showing the present status of the doctrine. The concluding lines only are herewith quoted:

At last the gates were opened; a man with features mild  
Stooped down and raised the weeping, unelected child.

Immortal light thrilled softly down avenues of bliss,

As on the infant's forehead the spirit placed a kiss.

"Who are you, thus to hallow my unelected brow?"

"Dear child, my name was Calvin, but I see things better now."

The President: The discussion reminds me of some verses of Virgil: "Know first there is a spirit within which nourishes the heavens and the earth and the watery main and the bright orb of the moon and the sun and the stars, which mingles itself with all. Mind moves the mass, and actuates every particular of the whole body, from whence is the race of man and the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air and the creatures of the seas. In all there is a vital energy, and their origin is from celestial causes." This spirit within, this vital factor is the dominant factor in man's religious history. His rites and dogmas are perpetually born from his spirit and his thought—not picked up in outside sources. Man has always been man. The highest antiquities of the race are of civilized man. In the constitution of his soul he is conscious of deity, and in the primeval ages of every generation has formulated his idea of deity in very similar expressions. The Hindus, and the Persians, and the Egyptians, and the Scandinavians, and the Greeks have all framed conceptions of the existence of one God, the Creator and preserver of all things. In the primeval ages of every historic generation man has been monotheistic, and if polytheisms and idolatries are found, they are degenerations from the monotheistic idea. And even darkest Africa Bishop Taylor finds worshipping the God of Abraham, led not by written revelations, but illuminated by the Spirit of God. There is still and always has been a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding. There are two elements in the religious history of mankind—the permanent, which is the monotheistic idea, and the transient, which is constituted of the myths and symbols which are but the costume and expression of the other. It is not necessary that the rites and dogmas of one generation should be carried forward into another. There are the transient and variable elements of each age. They have their origin in the spring of the living thought. Man conserves and carries forward only such elements as befit his purposes. If the illustration may be allowed, the beaver does not need to take his form of the beaver dam from the construction of his ancestors. If all these were annihilated, the young beavers would build again just as before. The law of the structure exists in the nature of the creature, and not in evolutions from his ancestral antecedents, and so in human history, if all the creeds, and confessions, and liturgies, and worship of all the generations of man were annihilated, the race of man would reconstruct them all in a similar manner out of the spirit of man and the ideas of his thought, and not out of accumulations of ancestral costumes. The theorem of the paper, that the Christian religion is not a new religion, is high ground, and the research worthy of the most earnest and able investigation. I have always been perplexed with the view that the adequate religious illumination was not achieved until 1800 years ago,

that the good Father just then got at a new and better provision than the previous ages had accomplished. Our oracles affirm that this Being in whose name we worship has always been in the world and the world was made by him, and that he is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world—not only those who came into the world in the last 1800 years. It is incredible that he should not have accomplished so vital a consummation. The truth is, this is "God with us," but in this fact there is no ground of inference that God never was with any other people than this generation.

MRS. LIZZIE JONES.

## A GOOD CASE FOR INVESTIGATION.

TO THE EDITOR: Upon reading my Washington *Evening Star* to-night (22 Mar., '91, p. 3), my eye caught the published account of the "Ghost of Mr. Smith," and it would seem to offer a most admirable case for investigation by the eager ones among the psychical researchers of the American Branch of the Society for Psychical Research. I append the newspaper version in full, and it runs thus:

The latest sensation in the career of the late Hezekiah B. Smith, of Smithville, N. J., says the New York *Herald*, is that the ghost of New Jersey's erstwhile congressman has been perambulating around the scene of his former triumphs at Smithville, and making things very uncomfortable for some of his former employees. That Mr. Smith should take the responsibility of resurrecting himself at this particular time is not surprising when one considers the changes that have taken place since his demise.

His deserted wife and children have established their claim to his estate, and the money which he had toiled and struggled for, and which he devised should be devoted to the establishment of a school for the education of young men in the mechanical arts, has no more existence than the fabric of a dream.

That the congressional ghost has been seen very frequently of late there seems to be no reason to doubt, particularly as the employees at the shops are willing to make oath that they have seen it repeatedly walking around the old Mansion House and down by the mill office in the early evenings, as Mr. Smith was wont to do when in the flesh. One of the employees moved out of the town and took up his residence in Mount Holly, because of his dread of meeting the apparition.

"I've seen it a dozen times," he said, referring to the ghost, "and it goes along the path in a way that makes me all goose flesh. I knew the 'old man,' as Mr. Smith was familiarly known, as well as any one about here, and if that ain't his ghost then I never saw anything. Several of our men have seen it, and all describe it the same way."

The strangest part of the story is that told by the night watchman, George Gilbert, who was on duty every night around the works. Several times, as he sat in the mill office, the door would open and the ghostly form of Mr. Smith would enter, walk to the desk with his hands behind him in his usual way, and after standing there for a while as if in thought he would slowly walk out toward the mansion. The constant repetition of these visits had such a terrifying effect on Gilbert's mind that he lost his reason and was to-day conveyed to the asylum for the insane at Trenton.

A few days ago Gilbert's place as watchman was taken by Joffeld Swetzer, a hardy Swede, who is by no means superstitious, but now even Joffeld admits that there is something very much like a ghost haunting the shops every night, appearing and disappearing with a suddenness that makes his flesh creep. The other night Joffeld, accompanied by his constant companion, a large watch dog, started to inspect the interior of the foundry, but the dog couldn't be induced to enter the building; its hair stood erect, and it manifested every symptom of fear. Just then the apparition was seen moving through the rear of the foundry.

No one has yet attempted to explain this mysterious visitation, although one of the impecunious lawyers at the county seat offered to secure an injunction against the ghost if he received his fee in advance.

The phenomena to be examined in connection with this case range over a most inviting and encouraging field. Not only

have we a dozen or more witnesses ready to swear that they have all seen the same "ghost," but the latter haunts both streets and houses; has frightened an animal (Joffeld's dog); has driven one person insane (Gilbert), and alarmed a great many others. I trust it may haunt the locality for a full year, and that there will be no cessation of the phenomena; that the whole may be most carefully and scientifically examined. If there be any truth at all in the above clipping, this is most assuredly a good case and a test one.

DR. R. W. SHUFELDT,

## AN APPARITION THAT SPOKE.

TO THE EDITOR: Miss Sadie Eldridge, a very estimable and beautiful young lady of this city, died here last Saturday of diphtheria. The brother of the lady, a young man of excellent character, was working at the Orphans' Home. At the time of his sister's death he was trimming the furnace, and had the doors open, when suddenly his sister's spirit came out of the furnace by the open doors, and put her arms around his neck, saying: "Chad, be a good boy." He immediately fell senseless, and was found soon after by Mr. Bowman and others in that condition. They sprinkled water in his face, and he recovered. His younger brother was also there to tell him of his sister's death. He—Chad—replied that he was already aware of it, and related his experience of his sister's visit, as described. Should you want further information, perhaps Mr. Bowman, Superintendent of the Orphans' Home of Davenport, Ia., will supply it, if you apply to him. I have described the incident as it was told to me.

The occurrence was made the subject of a sermon yesterday morning by the minister of the Christian Church. R. J. V.  
DAVENPORT, IA.

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Rev. Solon Lauer, pastor of the Unitarian church at Chicopee, Mass., writes: I find some Spiritualists in my congregation here, and one man says THE JOURNAL is the only Spiritualist paper that he takes or could endure to read. I preach to a thoughtful and liberal class of people....I read THE JOURNAL regularly of course, and have passed some copies around, giving one to a Congregationalist minister to whom I lent also Epes Sargents' "Scientific Basis."

I hope you find smoother sailing than formerly in your work, though the waters still run high I have no doubt. But keep the old craft afloat, brother, for there are a good many piratical crafts that need looking after, and to be blown out of the water, too, sometimes, by a JOURNAL broad side. People call you severe, and so you are, but so is the surgeon for the good of the patient. A surgeon too tender-hearted to lance when necessary is not kind, but cruel.

"Marriage and Divorce," by Richard B. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B. This work is not intended to undermine the foundations of marriage or the sacredness of the family relations; but urges the necessity of a uniform, judiciously framed, divorce law for the United States. Price, cloth bound, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

Mr. T. J. Burke, Washington State, writes: It is needless for me to add that I am fully in accord with you in your efforts to drive the army of frauds, out of the ranks of honest Spiritualists. One truth will outline a volume of falsehoods.

Mr. Henry Rohrer, Maryland, in renewing his subscription writes: Your JOURNAL is looked for and all are well pleased with your manner of getting the subjects in good, readable shape.

Says the Topeka Republican:

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## WHAT THE MAN IN THE MOON SAW.

The Man in the Moon looked down, looked down,  
As he went sailing over town,  
And spied a snug retreat and dark  
Beneath a yew tree in a park.

Oh, dear,  
Why did he smile so broad and queer?

There was a bench beneath the tree,  
And on it sat not one nor three,  
And yet he peered the branches through,  
To be quite certain there were two.

Well, well,  
Such tales the Man in the Moon could tell.

He sent a silver shaft of light  
Straight through the vague and lying night:  
It flashed athwart two eyes upturned,  
And two with love and youth that burned—  
Alack!

And these were blue and those were black.

And then the Man in the Moon sailed past  
Across the heavens wild and vast,  
And though he smiled he did not look  
Again into that leafy nook.

Oh, oh,  
He sees so much that's queer, you know!

—GEORGE HORTON.

Dr. J. H. Dewey's works are meeting with large sales. "The Way, The Truth and The Life," a hand book of Christian theosophy, healing, and psychic culture, price, \$2.00; "The Pathway of the Spirit," a guide to inspiration, illumination and divine realization on earth, price cloth, \$1.25, paper cover, 75 cents, and the last one out, "The Open Door, or the Secret of Jesus," which gives in condensed form a lucid and convincing exposition of the interior life, and the divine possibilities of man, price 30 cents. For sale at this office.

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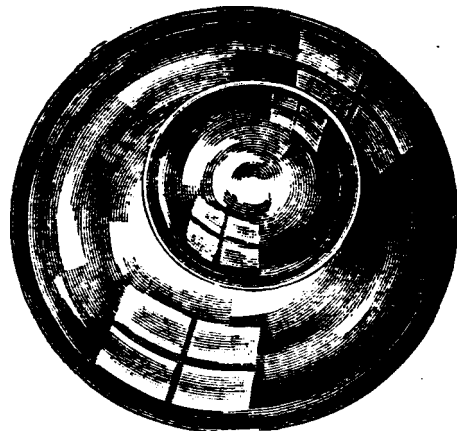
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BY D. D. HOME.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

## Part First.

## ANCIENT SPIRITUALISM.

CHAPTER I. THE FAITHS OF ANCIENT PEOPLES. Spiritualism as old as our planet. Lights and shadows of Pagan times.  
CHAPTER II. ASSYRIA, CHALDEA, EGYPT AND PERSIA. A sketch of the good. The Prophecy of Alexander's death. Spiritualism in the shadow of the pyramids. Setho and Psammetichus. Prophecies regarding Cyrus. The "Golden Star" of Persia.  
CHAPTER III. INDIA AND CHINA. Apollonius and the Brahmins. The creed of "Nirvana." Lao-tse and Confucius. Present corruption of the Chinese.  
CHAPTER IV. GREECE AND ROME. The famous Spiritualists of Hellas. Communication between world and world three thousand years ago. The Delphian Oracle. Pausanias and the Byzantine Captive. "Great Pan is dead." Socrates and his attendant spirit. Vespasian at Alexandria. A haunted house at Athens. Valens and the Greek Theurgists. The days of the Caesars.

## Part Second.

## SPIRITUALISM IN THE JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN ERAS.

CHAPTER I. THE SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE. Science versus Religion. Similarity of modern and ancient phenomena. The people of Jerusalem. "The Light of the World." Unseen armies who aided in the triumph of the Cross.  
CHAPTER II. THE SPIRITUAL IN THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Signs and wonders in the days of the Fathers. Martyrdom of Polycarp. The return of Evagrius after death. Augustine's faith. The philosophy of Alexandria.  
CHAPTER III. SPIRITUALISM IN CATHOLIC AGES. The counterfeiting of miracles. St. Bernard. The case of Mademoiselle Berrier. The tomb of the Abbe Paris. "The Lives of Saints." Levitation. Prophecy of the death of Ganganelli.  
CHAPTER IV. THE SHADOW OF CATHOLIC SPIRITUALISM. Crimes of the Papacy. The record of the Dark Ages. Mission and martyrdom of Joan of Arc. The career of Savonarola. Death of Urban Grandier.  
CHAPTER V. THE SPIRITUALISM OF THE WILDERNESSES AND CAMPAIGNS. The Israel of the Alps. Six centuries of Persecution. Arnaud's march. The deeds of Laporte and Carrier. The ordeal of fire. End of the Covenants War.  
CHAPTER VI. PROTESTANT SPIRITUALISM. Precursors of the Reformation. Luther and Satan. Calvin. Wishart martyrdom. Witchcraft. Famous accounts of apparitions. Bunyan, Fox and Wesley.  
CHAPTER VII. THE SPIRITUALISM OF CERTAIN GREAT SEERS. "The Reveries of Jacob Boehme." Swedenborg's character and teachings. Narratives regarding the spiritual gifts. Jung Stilling. His unconquerable faith, and the providence accorded him. Zachokke, Oberlin, and the Seers of Prevoist.

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CHAPTER IV. Mental diseases little understood.  
CHAPTER V. "PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD." A pseudo investigator. Gropings in the dark. The spirit whose name was Yusuf. Strange logic and strange theories.  
CHAPTER VI. SKEPTICISMS AND TESTS. Mistaken Spiritualists. Libels on the Spirit world. The whitewashing of Ethelians.  
CHAPTER VII. ABSURDITIES. "When Greek meets Greek." The spirit-costume of Oliver Cromwell. Distinguished visitors to Italian seances. A servant and prophet of God. Convivial spirits. A ghost's tea-party. A dream of Mary Stuart. The ideas of a homicide concerning his own execution. An exceedingly gifted medium. The Crystal Palace of Jupiter. Re-incarnative literature. The mission of John. A populus archangel. A spirit with a taste for diamonds. The most wonderful medium in the world.  
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CHAPTER X. THE HIGHER ASPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM. The theological Heaven. A story regarding a coffin. An incident with "L. M." A London drama. "Blackwood's Magazine" and some seances in Geneva.  
CHAPTER XI. "OUR FATHER." CHAPTER XII. THE HIGHER ASPECT OF SPIRITUALISM (continued). "Stella."

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The publisher has taken advantage of the necessity for new plates, and with the courteous permission of Harper Brothers, incorporated with the case of Lurancy Vennum one from Harper's Magazine for May, 1890, entitled

Psychical and Physio-Psychological Studies.

## MARY REYNOLDS,

A CASE OF

## Double Consciousness.

This case is frequently referred to by medical authorities, and Mr. E. Sargent makes reference to it in that invaluable, standard work, *The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism*, his latest and best effort. The case of Mary Reynolds does not equal that of Lurancy Vennum, but is nevertheless a valuable addition. The two narrations make a

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The blooming earth, the thoughts of men!  
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,  
In gladness hither turn again:  
From hand to hand the greeting flows,  
From eye to eye the signals run,  
From heart to heart the bright hope glows,  
The lovers of the light are one.

One in the freedom of the Truth,  
One in the joy of paths untrod,  
One in the soul's perennial youth,  
One in the larger thought of God;  
The freer step, the fuller breath,  
The wide horizon's grander view,  
The sense of life that knows no death,  
The Life that maketh all things new!

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"A New Study of Carlyle," by Dr. Ewald Flügel, of the University of Leipzig, a rising young scholar of Germany, is a fresh, independent and profoundly suggestive criticism of the great English author. It has been highly praised by prominent students of Carlyle, notably by Froude and Charles Eliot Norton. The work has been translated by Jessica Gilbert Tyler, and this translation, which has been approved by the author, will soon be issued by M. L. Holbrook, 25 Bond Street, New York. Those who subscribe in advance will receive the author's edition, which will be on the best of paper and in fine binding.

The questions as to what were the relations between Washington and Frederick the Great, and whether Frederick the Great is authentically reported to have said anything complimentary of Washington, are discussed by Mr. Conway in the forthcoming (April) *Century*. Mr. Conway says that Frederick did not give Washington a sword; and that he is not known ever to have praised him.

## In the Spring.

## A TENNYSONIAN ECHO.

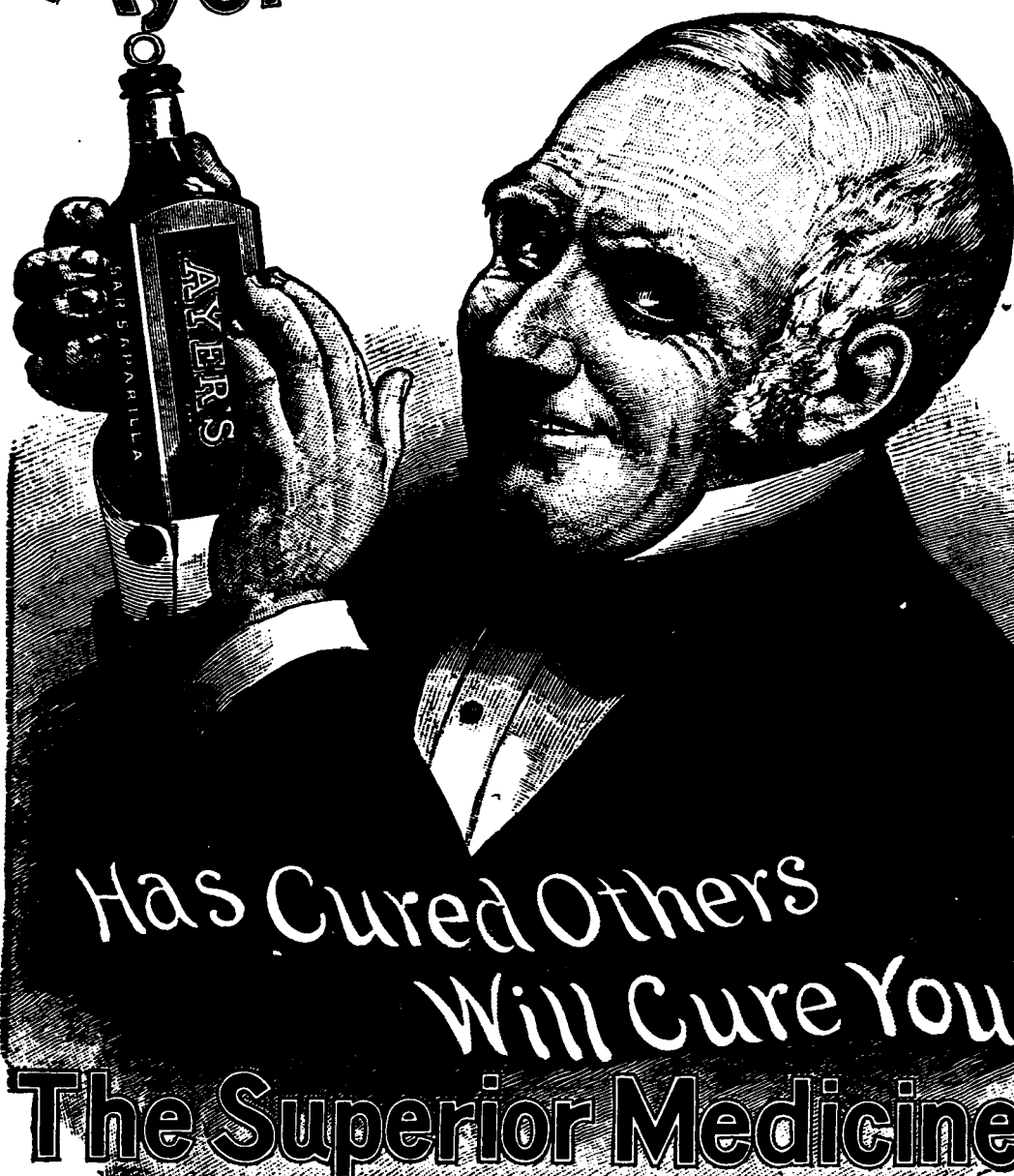
In the spring, the poet tells us, lapwings crest themselves anew;  
In the spring Parisian bonnets make of nothing much a due.  
In the spring the timid lover grasps with firmer hold his pen.  
Linking epithets romantic, only in a lover's ken.  
In the spring the poet lingers over rhymes of endless age,  
Covering many an ancient fancy, to the editorial rage.  
In the spring the wise man counteth out his closely hoarded tin,  
And he takes Hood's Sarsaparilla till his system's cleansed within.  
Then he seems another being, what to him is sun or clime?  
Oh, what evils might be spared us if we treated them in time!  
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Saying "How ourselves we torture, like the anchorites of old,  
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She saw the golden sunlight quiver,  
Miss Innocent clapped her hands and cried,  
"The roses of the river."

She pointed to a distant mead.  
Beyond the belt of sylvan shadow,  
"Behold the waving hay," she said,  
"The billows of the meadow."

CHARLESTON, S. C.

## I WONDER.

I wonder if ever there comes a time  
In the lives of women and men,  
When they turn away from the paths they lead  
And sigh for what might have been.

I wonder if ever the angels' eyes  
Grow dim when they note the tears  
That fall from the lids of the sinful ones,  
As they plod through the weary years.

I wonder if ever the Angel of Life  
Grows faint at heart at the thought  
That the souls he flings into space will live  
To curse the work that he wrought.

I wonder, too, if the dreary years  
Of these souls could not brighten, even  
If they'd learn the art that few of us know,  
To forgive, and be forgiven.

—RUTH WARD KAHN.

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## CONTENTS.

- Topics of the Times.
- E.—A Novel View of Hypocry. Sealed letter. Misrepresented and denied.
- Camp Meetings.
- E.—The Open Court.—Shall Hypnotically Restrain? A Chicago Poet. (concluded.)
- Human Imponderables—A Psychical.
- Diabolical Manifestations.
- GE.—Was it a Dream?
- E.—Was it a Dream? (continued.)
- Woman and the Home.—The Sealed Letter.
- Voice of the People—The American. A Good Case for Investigation. In that Spoke.
- AGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- GE.—Book Reviews. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- PAGE.—What The Man in The Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- PAGE.—Lovers of the Light. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- GE.—Two Quatrains. I Wonder. Advertisements.
- AGE.—Worthy of Emulation. In my Materialization. Lectures in Kansas. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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KANSAS. and Banjo Club of the Uni-ichigan, will give one of their rtainments at Central Music rday evening, April 11th, un- pices of the Chicago Alumni A full house and a splendid can be counted on with cer- ere are twenty-four artists, and isit Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City, Duluth, and during the Easter vacation. of a royal welcome every-

## WORTHY OF EMULATION.

Last week a friend of THE JOURNAL at Sonora, Illinois, sent five dollars to aid in supplying the worthy poor with the paper; and a few days thereafter another friend in Brooklyn, N. Y., whose generous giving to local charities and assistance to deserving people are proverbial, sent in twenty-five dollars for the same purpose. There is a large field for missionary work, as all must realize, and the funds to conduct it are insignificant. O, that in generous giving for the glory of Spiritualism its followers would but emulate church people. Spiritualists have that to offer the sick, the sorrowing, and the afflicted which is health-inspiring, hope-promoting and a balm for all afflictions. Spiritualists have in this field an immeasurable advantage over all others, and yet the potency of their healing and comforting facts, demonstrations and philosophy can never be made active without personal endeavor and the use of the press. To one filled with the glorious peace which Spiritualism brings it would seem that to help others to attain a like condition would be a ruling passion, and a prime necessity of continued happiness.

## CROOKES' TESTIMONY TO MATERIALIZATION.

The following extract from a letter published in *Light* (London) March 21st, will be of interest to many on this side of the Atlantic just now: Referring to Mrs. F. Showers' letter in your issue of the 14th inst. in which the value of Mr. William Crookes' evidence is questioned as to the results of his observations of Florence Cook's séances, permit me to quote the following extracts from a letter addressed by Mr. Crookes to Dr. G. L. Ditson and published in *The Banner of Light* of July 4th, 1874:—

"I beg to state that I saw Miss Cook and Katie together at the same moment, by the light of a phosphorus lamp, which was quite sufficient to enable me to see distinctly all I described. . . . Katie and Miss Cook have been seen together by myself and eight other persons in my own house, illuminated by the full blaze of the electric light."

The New York Psychical Society, founded by Mr. J. F. Snipes, celebrated the 43rd anniversary of modern Spiritualism on Wednesday evening of last week. Judge Dailey, Judge Cross, Mr. Snipes, Miss Ryder, Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Rand, Miss Nella Miller and others took part. A correspondent pronounces the affair a great success. The anniversary celebrations in Cleveland, Grand Rapids, Boston, Philadelphia and elsewhere seem to have been well attended. THE JOURNAL has not space to publish details, which at best have only local interest. Addresses of unusual merit and well authenticated accounts of phenomena are always welcome to THE JOURNAL, as these have universal interest.

Mr. John Slater passed through Chicago March 30th, on his way from San Francisco to Philadelphia. He reports continued success in the exemplification of his mediumship, and that he is now developing the power to read sealed letters. Mr. Slater married a California lady last summer and she accompanies him. He anticipates locating in New York or Brooklyn.

Mr. James Porter of Greenfield, Mass., under date of March 30th, writes: When Spiritualists bring Spiritualism to the standard of THE JOURNAL, Spiritualism will command the respect instead of the derision of the world.

Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake, having been attacked with la grippe, has been obliged to cancel her arrangement for séances. Mr. and Mrs. Drake have again taken up quarters at the Sherman House.

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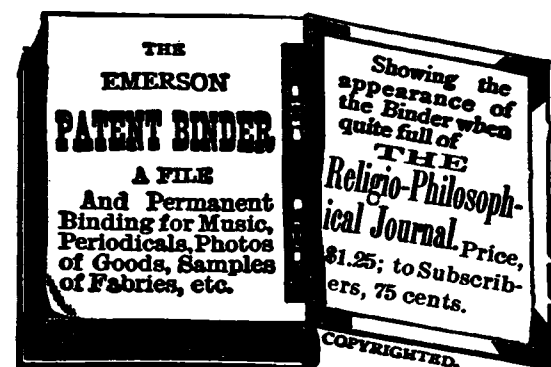
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ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, APRIL 18, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 47.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Berlin dispatches state that the number of emigrants that left Germany during January and February, 1891, was 7,648, a larger total than has been recorded in the same period for the last five years.

One of the recent statements by Dr. Seelye, president of Amherst College is that at the present rate of progress the women of the country will at the end of the present century be better educated than the men.

A. J. A. Brown, of Bloomington, Ill., is trying to establish his mother's claim to being the widow of Charles F. Brown, better known as Artemus Ward. According to the woman's statement she was married to Artemus Ward in 1835 and that at the time of his death in 1867 the family consisted of ten children. According to his biographers Artemus Ward was born in 1834. So it would seem, unless there is a mistake somewhere, that he was married at the age of one year. That so young a man should be the father of so large a family is remarkable. Indeed the situation presents a more humorous state of affairs than the humorist himself ever dreamed of. Mrs. John Hayne of New York, Artemus Ward's cousin, who under the will inherited all the property, says that she believes the claimant is mistaken, being positive that her cousin died a bachelor.

P. T. Barnum humbugged the people somewhat, but not more than they liked to be humbugged, while he made successive generations of children happy, and provided harmless amusement for millions of people. Who that ever attended his "greatest show on earth" does not feel grateful to the great Yankee showman for the opportunity he afforded for seeing wild animals from every part of the world, strange monstrosities and rare curiosities, large and small, feats of skill and comical performances, that made not only the boys and girls, but old people, laugh heartily. There was but one Barnum, and there will never be another. He was a man of generous nature, and was personally liked by those who knew him, and popular with the whole American people.

Judge Andrews, of New York, says a paper of that city has very properly refused to grant the petition of a husband for the annulment of his marriage because he found out that his wife was not the perfect being that he had believed her to be before marriage. The Judge in his decision, suggests the alarming vista of possibilities that would be disclosed by acknowledging the justice of the petitioner's claim. Courts, he says, might be asked to apply the same rule to alleged deception or misrepresentation before marriage in regard to "temper, religious belief, education, social standing and concealed physical defects." This would be terrible indeed. The English Parliament once passed an act making it criminal for a woman to lead a man into marriage by the attractions of false hair, false teeth, etc. The law, if not formally repealed, has fallen into innocuous desuetude. Here in America men and women are supposed to be intelli-

gent enough to know what they are about when they make the choice matrimonial, and unless there is duress or fraud of a very gross character the courts need not be looked to for relief on any ground previous to the marriage. Otherwise matrimony would have to be preceded by a catechism of confession that would probably cause much more unhappiness than it would accomplish good.

At this time when the death rate East and West is large almost beyond precedent, words of caution like these from the *New York Press*, should not pass unheeded: We are all so glad to welcome the coming of spring that we are in danger of meeting her so much more than half way as to run serious risk of meeting her on the verge of the graveyard. Physicians and vital statistics agree that March is in respect to some prevalent classes of disease, the most fatal month of the year, and that early April is only a little better. Pneumonia claims this season for its very own and slays its victims like an epidemic. Consumptives are gathered by the sickle of death like the ripened grain at harvest time. The enfeebled aged dread these weeks with abundant reason. Infants are in constant danger. The strongest man has need to be careful, and woman, to whom these bright and auspicious seeming days appeal with a charm like herself, must take heed at her peril. The danger is in the deceptiveness. Because south winds blow, because bird songs are heard, because green grass is found in sheltered nooks, because adventurous pilgrims to the wild woods return with marvelous prizes of trailing arbutus, because the hot sun, smiting and smiling through our chamber window, bids us come forth—therefore we are over tempted to yield completely to the sweet seduction and step, nay, bound from winter habits into spring privileges.

Mrs. Marie A. Shipley nee Brown—recently gave a lecture in Chicago exposing what she characterized as the historical fallacies underlying the proposal to erect a statue to Queen Isabella. The lecturer disputed the popular claims made for the Castilian Queen in connection with the discovery of the Western World and especially of North America, and quoted numerous weighty authorities to prove that even Columbus was not in truth entitled to that honor. The facts relating to the Norse discoveries on this continent Mrs. Shipley showed were well known not only in Iceland, which Columbus visited in 1477, but all over Europe, and especially at Rome, to which center of knowledge and the discoveries were carried by Gudrid, wife of Thorfinn Karlsefne, one of the earliest colonists of Rhode Island and Massachusetts. At Rome, and still more particularly in Iceland, Columbus it was claimed obtained knowledge which ultimately led him to stake the whole success of the expedition on the chance of reaching land within three days from the time of his conflict with his mutinous crew, and which had previously sustained him throughout all his trials and disappointments. Another great point made by the lecturer was that Spain, instead of being the honored founder of all our present greatness, and the opener-up of commerce with this country, did what she could to prevent all other nations from participating in its advantages, and that the English settlers under Raleigh and his successors had to first clear the seas

of the Spanish blockade. It was the defeat of the "Invincible Armada" that rendered the present civilization, an essentially English one, possible. A portion of the lecture was devoted to a scathing criticism of the methods and motives of Queen Isabella, whose atrocities should rather be buried for ever than raked up for the world to gaze at; still less should be honored by a monument. Historical testimony was adduced to prove that Isabella was a shameless liar, a hypocrite who committed her worst crimes "for the love of God and His Holy Mother," and that she did incontestably establish the Inquisition in her dominions for the sake of the property of those condemned for following their conscientious belief. Her own confession to the Pope proves this, without further evidence. Even the dead were cited before the tribunals, found guilty of heresy, and their bones exhumed and burnt, and as a matter of course, their property confiscated. Jews, Moors, and heretics were alike the victims of her fury, and once she had determined to get possession of the property of any of her subjects, there was no escape from this three-fold net. The historical authorities cited were Bergenroth's *Calendar of Spanish State Papers*, Captain Cesareo Fernandez-Duro, Henry Harrisse, Aaron Goodrich, Sir Arthur Helps, Anita George, Llorente and Prescott, whose quoted words fully seemed to prove the charges made. The lecture was listened to with much interest and appreciation, as was shown by the debate which followed, led by the chairman, Judge Waite, in spite of whose arguments the general sense of the meeting seemed to be, as was said by one speaker, that the lecturer had made no assertions that she was not able to back up with facts.

The power of imagination is illustrated by an incident related in the *New York Times*. A domestic in the employ of a prominent family went to an uptown druggist in great haste with a prescription which called for two ounces of qua pura, that is distilled water, the accompanying directions reading "A teaspoonful every hour until the pain is allayed." The patient for whom it was intended was the head of a family who was suffering severely from nervous neuralgia. It so happened that the family physician who wrote the prescription was behind the counter chatting with the druggist when the messenger arrived. The druggist put up the prescription, or thought he did. He filled a bottle with water, corked it carefully and labeled it properly. When the distressing form of the domestic had disappeared, he discovered the 30 grains of morphine on the prescription scales. "Good God, doctor," he ejaculated, "I've given that girl nothing but distilled water. The morphine is here, look at it. What shall I do?" "Do?" he replied with admirable sangfroid, "do? Why nothing at all. I'll wager you a bottle that the aqua pura will work as well without the opiate as with it." "Agreed," said I. "And do you know," concluded the pharmacist, "the doctor was right and the patient with the nervous neuralgia—an exceptionally intelligent and college-bred man—was sleeping as peacefully as a babe after the second dose of the mixture?" Physicians know that confidence in their skill and faith in the efficacy of the medicine administered are vastly more important in the treatment of ordinary complaints than the pills or powders that they prescribe.

## THE THEORY OF IMMORTALITY.

Mr. Leroy L. Caldwell writes from Hazelrigg, Ind., as follows:

Against the theory of immortality my agnostic friends frequently offer the objection that whatever has a beginning must necessarily have an end, and that as man's conscience existence evidently had a beginning it must also come to an end. To those of your readers who firmly believe that they have *prima facie* evidence of continued existence after death, this argument may seem to be of little consequence; but to me, not having such conclusive evidence its force seems hard to resist. In support of this objection it may be said that man gradually develops into self-consciousness, mental and bodily vigor, up to the prime of life, and then as gradually loses them all in his declining years; until, in old age, he passes away as helpless and unconscious as he came into the world. If you or any of your readers can furnish me with a logical argument, not based upon psychical phenomena, which will meet this seeming fatal objection, I shall ever feel grateful.

It is true that in this state of being mind co-exists and is correlated with physical structure. The relation between mind and body is so intimate and sympathetic that the conditions of either affect the conditions of the other. Yet while the body is undergoing constant change, a change so great that the material of which it is composed is changed several times during a life of average length here on earth, the mind possesses such permanence that the identity of an individual is preserved from earliest youth to old age. The man of eighty can generally remember scenes and incidents of his childhood more distinctly than those of his mature life. The mutations of matter have gone on, particles coming into the organization and passing from it to be replaced by others, and yet the self-consciousness continues, and the sane man never doubts whether he is the same person that he was at an earlier period. How different in appearance is the octogenarian and the same person when he was a child, yet he knows that the different ages only represent different conditions of the same personality.

Admitting this personality, as an immaterial or spiritual entity, it is reasonable, independently of any direct evidence in the form of spirit manifestations, to believe that it can exist apart from material structure. If while it is associated with matter it can, in spite of the incessant changes the body undergoes, still retain its identity unimpaired it is not too much to infer that freed from material associations, it escapes those sympathetic experiences which accompany physical decay and the disturbance of the physical conditions of earthly life.

Material combinations imply beginning and end. Formation, in the sense of the aggregation of particles, implies, of course, dissolution. But what analogy is there between the growth of a physical structure and the origin and continuance of the mind. The human body is composed of elements and these elements are constituted of atoms. But when we speak of the human mind the conception of atoms and parts, of aggregation and separation, etc. does not enter into our meaning. We cannot reason analogically from matter to spirit and say that since the body develops into vigor and decays and dies, therefore the mind must undergo similar changes. Words which are used in describing material changes and conditions have no significance whatever when applied to spirit. The assumption that bodily dissolution involve, the end of consciousness, is based upon the belief that the mind is but a function of the brain, a belief that has no foundation in science and is contradicted by all that we know of the human mind and of the distinction between mind and matter. For aught that is known to the contrary the human mind in attaining to self-consciousness acquires that condition of spiritual permanency which insures its deathless existence. Speculations on this subject may be far from conclusive or satisfactory, but the mere fact of beginning and ending of material aggregations of matter is no argument, no indication of either the beginning or the ending of the human mind in a similar manner. The crowning proof that the spirit survives the change called death is to be found in those phenomena of Spiritualism which establish the presence and identity of persons who have

lived on this earth in the flesh. That the human spirit will continue to exist forever does not, of course, admit of demonstration; but the deepest aspirations of the human heart are for immortal life, and he who believes in supreme Wisdom and Goodness cannot easily persuade himself that for countless ages divine forces have been at work to produce man, the highest product of evolution, only to allow him sooner or later to be obliterated—to be blotted out of existence.

## MARRIAGE OF BLOOD RELATIONS.

More than twenty years ago a committee was appointed by the New York State Medical Society to investigate and report upon the influence of the intermarriage of persons nearly related by blood. The results of the investigation, which were published in the *American Journal of Insanity*, showed beyond doubt that there is no more disease among children of consanguineous unions than among those of marriages in which the parents are unrelated by blood, provided that in each case the parents are equally free from disease or inherited tendency thereto. In this view Anstie, George Darwin and other recent investigators concur. It is with men as with the lower animals; where there is no taint, no defect in the stock, the method of in and in breeding leads to no bad results; indeed its tendency is to deepen and fix the good characteristics of every generation. As has been suggested, consanguineous marriages might be used to develop particular traits or qualities, as in the family of Bachs, the musicians, who freely intermarried and greatly improved their musical talent, which became remarkable in some members of that family.

In ancient times, marriages between close blood relations were allowed by law and were common. The Persians, Phœnicians, Egyptians and Peruvians, married not only their cousins, but their sisters, and not only their sisters, but their mothers and daughters. Abraham married his half-sister, and Isaac and Jacob married cousins. Consanguineous marriages are common among the Jews to-day, and still more common among the Gypsies, without any evil results to the race. Among the inhabitants of Iceland and Pitcairn, marriage of relations is allowed and prevails to a considerable extent. The same was true among the North American Indians, who were almost free from hereditary disease.

Yet there is to-day, in the most enlightened nations, as there has been for centuries, strong repugnance to the marriage of persons closely related by blood. And there is good reason for this repugnance. The popular idea is that consanguineous marriages are almost sure to result in malformed, idiotic or diseased offspring, by reason of the mere fact of the blood relationship of the parents, when the fact is that such marriages may be the means of transmitting and strengthening the good qualities possessed by the parents. But it is just as true that any diseases or defects by such marriages are also certain to be increased and intensified, and to produce degenerate conditions in the offspring. Any taint of insanity, any tendency to deformity in a family, which by marriage with a person unconnected with the family may be repressed, by the marriage of cousins becomes accentuated in the offspring. The danger of blood relationship in marriage is to double the tendency to disease by inheritance. A writer in the *Westminster Review*, referring to the intermarriage of near blood relations among the Jews from the earliest times up to the present, attributes their immunity from degeneration to the absence of what he calls "social consanguinity." The Jew is without a country, is a sojourner, moving from one place to another, and thereby changing his environment and escaping such social consanguinity as curses the European aristocracies. What is true of the Jews is true even to a greater degree of the Gypsies.

But, generally speaking, in all civilized countries, owing to artificial methods of living and other causes, there is more or less taint of disease in every family. In view of the tendency of consanguineous marriages to repeat in a more aggravated form in the offspring every physical and mental defect, aversion to such

marriages has a strong foundation in utility and common sense. With our advancing civilization, as the *Review* writer above referred to, observes, the intermarriage of blood relations is becoming "more dangerous every year. They are, therefore, to be discountenanced even in healthy families, for such unions may wake up some pathological character which has been latent for one or two generations." Such marriages, this writer says, "should not be thought of in any family in which idiocy, insanity, suicide, epilepsy, scrofula, phthisis, gout, cancer, deaf-muteism, club foot, hare-lip, cleft palate, rheumatism, heart disease, chorea or neuralgia is known to be hereditary, or where they have appeared in one or more generations, no matter how far back."

## WOMEN'S CLUBS.

Mrs. Anna B. Scofield, in a thoughtful paper read before the Political Equality Club, of Jamestown, N. Y., points out that for ages the influences brought to bear upon the lives of women tended to make their individual lives isolated, preventing among them that unity of action which clubs and associations to-day facilitate. "I can remember," she says, "when the blessed 'Mothers in Israel' in this town were scorned and persecuted for trying to help the ignorant and depressed women of New York and other large cities by organizing and carrying on a branch of the New York 'Moral Reform Society.' How the sentiment of the world has changed since then! That noble company of women are, every one of them, saints in glory this minute, and their descendants I see all around me, traveling along the paths beaten smooth for us by their efforts." Mrs. Scofield says that until recently the benevolent work of women was confined to church organizations, presided over or limited by ministers, who decided what was the proper thing for women to say and do and be. The originators of the first club exclusively for women, which was organized in New York, were ridiculed, caricatured and grossly misrepresented. Numbers of women left the organization rather than endure the ridicule and abuse heaped upon them by the press and the average man, who judged the members by the only standard of club life that was known to men. But women, Mrs. Scofield says, have shown how club life can be purified and made the means of ennobling growth, and it will yet be the means of elevating the standards and improving the methods of the political sphere. Mrs. Scofield has a very high opinion of the educational value of the experience afforded in a well conducted club, as is indicated by her closing words, which are here reproduced:

If you stick to it long enough you are bound to have your sympathies enlarged, and the nonsense well knocked out of you. Women need, most of all, to be set free from all bias. From church bias, which makes one fancy herself superior because she believes in some creed or ism unknown to her less favored neighbor; from race bias, which causes her to draw the line at some despised portion of the human family; for are we not all the children of one Father? From caste bias, which makes her refuse her sympathies to those whom she considers not her equals, lest her pride of position and estate be made to suffer. Who hath made ye to differ? As she is, so hast thou been, or so shalt thou be.

The recognition and classification of human beings, according to their true rank and grade, is of comparatively recent date. Women were wont to love or hate according to their inherited bias, and wrapping themselves well up in their mantle of self-righteousness went their ways, well satisfied with the truth as set forth to them by priest, parson, or social leader of their own special creed or cult, until it was believed that they were too conservative, too bigoted, too aristocratic and narrow, to make club life for them, in any worthy degree, possible. But by the flourishing life of numberless literary, social, philanthropic, and last and greatest, "political equality" clubs, we are showing our capabilities as organizers, law givers and disciplined cohering forces. So is being made manifest the prophecy, "The last shall be first, and the stone rejected of the builders shall yet become the head of the corner." It does not much matter which branch of ethics is attacked first. A center once established, it is wonderful to see how inevitably and with what orderliness the virtues range themselves and help the growth of human character.



## HOW MANY SPIRITUALISTS?

TO THE EDITOR: Will it be asking too much of you to tell us through THE JOURNAL how many Spiritualists there are in the United States, and how many in the world, and settle a heated question here between a few Spiritualists and many unbelievers. We take THE JOURNAL; we have taken it at times for the last nine years. We have taken other Spiritual papers, but we have never had one that we like so well as THE JOURNAL.

Mrs. E. D. J.

PULASKIVILLE, OHIO.

There is no way of making even an approximate estimate of the number with any degree of accuracy or authoritativeness. One can exercise the imagination freely with no fear of successful contradiction. The number in America is often asserted to be 11,000,000. We were once asked by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps to estimate the number in the United States. Our reply was that those openly professing Spiritualism and known as such in their respective communities might possibly number 2,000,000; and in addition to this number there were no doubt several millions more who had come to have some belief, more or less pronounced, in the continuity of life and spirit communication. The processes by which we arrived at this loose estimate were not at all satisfactory to myself, but were the only ones at command. We think that to-day a majority of the intelligent people of this country incline to accept as a reasonable hypothesis the fundamental claim of Spiritualists. As to the number in the rest of the world, it were folly to make figures. Should Spiritualists ever organize and utilize those agencies which give standing, dignity, official recognition, and business facilities to every other activity, then it will be possible to take a census; until then there are no restrictions upon any one in fixing the totals.

## CARDINAL GIBBONS AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

J. S. B. Hodges, in the Baltimore *American*, noticing a recent remark by Cardinal Gibbons that he had always been "the zealous promoter of religious liberty" and the cardinal's definition of religious liberty as "the possession of the free right of worshipping God according to the dictates of a right conscience and of practicing a form of religion most in accordance with man's duties to God," asks a few questions, among which are the following:

"How can this claim for freedom of conscience and liberty of worship be reconciled with the condemnation of that opinion as an error by Pope Pius IX., in his encyclical, in 1864?"

How reconcile it with the 79th article of the syllabus, put out by the same holy father, which condemns "the liberty of worship" as tending to "corruption of morals and the pest of indifferentism?"

How can it be reconciled with the language of the encyclical of Pope Gregory XVI. in 1832, which denounces the "insanity" of those who declare that "freedom of conscience and worship is the right of every man; that this right ought, in every well-governed state, to be proclaimed and asserted by law?" Surely, the highly-esteemed Archbishop of Baltimore cannot be classed among the "insane;" and yet it is the Holy Father Gregory who makes this declaration, and that not long ago, when the ages were "dark," but in this nineteenth century, and within the life time of the Cardinal himself.

Mr. Hodges further calls attention to the fact that the bull of Gregory IX. (A. D. 1233) made the persecution of heretics the special function of the Dominicans; that Innocent IV. (A. D. 1245) gave instructions to the bishops and inquisitors as to their conduct before passing sentence of death on heretics brought before them; that the bull of Innocent IV. (1252) *Ad Extirpandum* was issued to set in motion carefully wrought out machinery for systematic persecution in every city and state.

The cardinal says: "Magna Charta was the work of Archbishop Langton, of Canterbury and the Roman Catholic barons of England. On the plains of Runnymede they compelled King John to sign that paper." But Cardinal Gibbons forgot (?) to say that

if doing so they were condemned and excommunicated, what Langton was suspended, summoned to Rome, not

allowed by the pope to return to England and died in exile—proof that the Romish church was opposed to the great bulwark of civil liberty known as Magna Charta. Mr. Hodges pertinently inquires how long has liberty of worship according to the dictates of conscience been allowed in the city of Rome. The only answer Cardinal Gibbons can make is that such liberty has existed only since the temporal power of the pope was destroyed by Garibaldi and his free-thinking compatriots.

The peculiarity of the Cardinal's definition of religious liberty seems to have escaped the attention of Mr. Hodges. It is adroitly evasive. Religious liberty is the right to worship God "according to the dictates of a right conscience and of practicing a form of religion most in accordance with his duties to God." What constitutes "a right conscience" and what "form of religion [is] most in accordance with man's duties to God" are questions which the Romish church claims the right to decide for all men in every nation and clime.

## A POPULAR ERROR.

A writer in the New York *Tribune* corrects a very popular error as to the doctrinal meaning of the immaculate conception. This error consists in the belief that the dogma refers to the supernatural birth of Christ or to his conception by the Holy Ghost. Thus a correspondent says that Mr. MacQueary denies the immaculate conception of Christ. The *Tribune* writer observes that the doctrine refers entirely to the birth of the Virgin Mary herself, and adds: This doctrine may be first traced to the Greek church about the end of the fifth century, and in the Latin church from the seventh century. In the Greek church it is called the "Conception of St. Anne," the mother of the Virgin Mary. The doctrine means—as the word immaculate, without sin or spot, implies—that the Virgin Mary was born without the taint of original sin, or that she was purified from the taint of original sin. There was a long discussion in the Latin church as to which of these two was the proper view, and the doctrine as a whole caused much dispute between the Franciscan and the Dominican orders, so that the popes had to interfere to prevent discussion. The doctrine was approved tentatively, apparently, in the Roman church about 1483, but was not authoritatively adopted until December 8, 1854. This doctrine has never been held in the Church Catholic, in the Anglican church nor in any other of the Protestant churches; but it is very commonly confused with the doctrine, which is held by all Trinitarians, that the birth of the Lord Jesus was superhuman or miraculous.

Speaking generally, the death agony is very rarely attended by pain, says Dr. Shradly, because the system is always prepared for death by a weakening of the vital forces, by the circulation of impure blood through the brain, and by the obtunding of the nerves. Of course some people have more pain than others, and this is largely determined by temperament. A nervous man—all other things equal—suffers more pain than a man who has enjoyed robust health, because the nervous man's sensibilities are stronger, but the pain of death is more in the anticipation of it than in the reality. The instinct for life is strong in man, and the teachings of the present day, as well as the writings of our novelists, do not make the majority of men the more ready to die. Hell fire is not preached as much as formerly; it is an unpopular doctrine, but it is nevertheless taught and often adds to the torture of dying people.

In his Lenten sermon Cardinal Gibbons said: "Pope Clement VII. refused to sanction the divorce of Henry VIII. from his lawful wife, Catharine of Aragon." This statement leads "U." to comment in the *Inter Ocean* as follows: Charles V., Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, would not allow Pope Clement to "sanction the divorce of Henry VIII.," and by doing so save England to the church, for two reasons: Catharine of Aragon was his aunt, and Henry VIII.,

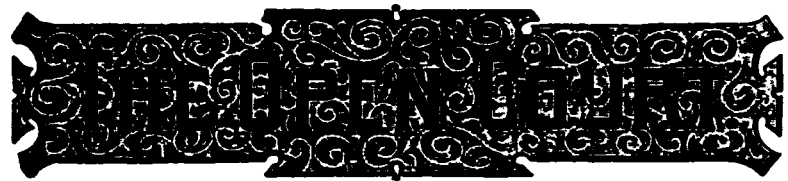
together with Francis I., King of France, were the only obstacles in the way of his boundless ambition. Still further, Cardinal Campeggio carried into England from the pope the "sanction of the divorce," so that in case it should become a matter of policy to grant it, he might take advantage of the circumstances. Another incident also shows that it was not a sense of right that influenced the pope. Clement agreed that if the king should send a proxy to Rome, submitting his case to the Holy See, a "sanction of the divorce" should be granted. The proxy being delayed one day beyond the time appointed, and it being reported to the pope and his cardinals that a farce had been acted upon the stage before the king, in derision of the pope and the Holy See, Clement and his cardinals in mortification and anger refused their sanction.

A despatch from Leadville, Colorado, to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: Mr. John Sunger brought to this city to-day an arrowhead, made of tempered copper, and a number of human bones, which were found in the Rocky Point mine, at Gilman, 460 feet below the surface of the earth, imbedded in a vein of silver-bearing ore. Over \$100 worth of ore clung to the bones when they were removed from the mine. The arrow head is four inches long and one and one-half inches wide at the widest part. The shank is one and one-half inches long and has a hole pierced through the center by which the shaft was fastened to the spike. The ore clung to it when taken from the vein, and was with some difficulty removed. One of the bones is a portion of the head of the femur or thigh bone. The important feature of this discovery is the fact that these relics were found in the center of a vein of ore, indicating that man was in existence on this continent when the molten metal was sent coursing through the fissures of these mountains.

A Chicago daily, of recent date, described the plight of a young woman about 20, evidently of a good family, who thought she heard strange voices and was being persecuted by some one who was following her. According to the published account she did not even know her own name. All she knew was that weird voices had been whispering awful things in her ear all the evening. She blushed deeply when she entered the police station. Her eyes were downcast and her head hung low. She said: "I am either mad or I am shamefully persecuted. Some one is following me, calling me horrible names and making threats which I cannot repeat. I ran away to escape him early in the evening and have been trying to evade him ever since." She could detail all her experiences since she had left her home early in the evening, but everything previous was oblivion. She went to the station to seek refuge from her pursuer or her imagination. This is evidently a case of hallucination, but the cause of it is not clear.

Dr. Santayana, instructor in psychology at Harvard University, recently proposed a curious experiment. He claims that the excitement in the different nerves is probably the same, but that different sensations are produced in different brain centers. If the optic nerve and the nerve of hearing were to be cut, and the optic nerve connected with the center of hearing and the nerve of hearing with the optic nerve, one might expect to see a symphony and hear a landscape. The symphony, he added, would probably look like a display of fire-works, and the landscape would sound like a dull roar.

Sheik Ohan Solymann Gaidekhaw, a Turk, and four closely veiled Circassian women, all his wives, landed in New York a few days ago, bound for the Sandwich Islands. The Turk is from a little town in Galicia, Asia, where he manufactures sugar and confections. He recently purchased a sugar plantation on the islands whither he is bound. He said, through an interpreter, that he was a Christian, that he saw no wrong in having four wives, that the laws of his country permitted it, and that the Christians in Turkey, who could afford to keep them, had as many wives as they wanted.



## CO-OPERATION.

BY EDGEWORTH.

Seeing, cited in THE JOURNAL No. 26, a proposition for a national law to advance coöperation, I am led to ask what sort of law is capable of popularizing this method of labor. Mrs. Fales admits the propagation of coöperative ideas and the existence of coöperative societies, but in terms that ignore the fact that this is the general method of manufacturing production, and to a considerable extent of agricultural and commercial. She invokes missionary effort, but the most eloquent of missionaries are already in the field; they are necessity and love of gain. She seems to deprecate "individual energy" as the motor, while invoking "common social impulse." But whence should such impulse be generated if not from individual energy and the examples of its success? Does the fact of spontaneity in the "existing coöperations, results of individual energy" conflict with their chances of "permanence?"

That their forms, already practical, may be modified, is probable and even desirable; for all that is human is mutable and nothing very good yet perfected in kind; but where is the indication for legislation found? Coöperation limited is a natural law prescribed by expediency, and coexistent with the development of architecture, from the log-cabin up to the palace. It has usually, in great works like the pyramids, been a tyrannical method and in the last century armed with machinery, ruined the free guilds and degraded the artisan into the operative. Equally in war it has degraded the soldier into an appendage to killing machines. To universalize it, it suffices to universalize machinery on the grand scale; but the progress of invention of late is subjecting the great motors to personal uses and wills; while free intelligence has also learned to coöperate harmoniously. But for Louis Napoleon, it is probable that France, in general leading Europe, would swarm with coöperative trades such as Victor Hennequin in *la Démocratie Pacifique*, described as so thrifty in 1850.

I can see what sort of law would promote coöperation, if it were effectively executed, but it could not even be passed. It would be a law against strikes, which generally prejudicial both to laborers and to capitalists, and keeping them in conflict, have absorbed and wasted billions that but for this craze might have been invested in coöperative associations. In denouncing strikes as generally mischievous and wasteful, I admit that some have been judicious and successful. What has prevented the success of others is the interference of State governors in behalf of capitalist employers. Mercenary corps, Pinkertons, or regular militia, have slaughtered and intimidated workmen and placed them at the mercy of employers. Hence there is no chance for a free fight, and judged by the average issue, strikes are fallacies that betray the devotion while exhausting the savings of Trades Union men and Knights of Labor. Powderly, who after condemning them in principle organized them in practice, has recently confessed his despair of them, in face of the famished army of the unemployed, and the Trades Union papers, the *St. Louis Union Record* in particular, are proposing to the trades to attempt coöperative enterprises. Their success will kill the wage system and so prevent strikes. Another legislative idea is the state socialists', of confiscating the means of production and placing them in the hands of operatives, bound to pay the State a rental. But were capitalists all keeping company with Dives, leaving their working capitals to their employes, how many factions could declare dividends the next Christmas? How many would have paid running costs? If their engineers and bosses, the capitalizers, were united with the operatives, they might produce abundantly; but how about sales on exchanges? This is the *pons asinorum* for agriculture. The difficulty

consists in transforming intermediary ownership, which speculates on profits and absorbs them, into direct exchanges between working associations. In the successful coöperation among all the branches of Turkish silk industry at Ambelakia, the mercantile agents, paid like the weavers, by dividends on profits, took their turns also at the loom.

Mrs. F. is certainly aware that all our industries upon a large scale and where demand for their products warrants it, are coöperative under capitalist direction. As to free coöperation among working folk, that depends on their intelligence, on their sociability, and on their possession of the means of production. Governments may concur towards these aims by establishing polytechnic institutes, or working schools, such as exist free to all in many German cities; also by opening everywhere the access to land, in the measure of productive labor, free of price or tax. This implies confiscations, but would avert a civil war. It would promote coöperation, because this is necessary for the utilization of labor saving machines, and would enable a given number of coöperators to cultivate with profit more land eight or ten times, as seen in Dakota, near Glyndon, than the same number could on separate farms. The others would engage in collateral industries with the coöperative farm for their basis and centre of exchanges.

## THE CONTROVERSY ON SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.

BY LUDWIG DEINHARD.

For some time I have entertained the thought of sending an article to THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL which, for the last year and a half, I have esteemed highly, and to give its readers a condensed account of the contents of the latest book of E. von Hartmann, entitled, "Die Geisterhypothese des Spiritismus und seine Phantome." My doubts, whether the readers of THE JOURNAL would take sufficient interest in contemporaneous German Spiritualist literature, were only removed to-day, on seeing in the issue of February 14th, 1891, the article on "The Agency of Spirits," in which mention is made of the controversy between E. von Hartmann and Alexander Aksakow concerning the spiritual hypothesis. In that article the year of the publication of Hartmann's older work: "Der Spiritismus," is given erroneously. It was published as early as 1885; and was translated into English, Swedish and Russian. That book, clearly showing, as it does, a master's command of dialectics, has been universally considered the heaviest blow which has ever been dealt against the spirit hypothesis, even among the Spiritualists proper, and now his last publication, issued a few weeks ago, is meant to complete that destructive criticism by dealing another, this time, a real death blow. In the meantime, however, the number of those doing battle for the spirit hypothesis has increased in this country as elsewhere, and in place of Aksakow, who has become old and half blind, there will appear in the arena against Hartmann, and as pioneer for the philosophy of Spiritualism in Germany, Dr. Carl du Prel.

At the outset it must be borne in mind that Hartmann, up to this hour, has not taken the first step to acquaint himself practically with mediumism proper. For him, the apostle of pessimism, who may never have had or sought any opportunity for seeing, observing and experimenting for himself, the results of sittings which others have obtained, have for him only a speculative or purely philosophical interest, and with a strong impression he is sure to attempt to reconcile them with his own *a priori* philosophizing.

Considering the state of mediumism at this time in Germany, where we have hardly any public mediums, and where a seeker after truth in this domain must consider himself exceedingly fortunate in having a chance to gain some experience of his own, the absence of personal experience and knowledge of mediumistic phenomena cannot be charged upon any in a spirit of reproach. I alluded to this great want among us in a communication to the editor of THE JOURNAL not long ago, and it certainly is the greatest obstacle to the spread of Spiritualism in Germany. I would here repeat the proposition made then, viz.:

That the editor of THE JOURNAL induce a few perfectly honest and highly developed American mediums to make a trip to Europe, to Germany especially. I would like to see an expression of opinion from the editor on this proposition.

It must be admitted that there is generally much prejudice against American mediums amongst us, and that the police would watch them with a jealous eye, so that public séances for the present could not be thought of, but still there are hundreds in our midst who really crave an opportunity for witnessing personally some mediumistic experiments. Both in Berlin and Munich there is a regular society for psychical research, in Munich also a society for scientific psychology, of which Dr. Carl du Prel is president—the writer of this the vice-president and the members of which advocate the metaphysical individualism of this philosopher, akin and closely resembling the philosophy of American Spiritualism. Besides, in most of the larger towns in Germany there is some spiritist society, where private mediums are supposed to be active, but on this point I have no special information.

Now I wish to state a few points for estimating the position of Ed. von Hartmann, by giving the American reader a few samples of this thinker's way of thinking concerning the problem of life after death. He maintains that the individual is merely a phenomenon of the Absolute, when this phenomenon ceases at death, the remainder is no individual any more; only the absolute, as it is and always was, before it manifested itself in individual form. He says:

"None but the thoughtless would see an evil in this. Does this open any bad prospect? No, because you must admit, that not to be is no evil. And if it is true that the present life is an evil, and the prospective one is not, then it is a consolation that I give you, when I assure you of speedy annihilation. As existences needing consolation you get this comfort out of my teachings, how then can you call them comfortless? As non-existent you certainly will not find them comfortless; Where then, is the non-comforting quality hidden? And who are they that cry the loudest and longest after the preservation of their previous individuality? Not the statesman, whose deeds are preserved on the pages of history, but the Philistine, on whose tombstone we read that he was borne, took a wife, and died; who resembles his brothers as closely as one egg does another. Just look round about you; most of those people, who have really done something, accomplished and achieved something and have cause to look back upon their career miss some satisfaction, they long for the rest after the labor, they long for the eternal sleep, in which they return the soul, that was intrusted to them, into the lap of mother nature. Only that very ordinary variety of humanity, who never have had either the opportunity or the faculty to do anything worth mentioning, whereby they could rightfully claim to be tired—who have sauntered along the ruts of their daily inanity in such an aimless way that they never have become conscious of their worthlessness—it is such as these that make the greatest ado about this well-deserved rest, as if it was to the Holy of holies, and who never conceive the horror of the idea of an individual immortality" etc., etc. [From Collected Studies and Essays of E. von Hartmann, No. 7, entitled, "Is Pessimism without consolation?"]

A man holding to such views as these, and who has been their public exponent for two or more decades, in numerous writings, some of which have found a large circulation—the "Philosophy of the Unconscious," has reached a tenth edition—is sure to meet the more or less effusive and glowing accounts and reports found in the literature of Spiritualism with a cool and skeptical head. Then, if he happens to be as Hartmann is, a member of the Society for Psychical Research in London, no doubt thoroughly familiar with its proceedings, he is not likely to be very deeply impressed if some one, as Aksakow has done, spreads out before him two entire volumes of extracts ransacked from any number of Spiritualist publications from all over the globe. These constituting the bulk of Aksakow's painstaking work, "Animism and Spiritualism," such an opponent will again and again be ready with the objection: Yes, but none of these accounts are psychic experiments conducted with scientific exactness, such as are given in "Phantasms of the Living," for instance. By many E. von Hartmann



is still looked upon as the foremost philosopher of his time and his philosophy of pessimism as the creed of the intelligent portion of the public, but at the same time he has provoked strong opposition in all classes of society; so among the Jews, among the different orthodox denominations, among the professors at the university, etc. His philosophy has called forth a whole literature of itself. E. von Hartmann is a philosophic writer of prodigious fertility and versatility, and has written largely on every branch of philosophical inquiry.

From this we may well draw the conclusion that the position which a man of such weight and influence takes concerning the spiritualistic movement in Germany, will certainly make itself felt. Let it be understood, once more, that Hartmann himself acknowledges the special significance of the phenomena of Spiritualism, as studies in experimental psychology, etc., but he, like Podmore and other pillars of the London Society for Psychical Research, opposes the spirit hypothesis, and this will occasion no surprise when it comes from a man who for twenty-five years has taught that death is the dissolution of individual life. The thought of prominent philosophers, like that of Kant, for instance, gives evidence of different phases of development, and a true philosopher will not hesitate to acknowledge the errors of his former days, and to correct the same. On a perusal of this latest of Hartmann's publications, "The Spirit Hypothesis of Spiritism," the reader is not impressed with the idea that all the author wants is to get at the truth. With rare skill and acumen Hartmann points out the weak spots, the numerous inaccuracies and deficiencies of Aksakow's work, "Animism and Spiritualism," and then applying all his skill as a dialectician, proceeds to drive the spirit hypothesis from every one of its hiding-places to another, and finally to demolish it. But how can he succeed in doing this? In no other way than by clothing or investing the somnambule dream-consciousness—[This is the literal translation, but this term is never used in English, and I guess we must say trance-consciousness, or better still, trance-condition, of the medium.—TRANS.]—of the medium with the attribute of omniscience and also the capacity to produce all the physical phenomena like materializations, impressions in paraffine, etc.; assertions which have nowhere been proven, and certainly never will be proven.

To prevent my being misunderstood, it is to be borne in mind that Aksakow himself, in his above-mentioned work, draws a difference, as stated in THE JOURNAL of February 14th, between personality and its inner-mediumistic phenomena, and animism and its extra-mediumistic phenomena, and Spiritism proper; and only for the latter he takes recourse to spirit hypothesis. Even a materialization may take place without having to go beyond animism for an explanation, as it may arise out of a condensation of the fluidic body of the medium. But materializations in general, fluidic formations of the various parts of the human organism, etc., Aksakow classifies as spiritual phenomena. But such Hartmann utterly refuses to recognize.

The attribute of omniscience, with which Hartmann invests the somnambule or trance-consciousness of the medium, he takes good care to express in terms and phrases not so plain and direct. He says, in his book just published, p. 60:

As long as we can find the living human being *en rapport* with whom the acquisition of knowledge by means of telepathy is at all possible, we are not justified in resorting to an alleged *rappor*t with the dead, inasmuch as a cause known and actually existing is ever to be given preference to one adopted or invented *ad hoc* and having only a hypothetical existence, (of course this is not to be disputed). It is true that a *rappor*t between living persons presupposes either some kind of co-relation of feeling and sentiment, direct or indirect, or of sense-communion—psychometric connection—but it can be seen that these conditions existed, were complied with in nearly all the cases recited by Aksakow, even in those cases where he thinks the sympathetic interest to have been entirely absent.

Now such an assumption as this of Hartmann's, which would extend the telepathic impossibility of

the medium almost indefinitely, is all that is needed for one determined to shut out forever the hypothesis of the agency of spirits. If the medium can get impressions telepathically from all the living, with whom it stands in any kind of soul relationship—and all men are thus related—and can draw on them for any desired knowledge or information at any time, then it would simplify the matter to say, without any circumlocution, that the trance-consciousness of the medium was omniscient! Then the spirit hypothesis would be still easier to get rid of, and that is what E. von Hartmann is trying to do by all means.

But what will the Spiritualist of the United States say about expressions like this, p. 73? "It is time that almost all Spiritualists are optimists concerning the future life, but they have not become such optimists by being Spiritualists, but they have taken to Spiritualism because they were optimists concerning man's future."

Isn't this the reverse of the truth? Have men like Prof. Hare, of Philadelphia, felt at all attracted by Spiritualism before they began to make experiments with mediums? Have not most of the Spiritualists of the present day come to Spiritualism from the school of materialism through the phenomena of Spiritualism?

And again, p. 75. "If one is to live on for no other purpose than to be worried about unpaid boot bills, that he is now debarred from paying anyhow, then it is certainly better not thus to live on. A continued existence of this kind is neither comforting nor cheering; it only increases the dread of death. The consolation claimed for the belief in immortality is not apparent except for optimistic, life-thirsting natures; the pessimist would only feel the more oppressed by the spiritist's proof that death does not end all." Surely this is pessimism dyed in the wool, wilfully deaf and blind to every idea of progressive development after the change called death. "Love's labor lost!" applies to the indefatigable efforts of Aksakow to move this stubborn pessimist Hartmann to an acknowledgment of the spirit hypothesis. And, like Hartmann, will the whole following of pessimism hereafter, no less than before the appearance of Aksakow's laborious work, look down upon the little flock of avowed Spiritualists in Germany with a pitying smile.

At the head of this little band of convinced Spiritualists stands a man of eminent ability as a philosopher. As an author, his works are not so numerous nor, so far, nearly as much read as Hartmann's, but they are likely to be fully appreciated by a later generation, at a time when the pessimism and crude materialism of to-day shall have given way to the doctrine of metaphysical individualism and to Spiritualism. This man, Dr. Carl du Prel, first became known through his "Philosophy of Mysticism," and may be known to such readers of THE JOURNAL who can interest themselves in the study of an abstruse class of philosophical works.

Du Prel's thought has passed through the school of Kant and Schopenhauer, and later he was led to the more thorough study of somnambulism, in which he discovered the germs of a being transcending its present temporal conditions, and out of this study grew the work just mentioned. The somnambule consciousness—according to Du Prel the thinking and organizing principle of man—manifesting, as it does, those wonderful faculties of clairvoyance and capacities for healing, supplied him with irrefragible proof of the individual's continued existence after the bodily dissolution. But not until later did Du Prel find his own philosophical interpretation of human life and destiny fully confirmed by the teachers of Spiritualism.

Du Prel, with his doctrine of the transcendental subject (essence), is in perfect accord with Germany's greatest philosopher, Kant, who as long as a hundred years ago affirmed the doctrine of the intelligible world. [Literally, no doubt, he means to say, affirmed the doctrine of man's being essentially a spirit, and that there is a world of spiritual intelligence.—TRANS.] The German anti-materialistic peri-

odical, "Sphinx," contained frequent leading articles by Du Prel. In its March number, 1891, Du Prel will have an article defending Aksakow against Hartmann's assault. In that article the merit of Aksakow's labors and the claims of the spirit hypothesis will be ably and strikingly set forth. Aksakow himself is hardly able to wield the pen any longer.

## THE SCIENCE OF THE STARS.

BY AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF EGYPT."

Seeing that The Open Court of THE JOURNAL grants perfect freedom for the expression of honest opinion upon subjects which may possess but an indirect relationship with the philosophy of modern Spiritualism, the present writer takes the liberty to offer a few remarks in defense of that much-abused, grossly-misrepresented and generally misunderstood subject, "Judicial Astrology."

Vastly too many, otherwise learned, people in these days take things for granted, because they have been taught such and such ideas in school or college instead of using reason and mustering up sufficient ability and moral courage to investigate all things which admit of proof for themselves. In this connection I would ask the college-bred, book-learned readers to ask themselves how much encouragement the study of mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc., etc., received from their professors? If they be honest they must admit that all such studies were relegated to the limbo of "defunct" superstitions. It was only when their learned preconceptions were abandoned that truth enlightened their dark minds and gave them a gleam of eternal sunlight to illumine their benighted understandings. It is this college-born preconception of unpopular subjects that propagates error and clogs the wheels of truth. Faraday, who was certainly a typical example of the strictly philosophical mind, warned the rising generation of scientific students against "presumptuous judgment," which he candidly asserted to be "the besetting intellectual vice of the time." And when we carefully remove Mr. J. G. Jackson's prejudice—his school-born preconceptions against astrology—we shall find that he has not one atom of ground whereon to rest his personal feeling against astrology. He candidly admits that he does not understand astrology, and yet hastens with most unpraiseworthy zeal to maltreat a venerable science that has claimed the respectful attention of great intellects, and to expose his own ignorance upon the subject.

I am perfectly aware that a great number of THE JOURNAL's readers will, from the pure mental bias of custom and education alone, be inclined to accept Mr Jackson's views. In this course they have each the right of individual opinion. But I would respectfully ask them to reflect a little, and, before pronouncing judgment, ask themselves the following simple questions: Does Mr. Jackson understand anything whatever of the subject he publicly condemns? Did Spiritualists rest contented with the usual *a priori* off-hand reasoning of the so-called scientific men (?) who while they had never examined the phenomena nevertheless hastened to ridicule the subject out of court? Is it a fact that all the ancient learning is nothing but the "defunct" superstitions of a dark and barbarous age, which the science of only ten years ago declared it to be? On the contrary, are not these very "defunct" superstitions of witchcraft, necromancy and second sight, etc., etc., completely justified and vindicated as an eternal truth to-day in the generally wide acceptance of various psychological phenomena—science again to the contrary, notwithstanding? Do not these facts call for a little reflection and at least some reasonable amount of hesitation in accepting blindly the dictum of the schools and reflecting their dogmatic presumptuous opinions? And lastly, let me ask, is it right or honest for any man, no matter who he may be or what his abilities are in other respects, to condemn unheard and ridicule without reason any subject of which he is professedly ignorant—of which he has taken no pains whatever to thoroughly and impartially inform himself? In my humble opinion the answers to these questions can only point one

way, and that is in favor of real knowledge, of actual proof—the result of critical research.

"Astrology, *per se*, is a combination of two sciences, viz.: astronomy and correspondences. These two are related to each other as hand and glove; the former deals with suns, moons, planets, stars and systems, and strictly confines its researches to a knowledge of their size, distance and motion, while the latter deals with the spiritual, occult and physical influences of the same bodies, first upon each other, then upon the earth, and, lastly, upon the organism of man; astronomy is the external lifeless glove, correspondences the living hand within." This being so, it naturally follows that the mere astronomer who would popularly be supposed to know all about the matter, may, in reality, be as ignorant of astrological law as the Italian organ mendicant is of the music (?) which he daily grinds out to the public. And, in real fact, most astronomers, and merely scientific men are indeed as ignorant of astrology as the automatic machine which sets the type is ignorant of literary composition.

Having personally investigated the rules and claims of ancient astrology, as well as carefully examined and tested the teachings of nearly all modern writers, in an impartial manner, I can assert of a very truth that astrology, when divested of its manifold errors and its many false trappings and drapery, stands forth as the one great divine science of life, if there be such a thing as perceptible divinity. Thus far, then, I have so much in my favor, viz.: I know whereof I am writing. Mr. J. G. Jackson knoweth not. Such are our relative positions on this subject. At the same time I must candidly admit that astrology is, perhaps, above all other sciences the most delicate and difficult to test and comprehend by the young investigator. But if patience be exercised and common sense largely drawn upon, in the cases under consideration, the scientific expert will find the laws of astrology resting upon the rock of eternal truth. Its laws and principles are the laws and principles of universal nature, and are based upon the simple dual powers of action and reaction, attraction, repulsion, activity and repose. And, when rightly understood, no human knowledge is of greater import in the various sections and departments of physical life than that obtainable for the horoscope of a person's birth.

It is all very well for the conceited cynic to smile at these statements—the outcome of long years of laborious research—the laugh is always the argument of the demented and the fool, but those who doubt my word, and are earnest in this search for truth, can, if they will, put the whole subject to a practical test.

A few more words and I am done. Vast piles of superstitious nonsense and mystical rubbish were intermixed with and draped around the fair form of astrology during the Dark Ages. This must be allowed for, because the mediæval astrologers were no wiser, no better than their mediæval times and surroundings, in the most recent works, most of these errors, even if given, are pointed out and the reader cautioned. Consequently there is no excuse for people now-a-days to reproduce any such nonsense and ask if such be the teachings of astrology. Because mediæval superstition and fortune-telling no more belongs to the pure ancient astrology of the Egyptian Heirophants than the pope of Rome and his dogmatic rituals belonged to the simple-minded Christians of the primitive apostolic days. Further, astrology has nothing whatever in common with modern quacks and fortune-tellers, nor with "decks of cards." And when we read in a spiritualistic paper of a Chicago magician manipulating a pack of cards\* and asserting that such card rigging is a branch of Egyptian astrology, and further, that it is possible by some inexplicable hocus-pocus or other for the cards and the heavenly constellations to be *en rapport* with each other, I can in sorrow and in truth forgive all and everything that men of position and brains have said against the sacred science of the stars. What other conclusion, than that of imposture, could they come to, with such examples before them? I only request a hearing, and simply ask them in the cause of truth itself to ignore or condemn all such false, self-evident delusions, and to expose upon every occasion the villainy and ignor-

ant juggling pretensions of all such ceremonial magicians, who are either frauds or fools, which, I can only leave to the calm judgment of my readers.

GLEN ALDER, CUMMINGS, CAL.

"To guard against any wrong impression as to the value of cards as aids to divination, I will add that I am perfectly acquainted with nearly every method known, including 'The Tarot,' which is the only Egyptian system extant. But this Chicago magician practiced nothing of the kind; it was simply one of the stalest tricks that we witness in the slight-of-hand juggler in a travelling circus, nothing more. If the account be true, which I very much doubt, I cannot think anyone silly enough to be so easily deceived."

#### WIVES NOW AND THEN.

Jackson, the Englishman, who abducted his wife, argued in court that "a man is the owner of his own wife." The court permitted the wife to choose her own residence. A correspondent of the *Inter Ocean*, an Englishman, calls attention to the fact that until recently wife-selling in England was in vogue, and it is not much more than a hundred years ago perhaps, when Englishmen led their wives with a halter to a market place and sold them as they would cows. Says this writer:

Wives were sold at Smithfield market, in London, on that ground that, a United States Senator as he approached it took off his hat and walked bare-headed across it, and when rebuked by one of his countrymen present as humiliating retorted: "It is a homage justly due, and which I am proud to render, for one-half of its soil is made up of the bones of its sons who have fallen there in the cause of civil and religious liberty."

A part of that liberty in the last, and in part of this century, was the right of an Englishman to sell his wife and children in the market place. Was it from that right? emanated the couplet:

"A glorious charter, deny if you can,  
Is breathed in the words, 'I'm an Englishman.'"

A fellow sold his wife as a cow in Sheffield market-place a few days ago. The lady was put into the hands of a butcher, who held her by a halter fastened around her waist. "What do you ask for your cow?" said a bystander. "A guinea," replied the husband. "Done!" cried the other, and immediately led away his bargain. We understand that the purchaser and his "cow" live very happily together.—*Buncester Gazette*, March 25, 1893.

On the 11th of last month a person sold, at the market cross, in Chapel en la Frith, a wife, a child, and as much furniture as would set up a beggar, for eleven shillings.—*Morning Herald*, March 11, 1892.

A butcher sold his wife by auction at the last market day at Hereford. The lot brought 11. 4s. and a bowl of punch.—*Morning Herald*, April 16, 1896.

One of those disgraceful scenes, which have of late become too common, took place on Friday se'night at Knavesborough. Owing to some jealousy, or other family difference, a man brought his wife, equipped in the usual style, and sold her at the market cross for 6d and a quid of tobacco.—*Morning Post*, October 10, 1897.

"A man named John Gartshorpe exposed his wife for sale at the market at Hull about 1 o'clock, but owing to the crowd which such an extraordinary occurrence had brought together, he was obliged to defer the sale and take her away. About 4 o'clock, however, he again brought her out and she was sold for 20 guineas and delivered with a halter, to a person named Houseman, who had lodged with them for four or five years."—*Morning Post*, 1897.

#### THE SECRET MAIL.

What is known as the "secret mail" of India has for more than a generation perplexed the English mind, and is still a profound mystery, although numberless attempts have been made to explain it, says the *Providence Journal*. Every one who has lived long in Asiatic countries is aware that the accurate knowledge of important happenings at a distance is often possessed by the natives a considerable time before it is obtained by the government, and even though special facilities had been provided for the transmission of the news. This was frequently and conspicuously illustrated throughout the Sepoy rebellion. Happenings occurring hundreds of miles away were usually known in the bazars hours and sometimes days before the news reached the authorities, and the information obtained was regarded as so trustworthy that the natives speculated upon it even to the full extent of their fortunes. Indeed upon one occasion the "secret mail" beat the government courier by fully twelve hours, although every endeavor had been made to secure the swiftest dispatch.

The Hindoos themselves say, when they consent to

talk about it at all, that they depend neither upon horses nor men, and have no secret code of signals, but that they do possess a system of thought transmission which is as familiar to them as is the electric telegraph to the Western world. Any one may accept this explanation that will. But though most people, with less fondness for the mysterious and a better knowledge of the weaknesses of the Hindoos for making riddles of the simplest facts, will look for a more prosaic explanation, it remains to be said that none has been forthcoming. The "secret mail" is no indubitable reality, and, no Westerner has ever succeeded in solving its mystery. If news is transmitted by signals, no one has ever seen the signalers; nor if there is a vast system of stages in operation, covering hundreds and thousands of miles, has any one ever come across any of its machinery? And indeed it would seem that some means of communication must be at the command of the natives more rapid than horses or runners.

#### DID THEY SEE ANYTHING?

I was visiting at an old house in South Wales, writes a contributor to *Light*. It had once been an abbey. The refectory was quite perfect and formed part of the kitchen premises. The cells were still intact, but had been built over when the old place was converted into a dwelling house. They were used partly as wine cellars and some were quite empty. A small narrow staircase ran down to them from one corner of the large entrance-hall. My hostess had two very fine dogs; they were constantly with us and went up with us at night, sleeping in our rooms. We often heard noises, but one night they were so continued and distinct that we thought someone must have got into the cellars. It was very late when we were leaving the drawing room; all the servants had been asleep for hours and were quite out of hearing. We felt nervous, but it seemed very necessary to ascertain by some means what the sound was. It occurred to me to open the staircase door and send the two dogs down. I expected them to rush down at once, but to our astonishment they hung back in evident fear, cringing and trembling. We listened for some seconds, but could hear nothing, and to reassure my hostess, who was of an extremely nervous temperament, and likely to keep awake all night from fear of the possibility of there being someone concealed there, I went down holding the light well forward; there were only two small empty cells; I could see quite into them and there was nothing there. The two dogs had come on behind me, but were shivering and trembling, and would not go on. Did they see anything which I could not perceive?

#### JUSTICE AND MERCY.

BY LELIA BELLE HEWES.

"The quality of mercy is not strained,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed,  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes,  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown.  
..... We do pray for mercy!  
And that same prayer doth teach us all, to render,  
The deeds of mercy!"

In ancient Greek mythology we read of Tisiphone with her whip of scorpions, and of her sister Furies Alecto and Megara. We are also told in poem and legend of the Graiae and the Gorgons, particularly Medusa whose gaze froze the beholder into stone. There were the Fates too, Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos. All these personifications of anger and revenge were originally the ideals of the savage, who was always clamoring loudly for retaliation! "A life for a life! Hurt for a hurt! An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth?" This is the same spirit as that expressed in the old nursery rhyme:

"Tit for tat! Butter for fat!  
You've killed my dog, I'll kill your cat!"

How much like the ideal of Rhadamanthus belonging to a more progressive epoch. Rhadamanthus, the just judge, who ruled with equity the infernal regions and the dwelling places of the dead, and who weighed one against the other, the good and bad actions of the individual!

Representatives of the highest attainment of the human intellect, have in all ages, declared the cen-



tral fact of the universe to be justice! "With whatsoever measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again!" In most of the poetic concepts of the race. Justice and virtue figure as feminine divinities, a compliment presumably to the generally more upright lives, the keener insight and closer intuitions of the (alleged) gentler sex. The Furies and Fates, by the way, instruments of the righteous indignation of the major gods, were also feminine personifications. They were supposed to make matters uncomfortably warm for evil doers! Nemesis, that terrible goddess, was nothing more nor less than retribution. She was the personification of the horrors of remorse, the reproachful voice of an awakened conscience!

Ideas of justice and mercy are often confounded, one with the other. Is it likely that there can be any unmerciful justice meted out to any one? Similarly, where do you find an illustration of unjust mercy? The trouble is in the confounding of terms, many good people fancying leniency and mercy to be one and the same. There are to be found everywhere instances of unjust leniency, mistaken toleration of error or wrong doing. The representative leaders of human thought however, are always calling our attention to the fact that upon the wrong doer himself the evil consequences wrought by him must ultimately fall, be those consequences productive of greater or less suffering.

Thomas Carlyle, in his "Past and Present," exclaims: "Alas! How many causes are there that can plead for themselves well in the courts of Westminster, and yet in the general court of the universe, and free soul of man, have no word to utter! . . . We shall do well to ask ourselves the question: What says that high and highest court to the verdict? For it is the court of courts, that same wherein the universal soul of fact, and very truth, sits president! And thitherward more and more swiftly, with a really terrible increase of swiftness, all causes do in these days crowd for reversal, for confirmation, for modification, for reversal with costs! Dost thou know that court? Hast thou had any law practice there?"

In certain old classic stories, the themes, the personification of justice, of law, stands at the right hand of Jupiter, the king of the gods. So should law, the administrator of exact justice, take her station at the right hand of conscience, the ministering angel of our higher humanity! No statute, no recorded sentiment of human convictions and beliefs, should be made the instrument of passion, a wretched slave attendant upon a tyrant, a chore-maid who does our dirty work and is jeered at by the coarse and ignorant. Law should not descend upon the erring, like a fury, upon her victim, but should rather be a reminder, a good angel to hint the right course to one as yet undecided where to go or what to do! Law, properly understood, is as much a benefit to the criminal as to the virtuous class! It protects every individual in the exercise of his own personal rights. It keeps the foolish and the ignorant within bounds, and prevents them from injuring others! It is an aid in the process of human development. It is intended to restrain the dangerous elements in the unfolding of human character.

It is better to say "consequence" than to use the commoner term "punishment." If I place my hand in the fire, the natural result or consequence is a more or less painful burn. Such a consequence cannot, under ordinary conditions, be avoided. There is neither fictitious "punishment" (which some people confound with the term "justice") nor fictitious "mercy" about it. Similarly, retribution for wrongdoing must come sooner or later. Consequence must follow action. Nothing can avert human responsibility or the consequences of human error. Here, too, comes in the vital fact that "Ignorance of the law excuses no one." The child who "did not know any better" is burnt as badly, under the violation of certain conditions, as is the most intellectual monarch of the race, who fully comprehends the nature and uses of fire as an element. "Good laws," says Prof. Swing, "are stored-up justice and wisdom." Worthy ordinances and enactments are simply expressions of human intelligence and progress, waymarks of advancement in the history of the human race. Charles Sumner declared emphatically that "no question was ever settled until it was settled right." All influences which prevent crime, in however petty beginnings, or lessen on the part of the individual any tendency, however slight, toward error and evil, are a help at once to the best and worst classes of our common humanity. The observation, "So long as the liberty of the meanest individual is at stake, my liberty is at stake," should live in the memory of all conscientious human beings. Whatever assistance the individual can give toward the enforcement of a proper public sentiment should be recognized as a duty by the individual. Such duty should never be shirked or avoided. Law is the warning uttered, the signal given, "Danger! Look out!" It is the line of demarcation. It is the deserved reprimand for the merited consequence of, our individual actions. It is the "Go and sin no more" of the Master! Legal formalities of themselves

are mere dead letters, blank scrolls, empty and unmeaning records. Without the soul of public sentiment animating them, they are corpses and should be burned or buried. Is it your duty to convince your neighbor that he is in the wrong? It is never your duty to quarrel with him! You call unto your aid law, the divine Themis, hand-maid of the gods, dweller in the heavens, ruler of the world, the central fact of the visible and invisible universe, not arbitrary, but suggestive, not backed by blind passion, brute force and tyranny, but upheld by intelligence and reason!

HOOPESTON, ILL.

### TRUE STORIES OF STRANGE EVENTS.

Under the title of "My Supernatural Autobiography," Julian Hawthorne relates some strange and interesting events as follows:

When I was a boy of twelve or thirteen, I used to sit and watch a hand holding a pencil, moving to and fro over a sheet of paper. The place was suitable for ghosts and all who were familiar with it declared it to be haunted. It was an ancient Italian villa, or castle, perched on a hill of the town Apennines, overlooking a wide valley with a historic river winding through it. There was a tower at one end of it, in which a political captive had been imprisoned more than 200 years before. An owl now occupies the gloomy chamber in which he used to languish; but after sunset it would flap noiselessly round the battlements of the tower, emitting its soft, long-drawn cry. Bats there were also in abundance. And several times, as I lay on the tiled roof up aloft, watching the great comet that arched across the horizon of the valley, I have heard my name called in the air, just over the parapet. There was a clean drop there of seventy feet to the ground.

In the body of the edifice there was a sort of cell, or oratory, massively constructed of stone, with groined ceiling. This was the special abiding place of the ghost. One night, my sister, having occasion to go there, set the candle on the mantel-piece. As she was stooping over a chest in the corner, she noticed her shadow glide along the wall. Turning, she saw that the candle had been placed on the table, several yards from its former position. But no one except herself was in that part of the house.

An immense place it was, with upwards of forty large rooms. As there were only five of us in the family, we each had a suite of five or six apartments. My bed-room was at the end of the west wing; five rooms opening into one another, intervened between that one and a huge reception hall in the center of the building. Often, in the dark of the night, I have waked up, and heard some one pacing to and fro in these rooms, and the rustle of a long skirt sweeping on the bare wooden floors. I used to suppose it was my mother: and it was not until some years later that I discovered that it was either my imagination—or something else. As to that I can only say that none of us children had the least fear of ghosts, or knew that anybody feared them. We had never been frightened by injudicious means.

However, to go back to that hand. It was a white, well-shaped woman's hand, with long, slender fingers and a turquoise ring on one finger. I must not make a mystery of this. It was the hand of a fair young American lady who, years after, leaped or fell from a steamboat in Long Island sound, and so vanished from this world. But at the time I write of she was a woman of happy disposition and singular intelligence, and was a graduate of a famous Western college. Greek and the Calculus was as familiar to her as figs and grapes were to me. Either her education, or a natural basis of mind, once rendered her rather skeptical in her views; nowadays she might have been called an agnostic. Nevertheless she possessed (though she herself despised and ridiculed it) that still unexplained power or susceptibility that we have agreed to call mediumistic. She was a "writing medium."

It was the era of the Fox Sisters, and of Home. Spiritualism has not lost its novelty. Science has delivered no verdict, and nobody knows whether to believe or not. But there was an English lady living near us, whose poetry was read by all England and America, who was a believer, and often discoursed with earnestness on the subject; and one day she said: "If we only had a medium!" Whereupon, this American girl-graduate that I speak of, out of the kindness of her heart, but with some reluctance, intimated that she believed that she had some little faculty in that way . . . but that she could not, herself, place the least credence in the supernatural origin of the phenomena.

To make a long story short—for who could resist the urging of that little brown-eyed woman of genius who was a lyric in herself?—our medium consented to an experiment; and for a couple of weeks thereafter, while seven or eight of us sat round the table in the great Italian hall, the pencil in her white hand would be driven along the paper, now under one unseen im-

pulse, now under another, she regarding it with a look half apprehensive, half incredulous; but all of us hugely interested. Our deceased friends and relatives announced themselves one after another, and expressed sentiments of unimpeachable morality and virtuous exhortation—just what anyone would have expected of such good and respectable persons; and the thing was becoming a trifle monotonous, and the medium was writing that more useful ways of employing one's leisure might be found; when, all of a sudden . . .

Draw up closer, the story begins here. Her hand which had been moving methodically along under the direction of the spirit of my maternal grandfather and had just written the words, "we study causes" was suddenly and violently seized upon as it were by a new and turbulent influence almost knocking the pencil out of her fingers and hurrying it onward in a quite original handwriting, uncouth and heedless and moreover incorrect in orthography. The medium started and looked troubled; a wave of interest ran around the circle; she bent forward and spoke out the words; "I must speak with Mr. Hawthorne, I want his sympathy."

My father laughed. He had deprecated and made fun of the whole business from the beginning. But with the courtesy of a man of the world, and an ex-consul of the United States, he consented to listen to a communication which seemed to convey such urgency. Who was the vehement petitioner?

In the course of the next half hour we had as much of her history as she ever confided to us. Her name was Mary Rondel. She was born in Boston a hundred years before. She had died there, in pain and misery, while still a young woman. Her troubles had their source in a certain member of our own family, with whom she had been intimately acquainted. She was not happy even yet, and Mr. Hawthorne's sympathy she must and would have.

But how shall I indicate the weird, curious and yet pathetic impression that was produced, not more by the matter than by the manner of her communications? Mary Rondel was bitterly in earnest; she would be heard; she upset the propriety of all our other spiritual friends; it was in vain that they attempted to assure us that she was a bad, improper, untruthful, ill-conditioned creature. In the midst of their pious homilies she would swoop down, snatch the pencil, and send it staggering in violent evolutions along the page; her language was anything but conventional; nay, it sometimes became indiscreet, if not scandalous. Occasionally our refined little medium would protest and remove her hand from the table. But no sooner did she resume, then Mary was at it again. She would not be denied. She was a temperament, a will, a person. Of all our long procession of communicants, she alone showed an unmistakable and vivid individuality. We would have known her had we met her on the street. She had been waiting in the dark void of the unseen world, for the better part of a century, for an opportunity to speak and declare herself, and she was not going to let it go unimproved. And yet the poor creature knew not what to say—only that she admired Mr. Hawthorne's sympathy. But what good it was to do her, or by what right she demanded it, we were not informed.

He assured her that he would not and did not sympathize with her, hoping, thereby, to pacify her and so get rid of her. But no—she clung to us all the tighter. Having at length found a sympathizer, she would henceforth cling to him. It soon became impossible to get communications from anybody except Mary Rondel; and, since the atmosphere she brought with her was clearly unheavenly, the séances were finally abandoned; and that was the end of Mary. so far as we were concerned.

Now, the sequel was strange, we returned to America two or three years later, and four years after that father died. Some venerable maiden cousins of ours sent us, some months subsequently, a box of old books and papers that had belonged to our family in the last century. Among the books was a dilapidated copy of Sir Philip Sydney's "Arcadia," bearing date 1586. On the fly-leaves were the autographs of a number of our ancestors, from the first emigrant down to Daniel Hawthorne, who, history says, commanded a privateer during the Revolution. And on the broad margin at the bottom of the tenth page was inscribed, in faded brown ink, a woman's name, "Mary Rondel." It is before me as I write, an ill-formed name, but showing character.

After some reflection, I remembered the circumstances under which I had seen that name before. Searching further into the book, I came upon the love sonnets and stanzas in the latter part of the volume; but several of these had been marked round with a pen, and such glosses written in the margin as "Pray, mistress, read this;" or "Read this as if I myself spake it." Some of these writings were in the chirography of Daniel Hawthorne; others, in another hand. I surmised that the book had once been read, jointly, by two lovers, who had taken this indirect means of intimating their sentiments.

The longer I meditated upon the matter, the more

interested I became. At last I wrote a letter to those old maiden cousins, and, without saying anything about the spiritual experience in the Italian villa, I enquired whether they were cognizant of any family traditions connected with a person called Mary Rondel. Here is their reply:

"Dear Cousin . . . . A Miss Mary Rondel, of Boston, knew one of your uncles, Daniel Hawthorne, about 1775. The story will not interest you, it is not creditable to either party. It ended unfortunately; there had been some talk of a marriage, but their relations were broken off, and I am unable to say what became of the young woman. Your uncle afterwards fitted out a privateer," etc., etc.

No; I don't pretend to explain it. I simply give you the facts. Take off the shade from the lamp. That is enough for one evening.

#### MARVELOUS THOUGHT READING.

"Psychognosis" is the title which M. Guibal has adopted for a new and certainly very remarkable development of what is familiar to us under the name of the thought-reading process, says the London *Daily News*. The method adopted by M. Guibal may be briefly described, stating, by way of introduction, that on Saturday afternoon he submitted it to the severest and closest test to which it could be subjected at the hands of an audience composed mainly of press men and members of the medical profession, among whom was Dr. Bond, of Westminster Hospital.

Miss Greville, M. Guibal's medium, is a young lady of prepossessing appearance, clad in flowing white robes. After mesmerizing his subject M. Guibal collected from his audience a dozen or so pieces of paper, on which they had written their several requests.

Then the séance began. M. Guibal never uttered a word. At a motion of his hand Miss Greville, whose eyes were undoubtedly closed, rose from her seat, descended the steps from the stage to the audience, and unhesitatingly made her way to a gentleman in the front row of the stalls, and, taking a piece of paper and pencil from his hands, wrote the figures 65. She next, simply guided by M. Guibal's hand, though sometimes he was behind her and sometimes in front, but never close to her, went to a gentleman and took off his hat. Finding her way to another gentleman she felt his pulse. From another she took an umbrella and gave three taps on the ground with it. She next took a pocketbook and selected a particular article, and from a cardcase belonging to another gentleman she extracted three cards and gave them to him. A well known journalist had submitted a difficult task, which was to take his watch and chain and place it in Capt. Molesworth's pocket.

This was done without any hesitation. Other things were set her to do upon the stage, all of which were performed to the absolute satisfaction of those who had demanded them. Throughout the whole séance there was no faltering or hesitation, no rushing about with the hand of the medium tightly pressed to the forehead by another person, and then, after a number of mistakes, hitting by hook or by crook, upon the right thing at last. The accuracy of each divination was as astonishing as the readiness with which it was accomplished.

There was no questioning the bona fides of the audience. They were mostly all known to each other, and, though they went in no unfriendly spirit of criticism, they did their best to test M. Guibal's ability. The requests of the audience were only known to those who wrote them and to M. Guibal himself, and and they were not announced until each demand had been satisfied.

#### CAN ANIMALS SEE SPIRITS?

We have printed some evidence on this topic, and now add a letter which has just appeared in *Rod and Gun*, March 14th. The evidence is very strong that dumb animals are conscious of the presence of "ghosts" and are painfully affected thereby. For instance, Owasso (Slade's familiar) made himself painfully evident to the consciousness of a cat whom he declared beforehand his intention of frightening. Such records will be welcome, if duly authenticated, in these pages.

SIR,—There is reason to believe that they can. At any rate, I have a very remarkable fact to state.

There is in Devonshire a large, rambling old house, which has long had the reputation of being haunted. Family after family tried to make it their home. One after another they gave it up for the same cause—frequent spectral ongoings in one of the corridors. Sometimes the ghost was seen by one member of the household while it was invisible to others close by; sometimes mysterious sounds showed the ghost to be about while he was not visible to any of the watchers. The family who last occupied the house thought that a good fierce dog might settle the problem—on the supposition that the ghost was a human trickster.

Therefore a sanguinary bulldog was called in. On the first night of the dog's residence the spectral rat-

tlings were heard. The watchers went to the corridor, taking the detective with him. The dog needed little hounding on. True to the instincts of his tribe, he rushed foremost to the scene, barking savagely; the watchers followed!

Suddenly, when halfway through the corridor, the dog stopped, and gazed in terror upwards. His tail dropped between his legs; and after staring for a moment into the air, he slunk slowly, shivering, away. He had seen the ghost. The curious part of the episode was that on that particular occasion the spectre was invisible to the human eye.

This story was told to me in the United Universities Club the other day by a friend with whom I had been talking over certain strange tales about dogs that had appeared in *Rod and Gun*. He himself knew the family in whose occupancy of the house the strange incident had occurred, intimately. He assured me that he could no more doubt their tale than he could doubt any human statement; and added that the late Mr. Darwin considered the matter of such importance that it made even him refrain from taking it for granted that all stories of apparitions were unfounded in fact.

The great Dr. Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, wrote an elaborate essay in order to show that, while many stories of apparitions are so well authenticated as to be incapable of challenge, spectres have never any objective existence, but are mere projections from subjective apprehension. His theory was that there is telepathic communication, on occasions of extremity, between the minds of two persons closely associated by the ties of affection—that, for example, the spirit of a dying man yearningly thinking of his wife is able to communicate his extremity to her spirit, howsoever far away she may be—and that, preternaturally becoming conscious of what is happening, the mind of the person communicated with, reversing the ordinary process of cognition, affects the eye, which, in its turn, projects a vision of the actual facts—"visualises" the scene, as the learned bishop phrased it.

This explanation of the undoubted phenomena of apparitions seemed exceedingly reasonable. It accounted for apparitions by reference to natural functions of the human soul and intellect—by calling attention to a sense which had never before been observed, or at least defined. But if this strange story from Devonshire is to be accepted as true, Dr. Fraser's theory must be held disproved; for the bishop's theory implied that only the person mainly concerned—only the person to whom the telepathic communication was made—could be conscious of the apparition.—*W., in Light, Pall Mall, London.*

#### FANNY KEMBLE'S GHOST STORIES.

"A curious circumstance, which only came to my knowledge several years after my residence in this house in Rittenhouse Square seems to me to possess sufficiently the qualities of a good ghost story to be worth preserving. The house was so constructed that a room half-way between the ground floor and the story immediately above it, commanded the flight of stairs leading to the latter, and the whole landing or passage on which the room, on that floor opened.

"These rooms were my bed and dressing rooms, the drawing rooms and dining room being under them on the ground floor. One evening my maid was sitting in the room, from which she could see the whole of the staircase and upper landing; she saw the door of my bed room open and an elderly woman, in a flannel dressing gown, with a bonnet on her head and a candle in her hand, come out, walk the whole length of the passage and return again into the bed room, shutting the door after her. My maid knew that I was in the drawing room below in my usual black velvet evening dress; moreover, the person she had seen bore no resemblance either in figure or face to me, or to any member of my household, which consisted of three young servant women besides herself and a negro man servant.

"My maid was a remarkably courageous and reasonable person, and though very much startled (for she went directly up-stairs and found no one in the rooms) she kept her counsel, and mentioned the circumstance to nobody, though, as she told me afterward, she was so afraid lest I should have a similar visitation that she was strongly tempted to ask Dr. W.'s advice as to the propriety of mentioning her experience to me. She refrained from doing so, however, and some time after, as she was sitting in the dusk in the same room, the man servant came in to light the gas and made her start, observing which, he said: 'Why, lads, Miss Ellen, you jump as if you had seen a ghost.'

"In spite of her late experience, Ellen very gravely replied: 'Nonsense, William; how can you talk such stuff! You don't believe in such things as ghosts, do you?' 'Well,' he said, 'I don't know just so sure what to say to that, seeing it's well known there was a ghost in this house.' 'Pshaw!' said Ellen; 'whose ghost?' 'Well, poor Mrs. R.'s ghost, its very well known, walks about this house, and no great wonder, either, seeing how miserably she lived and died here.

To Ellen's persistent expressions of contemptuous incredulity, he went on: 'Well, Miss Ellen, all I can say is, several girls (i. e., maid servants) have left the house on account of it; and there the conversation ended. Some days after this, Ellen coming into the drawing-room to speak to me, stopped abruptly at the door, and stood there, having suddenly recognized in a portrait immediately opposite to it, and which was that of the dead mistress of the house, the face of the person she had seen come out of my bed room. I think this is a very tidy ghost story; and I am bound to add, as a proper commentary on it, that I have never inhabited a house which affected me with such intolerable melancholy gloominess as this, without any assignable reason whatever, either in its situation or any of its conditions.'

This certainly is a "very tidy ghost story," but the one which follows is more puzzling, having about it an inconsequence rare even in supernatural narratives, and yet being vouched for, as will be seen, by several persons. This, it may be observed, occurred in the Scottish Highlands:

"Corrybrough, my friend's pleasant home in the Highlands, was a moorland sheep farm and grouse-shooting property. The house stood within its own grounds, at a distance from any other dwelling, entirely isolated, with no habitations in its neighborhood but those of the people employed on the land, which circumstances I mention as rendering curious in some degree the incident I am about to relate, of the singular character of which I can give no plausible, rational explanation. I was expected on a visit there on a certain day of a certain month and week (the date I have now forgotten). The persons staying in the house were friends and acquaintances of mine, as well as of the 'laird's,' and had all been looking for my arrival in the course of the day. When, however, the hour for retiring for the night had been somewhat overpassed in the protracted hope of my still-possible advent, and everybody had given me up and betaken themselves to their bed rooms, a sudden sound of wheels on the gravel drive, the loud opening of a carriage door, and letting down of steps, with a sudden violent ringing of the door-bell, drew every one forth again to their doors with exclamations of 'Oh, there she is; she's come at last.' My friend and host ran down to open the door to me himself, which he did, to find before him only the emptiness, stillness and darkness of the night—neither carriage nor arriving guest—nothing and nobody, so he retired to his room and went to bed. The next day I arrived, but though able to account satisfactorily for my delay in doing so, was quite unable to account for my sham arrival of the previous night, with sound of wheels, horses' hoofs, opening of the carriage door, letting down of steps and loud ringing of the house bell, all of which premonitory symptoms were heard by half a dozen people in their respective rooms in different parts of the house, which makes an unsatisfactory sort of ghost story."—*Fanny Kemble in "Further Record."*

#### INSPIRED BY A TRANCE.

An oil-painting with a remarkable story attached to it was completed yesterday by J. Evan Eccles, says a dispatch from Chester, Pa., to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. It represents the face of a saintly-looking man, with a beard, in front of whom are placed two large hearts. On the left of the picture an angel is seen hovering. On the face of the hearts, which are done in dark brown tints, are a large eye, a blazing star, a spot which appears to be bleeding, while flying doves encircle them. This fantasy, which looks like the vagaries of a mediæval monk, had its inspiration from a trance which Gottlieb Aupperle, who makes a living as a dyer, claims to have passed through last week. After getting in normal condition again, he produced the strange sights he witnessed roughly on paper, and from that amateur effort the painting has been done. Mr. Aupperle has lived here for many years, and is well known for having peculiar views on religion, which one time, some years ago, caused trouble between him and a former pastor of the Madison Street Methodist Episcopal Church. But in all business matters he is a perfectly sober and rational citizen. He is the head of an interesting family, one of his daughters, Miss Lydia Aupperle, being a teacher in the Madison M. E. Sunday-school now.

According to his own story, he began to feel strange sensations of a pleasurable nature about ten days ago. He could not sleep, and spent his days and nights groaning, because while happy he was overpowered by what he saw, and this statement is verified by his family. In a short time after being taken in this fashion visions of a great eye were manifested to him, and in an ecstasy of joy he beheld an angel of mercy constantly by him. He also claims to have seen a bleeding side. He says it would take a week to recount the strange scenes through which he passed, and is firmly convinced a manifestation from on high has been miraculously accorded him. The painting is to be photographed and used in a lecture shortly to be delivered on this strange case by a prominent speaker, whose name he will not divulge at present,



but whom he expects to accompany and recount his experience. The physicians who were called in by his relatives treated him for nervous prostration, but they and other prominent people are greatly interested in the earnest and emphatic manner in which he tries to convince them of the truth of what he saw as embodied in the picture made to his order.



#### HER PERFECT LOVER.

"I had a lover once," she sighed:  
"Yes, just before I married you,  
Who listened when I spoke, and tried  
To answer all my questions too.

"So courteous and so kind—so good:  
He'd never think a man could be  
As thoughtless, and, indeed, as rude  
As you so often are to me.

"The jewel of my love once won,  
He used to swear, could ne'er grow dim;  
He would not dream that any one  
Could whistle when I spoke to him!

"If he had faults he kept them hid.  
I should have married him? Yes, true;  
And that's exactly what I did.  
My perfect lover, sir, was—you!"

—MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

It has been predicted that after one or two experiences of women voting in Kansas at the polls the novelty of the thing would disappear and with it women's interest in municipal politics. This prediction has not been fulfilled. On the contrary women's interest in politics and activity at the polls have increased with each election. The registration of women at the present election exceeded any former registration. At Topeka the registration lists were augmented by about 400 new names of women. At Wichita the increase was about 300, at Leavenworth 250, and at Atchison 200. The number of negroes that voted in this city was notable. They marched to the polls with as much pride as their white sisters and exercised their rights of suffrage with a satisfaction peculiar to their race. Dispatches from other of the large cities of Kansas indicate that the vote of the women, compared to the registration, was proportionate to the male vote. Most of the women had their tickets prepared at home or at places of meeting, and their presence at the polls was only long enough to permit them to deposit their ballots. Only a few female candidates appeared on any of the tickets, and these few were up for election for no office higher than membership on the school board. The women began voting early and continued to keep up their percentage all along. When the registration books closed ten days ago 1,026 women had taken out certificates, while 7,751 men had registered. Up to noon to-day, however, in seven precincts the woman vote constituted over one-third of the entire ballot cast. Every hack and carriage of the livery companies of the city was engaged by the men on the tickets. A large number of private carriages were also pressed into service. The women were called for at their homes and driven to the polls. The women who voted this morning were seldom accompanied by husband, father, brother or sweetheart, the prevailing manner being for four women to come together in a hack.

The following little sketch of the "coming woman" is from the *Boston Transcript*. "A pretty blonde girl in a blue gown came down Beacon street the other day with a formidable-looking document in her hand. A friend who encountered her asked:

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to City Hall, sir," she said.

"What to do there, my pretty maid?"

"To pay for my poll," she smiling said.

"Her friend went with her. Her formidable-looking document set forth her name and residence. 'I believe in patriotism,' said the girl of the blonde poll that was shortly to be taxed, 'and I was twenty-one the other day, so I thought I'd lose no time in being registered.' It was worth while to go to City Hall with her. She was beckoned to a corner by an uplifted finger; she handed her document over a rail. 'Hold up your hand,' said the official, who took her name, and she bowed with solemnity as the oath was administered. She was

told that she must pay her tax later, and she was quickly in the street again with her friend. One of the women at a table near the door had given her a circular and told her that eight thousand women of Boston have registered to vote on school questions. 'We girls must be assessed every time,' said the blonde votary of patriotism. 'Then you don't do it because you think it's your duty?' 'Why, no; I like to. I'm twenty-one, you know,'—with a joyful smile. She was plainly rejoiced in reaching her majority. Well, why not, since she mends her small brother's clothes, and paints charmingly, and combines domestic and artistic virtues with her civic ones?"

Miss Sophia G. Hayden, of Boston, the young woman who won the \$1,000 prize for the best design for a woman's building for the World's Fair was born in Chili, her mother being a native and her father a Bostonian; She graduated from the Boston high school and later from the School of Technology. She is the only woman who has a diploma from that institution. She has since taught mechanical drawing in the Eliot Industrial school in Boston. She had no advice or help in her design and confided to no one that she was competing for a prize. Her work was done at night after her daily school duties. Miss Lois L. Howe, the lady who won the second prize, is also a student of the School of Technology, and a resident of Cambridge, but is employed in Boston as a draughtsman in the office of Messrs. Allen & Koanway, architects. Miss Howe had studied four years at the Museum of Fine Arts before taking the two-years' special course in architecture at the Technology, and Miss Laura Hayes of Chicago took third prize. It was very difficult for the committee to choose between these drawings, they were all so excellent, and displayed so much talent. It is evident that women may study architecture; the only wonder is that they have not done so long since.

Olive Thorne Miller has within the last four months posted from her home in Brooklyn no less than 20,000 printed slips asking the women of New York not to wear birds or their plumage. The request is simply and earnestly made, no reply being called for, and as a mark of good faith signed with the autograph of that gentle woman, who is the friend of the little creatures, in feathers and fur.

#### THE GREAT TRANSITION.

With startling frequency the last call comes to one and another of the veteran Spiritualists. The true Spiritualist is ever ready for it, with neither undue eagerness nor yet with fear and repining does he anticipate the momentous event,—momentous to him, however slight the ripple upon the great ocean of life.

MR. JOHN PIRNIE.

Tuesday morning, March 31st, Mr. John Pirnie, husband of Mrs. Sarah F. Pirnie, the medium, was stricken with apoplexy and passed away on the next morning. His wife was with him and all was done that could be, but the call had come. We knew and greatly respected Mr. Pirnie. He was a man of rare good sense; strong, self-reliant, yet modest and retiring. He lived a noble life and acted well his part. In a private note from Mrs. Pirnie she alludes to her bereavement thus: "Dr. Thomas conducted the funeral service and spoke lovingly to us, his wife and children, at 3 o'clock p. m. on his sixty-ninth birthday; and at 7 o'clock the same afternoon our daughters started with the remains to lay them in the family plot in Michigan. After forty-seven years of married life my tribute is: An honest, just man; tender and loving with wife and children, and true to his many friends." We can add nothing to this tribute; nothing is needed.

Mrs. Pirnie is not in good health and has gone to her daughter's home in Cleveland—1230 Slater Avenue—where she will remain for the present. It gives us pleasure to testify to the good Mr. and Mrs. Pirnie have done in this city. Mrs. Pirnie was highly esteemed as a woman as well as a medium and healer. She would be wel-

comed back to Chicago by a host of friends, and we hope she may conclude to return.

MR. VINE GRIFFIN CRANE.

At the ripe age of eighty-one years. Paralysis seized Mr. Crane; after four days his release came. He left this life from his home at Montevideo, Minnesota, on March 22nd. Mr. Crane was a man who always made his mark wherever he lived and in whatever he was engaged. The Montevideo people showed their respect by closing all places of business during the funeral service, at the request of the president of the village council. He was a member of the I. O. O. F., also of Geo. H. Thomas Post No. 9, G. A. R., and was buried with the rites of the Odd Fellows, and military honors. Rev. Mr. Jenkins, a Baptist minister officiated. The services had to be held in the county court house as no church building was large enough to hold the people. Mrs. Crane says in a letter to us. "In his youth Mr. Crane was a church member, but later he outgrew his early theological views and embraced the spiritual philosophy which he ever after advocated; and was an active worker in the cause. Years ago he selected two pieces of music, 'Over the River' and 'Shall We Know Each Other There,' to be sung at his funeral. The music and words created a profound impression, never before having been heard in our town.... I am lonely now in my old age—73 years—but feel my husband's presence and it comforts me. He was a Spiritualist for thirty-five years."

MRS. NANNIE WATSON.

Some weeks ago the bells of heaven rang out joyful peals, we feel sure, over the advent of a long suffering spirit. Those who read Dr. Watson's periodical, *The American Spiritual Magazine*, published in 1875-6-7, will recall the deeply religious messages which came through the instrumentality of "Our Home Medium," as the editor styled her. Mrs. Nannie Watson, a sister-in-law of Dr. Samuel Watson was the medium. Reared a Methodist, she retained a strong love for those of that sect, and felt that the road Wesley marked out, and with which she was familiar, was one she could travel with the certainty of coming in touch with the world of spirit and into the glorious realm of divine love. We made her personal acquaintance in 1879, and came to have sincere regard for her head and heart. Mediumship was to her a sacred gift, and its exercise a matter of grave responsibility. Circumstances and delicate health restricted her sphere, but she was an unselfish toiler, and, with all her heavy burdens, always carried sweetness and light wherever she went. Reduced to straightened circumstances, with none of kin to nurse and care for her, she never lost heart, and was a source of spiritual strength to the loving friends who tenderly ministered to her as the days of earthly life drew to their close. She is now with her beloved. She is happy.

WILLIAM H. RYNUS.

Another dear personal friend has joined the great majority. No one could know Mr. Rynus and not love the genial gentleman. We leave it for his long-time friend and fellow-townsmen, Judge Dailey, to speak of him. Under date of April 9th Judge Dailey mailed the following letter, which did not reach us until Monday, the 13th, for some reason:

EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL: One more of the noble men who have helped to construct that rising fabric, the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation, has been removed and called by the Master Builder from the labors of earth to a grander temple, not made with human hands.

William H. Rynus, of this city, after a protracted illness, passed to the spirit world last Monday morning, leaving an affectionate wife and family of children to mourn their immediate bereavement. He

was a quiet, observing man, always having the courage of his convictions, but being of a kindly, charitable nature, he was never offensive when presenting his own views to those with whom he differed. He had few, if any enemies, but hosts of friends. He was one of the older members of the New England Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association, and one of its directors. He had a cottage close by that of the late S. B. Nichols, with whom he maintained warm fraternal relations.

I had the pleasure of visiting him during his last illness. He spoke of his unfaltering confidence in the truths of Spiritualism, and of the future awaiting him, should his illness prove fatal, and of the nature of the funeral service he desired, should the end come. A good man has gone, and his presence will be greatly missed, and most by those who knew him best.

A. H. DAILEY.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

#### A REMARKABLE INDIANA REVIVAL.

According to a dispatch to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, a remarkable revival of religion is in progress at a little country church, known as Mount Ebal, located in the southwest part of this county, and it is creating so much excitement that, notwithstanding the very bad roads, the people gather every night from miles around, where they are "slain by the power," as the revivalists term the influence they exert over the people. The "slaying by the power" comes in the form of a trance, and for hours at a time men and women will lay perfectly unconscious of the surroundings. A *Globe-Democrat* reporter spent last night at this remarkable meeting, and found the exciting rumors not the least exaggerated.

The revival began about a month ago, and is being conducted by three lay evangelists, the youngest of whom is about 25, while the oldest is perhaps 40. At first the meetings were small, but as the interest grew, the crowds increased, and now hundreds are unable to gain admittance. Last night the people began to arrive as early as 5 o'clock, and by lamplight the room was crowded. The exercises opened by the hymn "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood," which was followed by four other familiar selections. During the singing the ladies appeared and took their places in the pulpit. From that time a feeling of the deepest interest prevailed, and it was soon evident that the women exercised a strange influence over the audience. The oldest of the exhorters commenced humming "We Are Passing Away," during which she held her hand tremblingly aloft and emphasized her singing with numerous motions. While this performance was in progress several persons of all ages, as though under the influence of the leader, began to tremble and quiver in body and limb. One little girl was especially noticeable as she trembled like a leaf, and when asked quietly why she did so, replied that it was beyond her power to control herself. At this period a song, "Will it Pay," was sung by the evangelists, followed by a short sermon. Then the youngest woman began to pray, when a young lady, about 19, fell as if dead. She was laid out on a seat. Heavy perspiration covered her head, and her hands were cold. She was apparently unconscious for almost an hour. In different parts of the room, and especially in front, the men and women were trembling and evidently as unable to control their physical action as if attacked by an ague chill. A man fell to the floor and was as motionless as a corpse, while to his left was a woman lying as if in a trance, only that she gave vent to her feelings by frequent clapping of the hands, which were cold and bloodless. All this time affairs were reaching a climax. The leaders called for prayers, when thirty-five persons fell upon their knees. This was not later than 8 o'clock, and from this time until 11 the time was almost wholly occupied in prayer. At one time sixteen persons were lying at full length on the floor or on benches in a trance. The evangelists called it "slain by the power," and in a few cases persons lay motionless for two hours. Some would go into a trance a number of times during the evening. During the meetings young people have gone out of mere curiosity, and before leaving the house were "slain by the power" and converted. The women claim to represent no church, but are preaching the religion of Christ.

The people where the meetings are in

progress are of the average intelligence, and that these women should create such a sensation among that class of citizens is something remarkable. The women announce that they intend staying until summer, when a tent can be used to accommodate the people.



### THE ROMISH HIERARCHY.

TO THE EDITOR: The Philadelphia *Inquirer* of March 20th speaks editorially somewhat disparagingly of the action of the Italian government, as reported, in making "laws for the suppression of religious guilds and fraternities which have existed for centuries." It characterizes the action of Italy as "worthy of the Dark Ages."

It seems to the writer that the present work of the Italians is the result of an intense reaction, which must inevitably have followed the long ages of hierarchical tyranny and wrong, exercised by the Romish church. It was in the Dark Ages that, according to Gibbon, royalty became but as a vassal to that church, and the bull of a pope was superior in government to the edict of a king. It was in the Dark Ages that, according to like authentic history, Pope Honorius, in a paroxysm of rage, called Christendom to arms, to prosecute by military force "the obstinate pagans of Prussia," as he termed them,—at which time towns were swept from existence, communities were massacred, blood flowed in reeking torrents, and all the havoc and horrors of which war is pregnant were protracted for fifty-six years," before even a small remnant of those strong-souled so-called pagans accepted baptism rather than total extinction, and consented that "the Lord Jesus should reign as King."

The age was dark in A. D. 1483—little more than 400 years ago—since which date in Spain alone 31,912 earnest-minded heretics were burned at the stake, by the order of that "religious guild," so to speak,—the inquisitors of the Romish church, and not until A. D. 1808 was that guild suppressed. The age was still dark A. D. 1600, when Giordano Bruno, an eminent philosopher—a better and wiser man than any pope that ever held sway—was burned at Rome in the same place where his monument now stands, in sight of the Vatican, an honor to his glorious manhood, and a credit to those brave Italian patriots who erected it. Well do those same patriots know from the recorded experiences of fifteen centuries with what persistent effort of determined propagandism the Romish church grinds its "cunningly devised traditional myths and fables" into the souls and habits of the masses of her ignorant votaries. Is it not wise in them now, while they may, to curtail that church's methods of again acquiring hurtful power in their country? Ay! more than this, would it not be well for us, in our boasted "land of the free and home of the brave," to learn wisdom from the experiences of Italy and of all other lands wherein that church has had control. Has not darkness and tyranny, religious and political, always followed in her train?

Should we not be getting our eyes opened to the evident longing of that same hierarchy to attain to a controlling interest in this government, and see that the intention of the pope, which, the *Inquirer* avows, is to assist emigration to America, in the line of the above named purpose, shall as far as possible be rendered nugatory? Is it not enough to awaken the attention of every true patriot, when we observe the arrogant, overbearing presumption with which that ancient church lately seized upon one of our greatest heroes, lying unconscious in the embrace of death, and dishonored his memory by striving, through their superstitious formulas, to tie him to their antiquated hierarchy—him of whom it has so recently been shown conclusively—by his own words published in your able paper—that he plainly refused during life to be counted amongst them. Shame and dishonor should ever rest upon any church that could fraudulently attempt such a wrong.

I have numbered through life many friends and intimate business acquaintances among the members of the Catholic church, and would much regret doing any one of them injustice. They have been good and kind brothers and sisters of the human race, better than the teachings and

traditions of their church could be expected to make them; yet I cannot resist the feeling that no man or woman that is subject to a foreign potentate in the manner that the Jesuits claim all Catholic members are subject to the pope at Rome, can ever be thoroughly reliable citizens of the United States of America. The old traditional dicta, "no faith to be kept with heretics," and "all personal honor to be held subject to the order of the church authorities," have necessarily tended to beget hereditarily a deceptive and unreliable character, that has, methinks, become manifest in many ways among the votaries of that church. Ingenuous expression of thought amongst them has ceased to be the rule and has become the exception.

I put no trust in any public expression of a diplomatic pope, as a pointer towards what will be the real action of the church of which he is the head, or as an indication of his real intentions. I had no faith in the public expressions of the dignitaries of said church, made at Washington some months ago, that they had no political designs against our institutions. It would be better to interpret them by the rule of contraries.

When they openly declare that our secular free schools are "godless," and move as fast as they can in establishing parochial schools, it is not hard to judge what they are after. They have discovered that secular schools are an antidote to the poisons of Catholic mummery and superstition, and that the latter cannot thrive with the former.

Every lesson in reading and writing furnishes means for enlarging the rational powers of the mind and lessening the danger of becoming a prey to superstition and ignorance. Every exercise in arithmetic accustoms the mind to accuracy and respect for truth in the absolute. An intelligent gentleman of mature years remarked lately that he never knew a skilled mathematician that was not honest. Mathematics begets an honest habit of thought. General Sherman knew well that scientific schools are not "godless" in the true sense of that term, when he closed his address at Princeton College, in 1878, by saying, as you have stated in THE JOURNAL: "Tell me not that science is antagonistic to religion. Science is but the knowledge of nature and of nature's laws, and he who penetrates furthest into the book of nature must be convinced of the infinite wisdom and beneficence of the Creator, and must realize the littleness of human intellect in comparison. That religion which checks human knowledge, and by torturing the meaning of words attempts to circumscribe it by artificial metes and bounds, is not divine, but is mere priestcraft."

Without the other proof, as it was amply given by you, who, after reading the above words, could believe General Sherman to be a communicant in the Romish church?

A FREE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

### ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES.

TO THE EDITOR: The Society at this place held anniversary exercises appropriate to the occasion of the anniversary of the advent of "Modern Spiritualism," on Saturday evening and Sunday all day, March 20th and 31st.

Although the severe storm in the early part of the week blocked both the roads and the railroads, preventing many visitors from a distance from attending, still the exercises passed off pleasantly, and good audiences assembled to listen to the lecture, Sunday, by Rev. Jas. De Buchananne, upon "The Second Coming of Christ." The speaker asked the audience to distinguish between the man Jesus as an historical character and the Christ principle controlling him, claiming that the Christ principle had come to earth many times—in Buddha, in Confucius, in Zoroaster and in Jesus, that these progressive revelations of the Divine Entity came to the race just when the race had developed to a point where it could understand them; that the only coming that the Christ ever predicted was a spiritual coming of the same divine principle to enlighten the world in spiritual law and spiritual progression; that the race had outgrown physical incarnations of the Christ, but that it was no less a real "coming" of Christ when the first knowledge of the existence of a channel of communication between the two worlds, thus bringing life and immortality to life, was revealed anew to the world some forty odd years ago, at the birth of so-called Modern Spiritualism. The speaker urged that the old date for Christmas should be changed with all its ceremonies, to the anniversary in March, which commemorates the spiritual coming of the Christ. The lecture was

listened to with marked attention, and was one of the best efforts of the talented lecturer. The Society voted to have a regular Christmas festival on the next anniversary in March, and to celebrate that day instead of the 25th of December, as the spiritual Christmas, hoping that other societies would do likewise. Would it not be a good idea for all spiritual organizations to adopt that custom as more in keeping with our system of belief? The lecture was followed by a banquet, at which a large company of Spiritualists sat down and spent a happy hour in informally discussing the growth and future bright prospects of our philosophy of Truth and Reason. Delphos is a good place for Spiritualists to live in. L. T. DELPHOS, KAN.

### "WHAT CAUSED THE GEOLOGICAL PERIODS."

TO THE EDITOR: In THE JOURNAL of March 14th, is a short paragraph by Mr. Karl Crolly. It is implied, upon the authority of a certain Prof. Meyer, of Berlin, that our solar system is revolving around a great central sun, in an orbit of presumed eccentricity—as all planets seem to have more or less—thus producing cycles of long yet undefined length, throughout which our sun's family experiences many vicissitudes of heat and cold. By these long, but yet indeterminate, cycles, it is implied that the great geological periods through which mother earth has evidently passed, may be explained.

The idea is a taking and very sublime one, but what are the evidences of its truth? Your correspondent, as is the way of some writers, speaks positively thus: "Our solar system, however, turns around a central sun." We would like to ask him when and by whom this was proven? As an old-fashioned astronomer, this correspondent, who possibly may not have been able to keep up with modern discoveries—as he surely has not kept square with all modern fancies—think that the proof has not yet appeared.

For some years Mädler, a noted astronomer, claimed as a grand theory that the whole stellar universe was revolving around the star Alcyone of the Pleiades. "But," says Newcomb, "not the slightest weight has ever been given it by reliable astronomers, who have always seen it to be an entirely baseless speculation." Let the proof be given and we will all be most glad to adopt a theory so grand and far-reaching as the revolution of our mighty sun and his system, around some still more grand and mighty centre of power and life.

It seems to be admitted generally, as the result of long and careful observations of the fixed stars—as we call them—that our sun is moving, probably with great velocity, in the direction of the constellation Hercules, and of course we are going with him, as attached by the ties of gravity to his triumphal car of progress. But whether our track be straight, or curved around some such distant controlling centre, who knows? There are difficulties in the way of determining, too tedious here to enumerate. I will only repeat again: if any astronomer or set of astronomers have found the proofs, let them be published at large, by all means. J. G. J.

### FROM STOWE, VT.

TO THE EDITOR: Through the efforts of the "Ladies Aid Society" we have had with us for three months Mr. A. E. Tisdale, of Springfield, Mass. His engagement closes next Sunday. He has given a lecture every Sunday afternoon and evening during the time. The evening lectures have been of a scientific character. To say that we are satisfied with his work does not half express our feelings. We are more than pleased. Mr. Tisdale's guides are of a very high order of intelligence, and his lectures have shown great depth of thought. Last Sunday, March 29th, being our anniversary, his subject was, "Spiritualism. What is it? And What has it Come into the World for?" All pronounced it a masterpiece of eloquence. We have had intelligent audiences at every session. The people, especially those of liberal thought, have shown a marked interest in our meetings, and we feel sure that the beautiful truths they have heard have given them a favorable opinion of what real Spiritualism is. Many who were strangers to it have expressed regrets that our meetings must close so soon. I feel confident that any society securing the services of Mr. Tisdale will feel that they have been richly paid. K. F. S.

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A subscriber writes: THE JOURNAL is a welcome visitor. I am myself a member of an independent church, where my views are known, but having to a great extent the support of our pastor, I can express myself freely on questions coming up for discussion. Having no chance to associate with people of my faith, I think I can do more for our cause in this way than by staying at home. I have openly renounced the creed, thus giving the members no chance of accusing me of secretly undermining their organization, and also leaving them the right of expelling me from their church. I was thirteen years old when my parents wanted me to join the church. I obeyed their order, and since that time have been a member of said church, and if not expelled for my unbelief, will stay there and work according to the light given me until I can find a chance to unite with a society of Spiritualists, or such that would come nearer to my way of worshipping.

One of my best friends denies me the right of the name of Spiritualist on the ground of my being still a member of the church. Could not this question be discussed in THE JOURNAL?

J. G. Jackson, Hockessin, Del., writes: I feel like thanking you for the publication of that able paper by Sara A. Underwood, which appeared in last issue of THE JOURNAL (April 4th). It is so rich in the expression of sentiments calculated to provoke thought and action of a character most needed by this seeking, yet much befogged generation. I trust all your readers will note and weigh every part of it. Prof. Coues' spicy allusions to the late "soul-matching" efforts of the Romish church officials, in two notable instances, are also worthy of special note. Our lamented Sherman doubtless had as much "horror of counterfeit in his soul and contempt for hypocrites on his lips" as Prince Jerome Bonaparte, and would have so indicated if the unseasonable time chosen by the bigoted propagandists and greedy ghouls of the church, for their insulting ceremony, had allowed him opportunity to express his feelings.

William Foote, Kaolin, Pa., in a letter renewing his subscription to THE JOURNAL, says: With advancing years my faith increases rather than diminishes in the grand truths of Spiritualism. But, oh! what a fearful mass of godless superstition and prejudice one finds in the world on this subject. No one knows the truth of this better than the editor who undertakes to manage a paper conducted in the best interests of the cause. To be at all successful, he has at once to teach fundamental principles, furnish facts to illustrate them, and combat ignorant, jealous and selfish bigots, who will neither give nor take quarter. Courage, my good man, courage; win you must, for your cause is just. And your many friends—myself of the number—will still approve and applaud.

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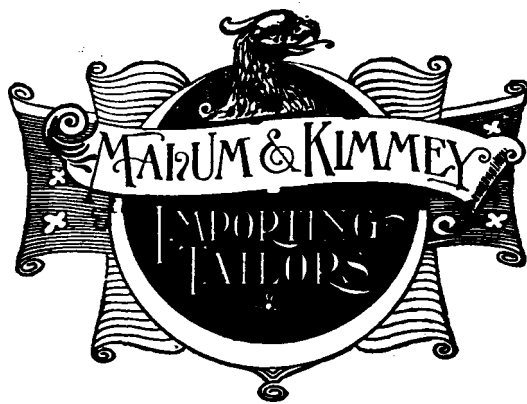
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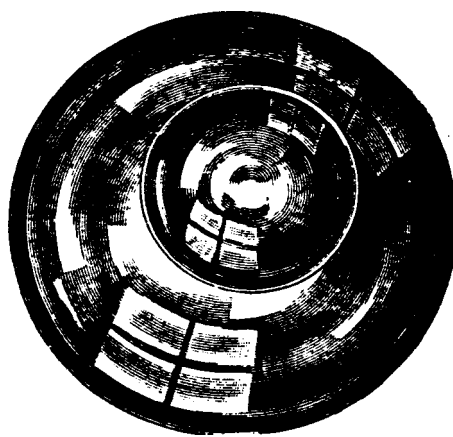
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## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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CHAPTER II. ASSYRIA, CHALDEA, EGYPT AND PERSIA. "Chaldean's seers are good." The Prophecy of Alexander's death. Spiritualism in the shadow of the pyramids. Setho and Psammetichus. Prophecies regarding Cyrus. The "Golden Star" of Persia.  
CHAPTER III. INDIA AND CHINA. Apollonius and the Brahmins. The creed of "Nirvana." Laoise and Confucius. Present corruption of the Chinese.  
CHAPTER IV. GREECE AND ROME. The famous Spiritualists of Hellas. Communication between world and world three thousand years ago. The Delphian Oracle. Pausanias and the Byzantine Captive. "Great Pan is dead." Socrates and his attendant, Aspasia at Alexandria. A haunted house at Athens. Valens and the Greek Theurgists. The days of the Caesars.

## Part Second.

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Drinking the cool of His Syrian skies;  
Lifting to heaven toil wearied hands,  
Seeing His Father with those pure eyes.

Gazing from trestle and bench and saw  
To the kingdom kept for His rule above;  
Oh, Jesus, Lord! we see with awe!  
Oh, Mary's Son, we look with love!

We know what message that eventide  
Bore when it painted the Roman cross,  
And the purple of nightfall prophesied  
The hyssop to Him, and to us the loss,

The crown which the Magi brought to her  
It made a vision of brows that bleed:  
And the censor, with spikenard and balm and myrrh  
It lay on the wall like the sponge and reed.

But now Thou art in the Shadowless Land,  
Behind the light of the setting sun:  
And the worst is forgotten which Evil planned,  
And the best that Love's glory could win is won!

—EDWIN ARNOLD IN "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

## THE MIDNIGHT TOAST.

A toast? From me?  
Why sure! Let's see  
To whom I'll quaff while midnight's sounding.  
I have it! Friends—  
To her who sends  
The life blood quickly through us bounding!

Come, blushes spare,  
I know she's fair.  
Her every action pure and tender;  
With eyes so true,  
Whate'er the hue,  
The hearts can naught save homage render.

Her word controls  
Our secret souls,  
Though vows of love we've often broken,  
She's ever fond—  
Her life's a bond,  
A loving, living, breathing token.

Come woe, come woe,  
Full well we know  
Her heart is ever warm and trusty.  
Boys! to your feet,  
Due honor mete  
'Hail our toast, long, loud and lusty!

Nay, nay! No wine,  
For her, divine—  
I'll pledge as friends and brothers,  
With rousing cheer,  
In "water clear—  
For, boys, we're drinking to "Our Mothers,"

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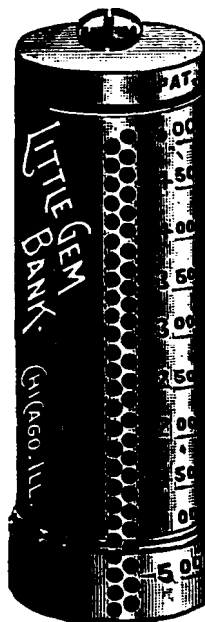
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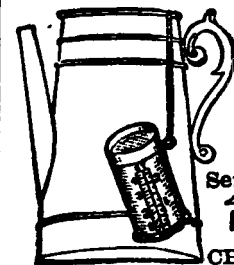
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In the Cincinnati post-office recently, in the general deposit of mail gathered at noon, was a much-thumbed and tear-stained postal card, says the *Boston Post and Record*. The writing upon it was in a child's hand, trembling and uncertain. The address was: "My dear mama in heaven." The letter was as follows:

home.  
Dear mama—I am so lonesome sins you went to heaven. I want to go to you. the time seems so long you said I could come to you. Mrs. Clarke is kind to me but she is not like you. you sho this to God and send for me sure, my arm hurts me so and you sed it would be well in heaven. i send you a kiss. from me, little DORA.

Cold indeed must be the heart that does not moisten the eye that looks upon that touching and pathetic letter with its baby love and unquestioning faith—an illustration of the love between child and mother that passeth understanding. The whole world of pathos is in the child's cry: "Mrs. Clarke is kind to me, but she is not like you." No, little one, nobody could be to you what your mother was.

Those familiar with the daily lives and sentiments of the laboring classes know what a stumbling-block to their faith is pious penurioseness, the charity that begins and ends at home. They can not reconcile godliness and greed. For most other forms of human weakness there is tolerance, even at times compassion; but for the man who acknowledges our common fatherhood and brotherhood, with his hands tightly closed upon his purse-string, there is a fierce contempt, "curses not loud, but deep." It may safely be affirmed that one sanctimonious miserly millionaire in a community works more deadly harm to Christianity than a dozen isolated cases of burglary or drunkenness. In Europe, we are told by competent authorities, the desperation of the poor is fast driving men into atheism. My distinguished townsman, Professor Ely, in a most suggestive lecture, inquires into the alienation of wage-workers from Christianity, proving that in most denominations such alienation undoubtedly exists.—*Cardinal Gibbons*.

#### TRANSIENTS.

Dear ghosts, whose softly trailing robes we hear,  
Yet see not—wide we set the household door,  
That your beloved foot-falls, as of yore,  
May seek the old familiar hearth-light's cheer.

So dark! So cold! The winter wind blows shrill,  
Haste in, dear ghosts, that we may bar it out,  
Nor stand in such pathetic, lingering doubt.  
The old love waits you—ah, the old love still!

Here are your places in the broken chain—  
Dear lips unknissed—dear hands we may not hold—  
Dear feet, love-led across the dim, white world  
To share the old remembered life again.

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Back to your lonely graves, bear with you hence  
Our chrism of tears—poor, tardy penitence  
For careless deeds our grief would fain set right.

Aye, let those tears—dropped crystals in the snow—  
Be jewel gleams to guide you home again  
To your old places in the broken chain,  
Silent—unseen—within the hearth-light's glow!

—HELEN T. CLARK.

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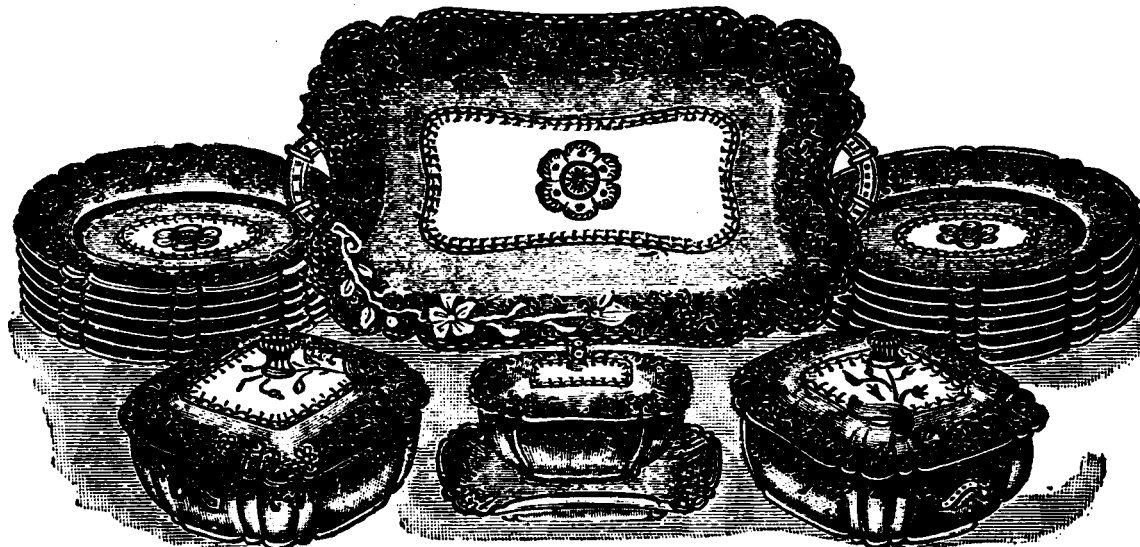
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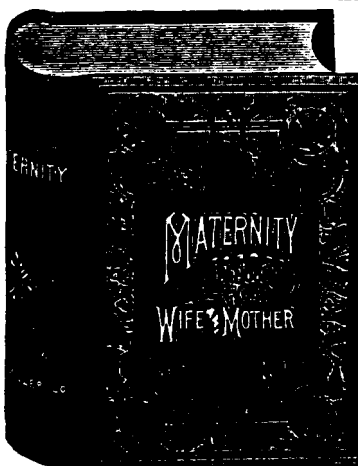
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BY JOHN C. BUNDY

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## CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—Topics of the Times.  
SECOND PAGE.—The Theory of Immortality. Marriage of Blood Relations. Women's Clubs.  
THIRD PAGE.—How Many Spiritualists? Cardinal Gibbons and Religious Liberty. A Popular Error.  
FOURTH PAGE.—The Open Court.—Co-Operation. The Controversy on Spiritualism in Germany.  
FIFTH PAGE.—The Science of the Stars.  
SIXTH PAGE.—Wives Now and Then. The Secret Mail. Did They See Anything? Justice and Mercy.  
SEVENTH PAGE.—True Stories of Strange Events.  
EIGHTH PAGE.—Marvelous Thought Reading. Can Animals See Spirits? Fanny Kemble's Ghost Stories. Inspired by a Trance.  
NINTH PAGE.—Woman and the Home.—Her Perfect Lover. The Great Transition. A Remarkable Indiana Revival.  
TENTH PAGE.—Voice of the People.—The Romish Hierarchy. Anniversary Exercises. "What Caused the 'Biological Period'?" From Stowe, Vt. Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
ELEVENTH PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
TWELFTH PAGE.—Book Reviews. Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
THIRTEENTH PAGE.—Right. Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
FOURTEENTH PAGE.—The Shadow and the Light. The Midnight Toast. Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
FIFTEENTH PAGE.—Translations. Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
SIXTEENTH PAGE.—Obituary. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Several complaints have been received of late of the non-arrival of THE JOURNAL. In all such cases the notification should be filed not more than two days after the date the paper ought to have arrived. This will enable us better to fix the responsibility. Owing to the jealousy of Chicago and the wrangling of politicians, the post-office in this city is never fully manned, and the tremendous pressure upon it, caused by the recent elections, has led to cause delays and miscarriages. Party politics and sectional rivalries will interfere with efficient service to the people, when the people insist on it so emphatically and persistently that their public servants realize that they are servants, and not masters.

J. C. Tyler, of Kalamazoo, Mich., writes: "I like your moderate and dispassionate attitude in discussing questions which, however strong may be your convictions in regard to them, are still held as stable by most people, and absurd by many. I am not a Spiritualist, and can have no opinion of the merits of the case, having had no opportunity to judge, but I am much interested in the investigations of these questions, as carried on by the Society for Psychical Research and others. Had I been allowed a suggestion as one outside the pale," but anxious to arrive at the truth? It seems to me that an occasional article, setting forth the central ideas

of the modern, advanced Spiritualistic thought, and the basis upon which it rests, would be of great value to many such as I, who are unable to learn of these things by intercourse with those who claim to know."

The Union City, Michigan, *Register*, announces a fourth course of lectures at the Opera House in that city on the evenings of April 18, 19 and 20, by B. F. Underwood and says: The subject assigned for the first discourse is, "The Real Foundation of Individual and Social Morality." Sunday evening the gentleman will touch upon a subject which has been attracting not a little attention here of late, viz., "Unitarianism in its Historical and Religious Aspects." For Monday evening the speaker takes for his subject, "Influence of Christianity Upon Civilization." Mr. Underwood has many friends and admirers here and his addresses are free from invective and stand their claims for attention upon their own merits—their cogency of reasoning; and the gentleman's views are pregnant with evidence of strong personal belief in the thoughts advanced.

An Indianapolis, Ind., correspondent writes: "We expect to start a Denton Spiritual Association here to hold circles, have lectures and distribute and sell Mr. Denton's books and pamphlets. He has promised through four different mediums to help us and continue as far as he can his work here, from the other side of life. I will send you notice with regard to place and time of meeting when we are ready to commence. We expect to start with Maud Lord Drake.

Mrs. Kate F. Stafford, of Stowe, Vt., writes: "I am very much pleased with the paper, although I do not expect to agree with you on all points, yet there is room in the world for all honest opinions."

## OBITUARY.

Greene M. Horton, son of Mr. T. M. Horton, passed to Spirit-life, February 11, 1891, at Senatobia, Miss.

William Carpenter, an aged Spiritualist, passed to the higher life on April 7, from his home at Upper Montclair, New Jersey, after an illness of some months, which he bore with great patience.

The senior member of the firm of Funk & Wagnalls, Rev. Dr. Funk, has instituted a libel suit for \$100,000 against the New York *Evening Post*, which, according to a circular statement issued by Funk & Wagnalls, has represented with "criminal dishonesty and malice" that that firm is advertising a mutilated and stolen edition of Prof. Bryce's "American Commonwealth." "We have always," the circular says, "held as very valuable and sacred the liberty of the press to freely discuss and criticize public affairs, business methods, and, when necessary, individuals. But this liberty may so degenerate into persistent, hurtful, willful falsehood, malignant spite and persecution as to break down the sanctity that should hedge an editor, and make it the duty of good citizenship to bring to bear the remedial power of the law.

## GUIDE-POSTS

ON

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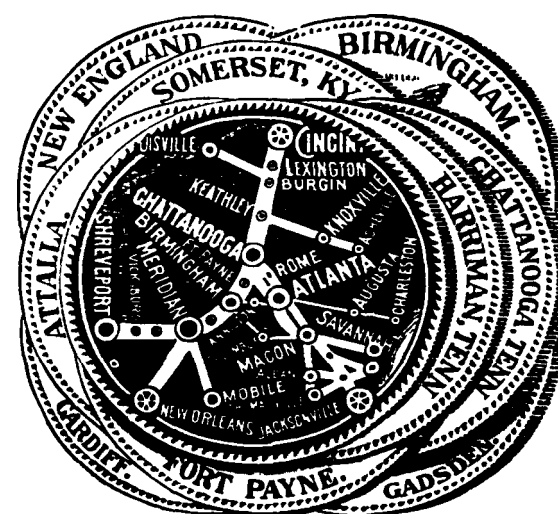
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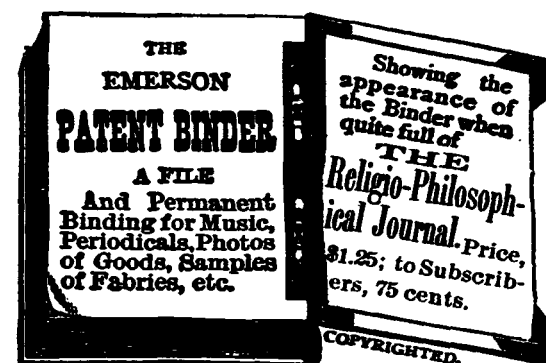
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ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, APRIL 25, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 4

## For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

Denton J. Snider says: I do not see how you can have a complete development of art without studying the nude in art. The human form *per se* is the foundation of all art. There is no doubt but northern people are shocked by the nude in art, and this shock has a moral motive. This goes back to the conflict which is as old as man himself, namely, the conflict between art and morals—morals, on the one hand, having a tendency to become ascetic, and art, on the other hand, having a tendency to become immoral. The true view is a reconciling mean in which art and morals are one.

A daily paper ridicules the indictment of Chauncey M. Depew for manslaughter. But if through his carelessness, his failure to perform his duties, loss of life occurred, why should not Mr. Depew be held accountable, the same as a conductor, an engineer and a brakeman are held accountable for accidents due to their negligence. Should a man on account of his wealth or social position be exempt from punishment when he has violated laws which are made for the benefit of all, and not merely of a class? It will not do to punish railroad employees for neglect of duty that results in loss of life, and exempt from punishment presidents and directors of roads, when their neglect and disregard of law cause such accidents as that which occurred in the New York tunnel.

The *International Journal of Ethics* announces that "beginning early in July, and continuing six weeks, there will be held at some convenient summer resort in New England or New York, a school for the discussion of ethics and other subjects of a kindred nature. The matter to be presented has been selected with regard to the wants of clergymen, teachers, journalists, philanthropists, and others, who are now seeking careful information upon the great themes of Ethical Sociology. It is believed that many collegiate and general students will also be attracted by the program." The department of Economics will be in charge of Professor H. C. Adams of the University of Michigan; E. Benj. Andrews, Prof. Frank W. Taussig, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Prof. J. B. Clark, Dr. Albert Shaw, Prof. E. J. James and Henry D. Lloyd will be the speakers. The department of the history of religions will be in charge of Professor C. H. Toy, of Harvard University. Prof. Bloomfield, of Johns Hopkins University, Prof. Moore, of Andover Theological Seminary, and Prof. Kittredge, of Harvard University will be the speakers in the course. The department of Ethics will be in charge of Prof. Felix Adler. Mr. W. M. Salter, Dr. Charlton T. Lewis and others to be announced later, will speak in this department. Notice of the place determined upon will be published at an early date.

Professor Felix Adler has generally been regarded as an agnostic, without belief in God or the immortality of the soul, but some of his recently reported utterances would seem to indicate that he has not been correctly understood, or else that he is now more favorable to a theistic and spiritual philosophy than he was formerly. He is reported speaking

as follows: "I am personally pledged to religious ideas. They are necessary to my life. I want to help sow seeds of the religion that is to be. In my religious teaching I address the few who care to follow abstract thought in ethical ~~world~~. I speak to all. Ethics is the nursery of religion, and it satisfies on its own account those who have no interest in religious interpretations. And yet you can not do a good act without being lifted into a spiritual atmosphere. Even in the religious interregnum men will hope, labor and love, show patience and self-sacrifice. Where love is there is deity. The higher faith will be more felt than thought, express itself more in act than word. As with faith in God, so with the hope of immortality. Who that loves can believe that the idol of his heart can be lost forever? All that is best in earthly possessions argues their permanence. Every man that lives rightly feels that within him is something destined not to die. Evolution postulates progress. Throw yourself into its stream and you will be stirred by a life that spreads far beyond the ken of mortal eye.

George Parson Lathrop, in a statement of the cause of his change of faith speaks of "the clear and comprehensive reasoning" on which the Roman Catholic church is based, the "positive manner, with a confident appeal to the intellect" with which she expounds her doctrine, and her replies to adversaries, which have impressed him "as remarkably calm, though free from malice or abuse and imbued with a profound spirituality . . . strongly contrasting with the prevailing tone of those who resist or disparage her divine claims." These statements show that Mr. Lathrop himself has cut loose from reason in matters of religion. Fortunately for him he makes no attempt to prove his statements which are peculiarly open to criticism. Thus the *Independent* referring to his last statement quoted above says: We can testify that we find quite as bitter and ungentlemanly polemics in some Catholic journals as we do in any Protestant ones. Nay more, may we, without offense, venture to ask Mr. Lathrop if he will turn to the published "Speeches" of Pope Pius IX himself, and judge whether his language about the Italian Liberals appears to him "remarkably calm, thorough, free from malice or abuse." He calls them "wolves," "perfidious," "Pharisees," "Philistines," "thieves," "liars," "hypocrites," "dropsical," "impious," "children of Satan," "children of perdition," "satellites of Satan," "monsters of Hell," "demons incarnate," "stinking corpses," "teachers of iniquity." We would not think of recalling these flowers of rhetoric if Mr. Lathrop had not asserted that self-restraint is a peculiarly Catholic virtue.

The change in the quality of immigration to this country of late years has been very marked. For many years, as one of the daily papers remarks, it is admitted by all careful observers that the quality of immigration has been in rapid process of deterioration. For many years the great majority of immigrants either spoke our own language or were of that Germanic stock whose instincts and developments of self-government astonished Cæsar and Tacitus. The republic of the new world absorbed all or most of the

truly republican spirits of the old world. Such immigration necessarily was intelligent, if uneducated; quick to learn, if unlearned; it also was potentially, not actually, thrifty and prosperous—it longed for homesteads rather than for money. It was the best material conceivable for the construction of a great republic. And it gave a noble account of itself during the years of the civil war. But of late, a more so with every year, we have been receiving myriads whose language is not more diverse from ours than is their conception of government. The dissipated subject of a despotism has come hither with in of building up a theory of anarchy, or of an "advanced socialism" which differs little from anarchy. Wretchedly poor subjects of decaying monarchies of superficial civilizations have come here, not build a home or to create a farm, but to make a living in our cities by such pursuits and for such paltry compensation as are held disreputable among them. What to us is sordid poverty to them is comparative wealth. What to us would be unendurable misery to them comparative luxury. They huddle into wretched shelters, they eat wretched food, they wear wretched clothes, but they save money. They save but not to use it for the benefit of the community. They open vile saloons, they lend at usurious interest, are the most dangerous of traders.

According to a dispatch from Mechanicsburg, (the home of Mr. Hiram Ruthless, a sober, reliable, industrious man has been disturbed by strange sounds issuing from the interior of the dwelling in the middle of the night, which up to this time remain unaccounted for. On several occasions they have been aroused from slumber as by some one pounding on the head of the bed, shoveling coal into the stove, foot over head; a search and examination in each instance resulting in no discovery of the mystery. A morning ago the family arose at the usual hour when, upon entering the dining room, they found the ghost, as was supposed, had been there first, placed the knives, forks and plates upon the table at their accustomed places. The wife questioned her husband in regard to the matter, thinking it a practical joke of his; but he maintained that he had no party to the action, and casually mentioned the ghost might know something about it. The husband scouted the idea, saying she was no believer in ghosts. The night following the above circumstance, the family had retired to bed, Mr. Ruthless aroused from his slumbers by what appeared to be voices in the room. Opening his eyes and looking around he beheld a sight that caused his heart to beat tumultuously for a few seconds. Standing in a few feet of him was a figure in a white robe enveloped the entire form from head to foot. The figure was considerably bent forward, not unlike that of a person whom years bore heavily upon. It began to slowly glide backward toward the room door. He arose with a feeling born of fear, nervously slipped into his garments. By the time he had accomplished this feat and taken his retreat from under his pillow, he was prepared to follow the retreating figure of the apparition. But just as it reached the juncture it faded from sight, seemingly enveloped in a sort of phosphorescent light.

## LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

papers that oppose the old religious creeds from the standpoint of materialism, may be seen from week to week. The denials of the doctrine that man exists as a being after physical dissolution, on the assumption that mind is one of the products of material organization. "Where there is no material nature," say these materialistic philosophers, "there is no intelligence. You don't see any immortal beings. Knock a man on the head, break his skull—in other words destroy the organization, his intelligence ceases. Why? Because his intelligence, his mind, his soul, is an effect—an effect of material combinations and molecular motions. It persists, but its forms change, and one of its forms is the human body, with the dissolution of which, the aggregate of its functions that constitute its individual life, disappear forever."

To a superficial thinker, or to one who has not gone deep enough into this subject to see that the word "soul" stands only for phenomenal existence, that matter is but a symbolical representation in consciousness of a deeper underlying reality, the old material-reasoning has a kind of speciousness which fabulously impresses unadvanced students in philosophy. But materialism is in fact a shallow system. Among the class thinkers it is actually obsolete. The statement that mind is a function of the brain is not only an assumption, but an assumption that science contradicts. The brain, the nervous system, the entire body organization, is being constantly renewed, and every particle in the body being changed, yet consciousness, memory, and personal identity endure.

This fact allusion was made in these columns last week. Its importance justifies recurrence to it in the discussion of the fact in a philosophical discussion between Spiritualism and materialism. Mind is primary. "I think, therefore I am." *ergo sum*—matter is secondary. The concept of matter implies mind. The qualities we ascribe to matter imply sentience. Dr. Lewis G. Janes, President of the Brooklyn Ethical Society, a careful head-headed thinker, says: "We have only five senses of sense whereby we come into conscious relation with the external universe; yet we may not be that to beings differently constituted it might present itself in manifold other aspects. An able man, Mr. B. F. Underwood, thus frankly recognizes the truth: 'If we were destitute of sight, touch, taste, and hearing, these qualities would cease to exist, although the external reality might give rise to the idea of which the word matter would convey no idea in our minds.'"

Janes, in a truly philosophic spirit, continues: "It is impossible to prove that within the husk of material body there is being evolved a finer and enduring habitation for our personality, it is equally impossible to disprove it. That is a very dogmatic and superficial materialism that claims to have demonstrated the impossibility of conscious life after death of the body." Mr. Janes justly says that materialistic positivism of to-day is a result of a thoughtful incomplete reaction from the theological attempt that for centuries has been heaped upon it. "By the orderly process of its natural laws," says Dr. Janes, "the universe has evolved in the life of man this conception of a life beyond the growing clearer and more comprehensive from age to age."

Janes, after referring to the primitive fire, the birth of planets and the development of animal and plant forms, prophetic in their final culmination in man, further says: "Has nature expended centuries of evolutionary labor, merely to produce a creature of to-day, a wisp of grass, that to-day is tomorrow is cast into the oven . . . . . To our mind the theory of evolution is rendered luminously completely rational by the conception of the eternal nature of its processes in the nature of individual mind in no other. "We know," continues this "that the race has grown out of ignorance, out of savagery and brutehood up to its present estate. . . . . Already been accomplished through the method of evolution is prophetic of greater

blessings yet in store. So wonderful, so beneficent is this orderly progression, so satisfying its present results, that it offers firm foundation for perfect trust that whatever is best will happen to us all . . . . . The contrary hypothesis of a long round of development of the world, finally to be quenched forever in the dissolution of the world, is more accordant with the fanciful speculations of obsolete Eastern philosophies than with the rational and progressive philosophy of the nineteenth century."

Without immortality for man the whole system of evolution is without meaning. The Spiritualist sees in the psychical and spiritual phenomena, proving the continuance of personality beyond this mundane sphere, confirmation of the well reasoned thought voiced by the President of the Brooklyn Ethical Society.

## A BAD METHOD.

Rev. Charles Gore, a representative of Oxford theology, in an essay on inspiration says: "The church cannot insist upon the historical character of the earliest record of the ancient [i.e. Jewish] church in detail as she can on the historical character of the Gospels or The Acts of the Apostles . . . . . Within the limits of what is substantially historical there is still room for an admixture of what, though marked by a spiritual purpose, is not yet strictly historical . . . . . There is nothing in the doctrine of inspiration to prevent one recognizing a considerable idealizing element in the Old Testament. The reason is, of course, obvious enough, why, what can be admitted in the Old Testament, could not, without results disastrous to the church's creed, be admitted to the New. It is because the Old Testament is the record of how God produced a need or anticipation, or ideal, while the New Testament records how in fact he satisfied it. The absolute coincidence of idea and fact is vital in the realization, not in the preparation for it." This reminds a writer in the *Westminster Review* of an argument used by counsel in 1727 to induce the court of kings bench to decide that University College in Oxford had a royal foundation. "King Alfred," the counsel argued, "must be confirmed the founder, for the sake of religion itself, which would receive a greater scandal by a determination on the other side, than it had by all atheists, deists and apostates from Julian down to Collins; that a succession of clergymen for so many years should return thanks for an idol, or mere nothing, in ridicule and banter of God and religion must not be suffered in a court of justice."

That is to say a pious fraud must not be discredited because "a succession of clergymen" have thanked God for it. The legendary element in the New Testament must not be admitted, because the admission cannot be made without "results disastrous to the church's creed" and, not because the New Testament stories can be proved to be true, but because "the coincidence of idea and fact is vital in the realization" of a need or anticipation or ideal. This is the last turn of the doomed hare. Such a defence of the miraculous element in the New Testament—an element which by the accepted canons of historical criticism is excluded from all other narratives, whether ancient or modern—lacks even the merit of ingenuity and is hardly compatible with intellectual honesty.

When Cheetham, a biographer of Thomas Paine, was tried for libelling the author of the "Age of Reason" the counsel for the defence argued that even if the language for which Cheetham had been indicted was false—as it had conclusively been shown—the jury should consider that the work containing the libellous statements was calculated to advance the cause of Christianity, and therefore the defendant should not be convicted. Although Cheetham was found guilty the argument addressed to the religious prejudice of the jurors was not without effect as was evident from the disproportion between the offence and the small fine imposed.

The main argument of the clergy against evolution some years ago was that if it should be admitted to be true, the authority of Genesis would be overthrown, and with it the doctrine of the original perfection and the subsequent fall of man. By thus erecting creeds as absolute standards of truth, ignoring or denying the

evidences for new discoveries and formulations, and making in all discussions of new theories, everything else, even moral claims and obligations, subordinate to the defence of traditional beliefs, theologians have as a class opposed progressive thought to the full extent of their power. That power fortunately is much less now than it ever was before.

## MILD HERESY.

In defining his position to a representative of the Chicago press, the mildly heterodox Rev. MacQueary said lately: "My belief is that a clergyman of the Episcopal church holds the same relation to the articles and creeds as a Congressman does to the Constitution. He should be permitted to offer amendments where he thinks they are needed. I accept the substance of the creed but do not accept the creed literally. Few ministers believe in the physical resurrection of the human body. I certainly have a right to deny the virgin birth of Christ and the physical resurrection. I believe in the divinity of Christ." "Would not that impair your usefulness in the Unitarian Church?" "I do not think so. The Unitarian Church does not make doctrine the basis of fellowship. It doesn't require you to disbelieve the divinity of Christ." But preaching the divinity of Christ would not be acceptable to Unitarians. Does Mr. MacQueary hold to this doctrine, the essential doctrine of Evangelical Christianity, and yet attach so little importance to it that he can preach the Gospel and omit all reference to the divinity of Christ? Probably not. From his remarks to the Chicago newspaper man it would seem that Mr. MacQueary is in some respects a high churchman and reluctant to desert the form of the Episcopal worship dear to the ritualists who have helped the fight against him. He said:

"I hold the high-church views of baptism, holy communion, and the apostolic succession. I used to be considered a high churchman with a tendency toward ritualism, and even toward Rome, when I was at the seminary. I don't see why a baby is not susceptible to the special influence of the Divine Spirit in baptism. He may depart from it late in life, but so may a man. As for the sacrament of holy communion even if one takes the lowest view of it and calls it a memorial feast, it is very edifying. If I take a Unitarian church I shall have the sacrament administered, unless the congregation's wishes are against it. In that case I shall have to subordinate my views. I would miss the sacrament greatly."

"Historically I believe that the episcopally ordained ministers are the successors of the apostles. It is consistent with my philosophy to believe that supernatural grace is bestowed with the ordination of a minister. Historically, the legitimate successors of the apostles are the priests of the Catholic Church, that is the Episcopalians or English Catholics, the Roman Catholics, and the members of the Eastern Church. But I believe also that there is such a thing as a man having a call to preach the gospel, and to these, I may say, a spiritual apostolic succession has descended. They are ecclesiastical irregulars." Mr. MacQueary said he did not believe in the formal confession of the confessional, but he held to the belief that when a man truly penitent confessed his sins, he could be absolved by the Divine Spirit through the agency of a clergyman.

Although Mr. MacQueary has come to disbelieve or doubt one of the dogmas of his church there are others connected with that one quite as irrational, quite as opposed to all that is known of history, science and the process of evolution, to which he still clings. His spirit is progressive, but his creed and his conceptions of the priestly office hamper and fetter his intellect. That he will yet come to see that Christianity is but one of many forms of religion, and that like the others, it conforms in its origin and history to the laws of evolution, we firmly believe.

## CONVICTS.

Fred H. Wines, the well-known penologist, of Springfield, Ill., has prepared census tables which contain valuable statistics in regard to the convict



population of this country. In 1880 the proportion of penitentiary convicts was 709 in each million of the total population. In 1890 the proportion was 722. Convictions and imprisonments just about kept pace with population. But when the table is dissected it is found that this rule, which applies to the whole country, does not apply to each part of it. In eight states the number of convicts has absolutely declined in the course of the decade; these are Alabama, Maine, Michigan, Mississippi, Nevada, New Hampshire, Vermont and Wyoming. In thirteen states, to wit: California, Connecticut, Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Maryland, Nebraska, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Virginia, Washington and West Virginia, there has been an absolute increase in the number of convicts, but a relative decrease when that number is compared with the growth of population. In the remaining states and territories the increase of convicts has been both relative and absolute; that is to say, the convict population has increased faster than the general population. Of states and territories on this slope Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Utah are embraced in this list. The assumption, however, that these figures demonstrate a greater development of crime in the west and the new countries than in older and more eastern states would be erroneous; for Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania likewise figure in the list of states where the increase of convict population is both relative and absolute. The total number of convicts now held in penitentiaries, or leased out to employers—as is largely the case in the south—is 45,233. The proportion of native-born convicts to the total native-born population is considerably less than that of foreign-born convicts to the foreign-born population. But the division of the convicts by sex is more striking still. Of the total number 43,442 are males, and only 1,791 females, though the number of the sexes are about equal in the country at large. It seems that twenty-three or four men commit crime and bring up in penitentiaries for every woman who meets the like fate, a fact which can probably be explained in some degree by the assumption that women's offenses against the law are usually of a mild type, and less frequently call for the stern interference of the law than do the crimes of men.

#### THE BILL AGAINST FRAUDULENT MATERIALIZATION EXHIBITS.

The language of the proposed law to punish fraud in materialization exhibitions now before the Illinois legislature was copied into THE JOURNAL from a daily paper under the supposition that it was correct. The following is a correct copy of the bill, which will be seen on comparison to be more lucid than the one heretofore published:

SEC. 1. Every person who for profit or gain, or in anticipation thereof, for the purpose of presenting what is commonly known as spirit materialization, shall personate the spirit of a deceased person, or who shall by trick, device or mechanical contrivance present anything to represent the spirit of a deceased person shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be subject to a fine of not less than one hundred dollars, nor more than three hundred dollars, or confined in the county jail not less than three months nor more than six months, or both, in the discretion of the court.

SEC. 2. This act shall not be deemed to apply to any portion of a scene or play in any theatrical presentation.

#### SWEDENBORG: THE ILLUMINANT.

"Souls in the other life seem, indeed, to themselves to have lost the memory of particulars, or the corporeal memory, in which merely material ideas were, because they are unable to excite anything from that memory, while yet the full faculty of perceiving and sneaking remains as in the life of the body. But this owing to the fact that the Lord has so ordained that the soul shall not be able to draw forth anything from that memory, as then it would excite the same things as it did in the former life, and would live in like manner, and so could not be perfected. Still that memory remains; not, however, as active, but as passive, and it can be excited, for whatever men may done, seen, or heard in their lifetime when they

are spoken of to them with a like idea then they at once recognize them, and know that they have said, seen, or heard such things, which has been evinced to me by such abundant proofs that I could, in confirmation, fill many pages with them. As such then is the state of the case, it appears that spirits retain all their memory of particulars, so that they lose nothing, only that for the causes above-mentioned they cannot draw anything from it, as they are now led onward into their interior life, and thus no longer act from externals. Souls\* are not at all aware but that they speak from their own memory, and do, in fact, sometimes thus speak, as I have heard; but then it is from the interior memory through which the things in their corporeal memory are excited. They confessed, however, that they had lost the memory of particular or material things, at which they were indignant. It was only given them to remember those things which they could excite from my memory. Spirits also do the same, and thus speak in a manner suitable to their own life, the life which they have contracted from the life in the body, for they can excite nothing else."—*Spiritual Diary, 1662.*

\*Souls here spoken of as other than spirits call for the explanatory note in Vol. I., p. 111, of Swedenborg's "Spiritual Diary": "The difference to be observed is that souls are those who are recently deceased and who are not yet inaugurated into spiritual societies; whereas spirits are inaugurated."

Thomas E. Hill of "Hill's Manual," Prospect Park, Ill., proposes that the United States government receive and care for the money of the people and central bank depositories, to be established throughout the country to the number of 3,000 and that three per cent interest be allowed on all long time deposits made therein. He would have the government continue to buy gold and silver bullion increasing the volume of money the banking capital of the nation, to the extent of \$2,000,000,000, and loaning money at four per cent interest on value accompanied by guaranteed society. The receipts from interest would give the government, Mr. Hill says, a large annual profit. Loans could be safely made, he avers, up to \$10,000,000,000, at even much lower rates of interest. He thinks his plan would bring money from all its hiding places, encourage the poor to acquire and save, prevent panics, and give the profits of banking to the people. The system recognizes gold and silver as representatives of wealth and as a basis of exchange throughout the world. Mr. Hill's system has the merit of being simple and plain, it is evidently practicable, and its adoption would be in the line of enlarging the functions of government. Some system like the one proposed may in the near future take the place of the existing system which, with all its merits, has grave defects and with which there is no little popular dissatisfaction.

The Glenmore School, of which Mr. Thomas Davidson is the founder and leading spirit, will have a course of lectures the coming summer in the Adirondacks. Prof. John Dewey and Prof. F. N. Scott, of Michigan University, have promised to give instruction in aesthetics; Mr. Davidson, Stephen F. Weston, Prof. Henry N. Gardner, Dr. W. T. Harris, Prof. J. Clark Murray, Prof. J. Gould Schurman, Edward H. Gregg, and Miss Edith H. Kitching will be among the lecturers and teachers. Philosophy, literature and the languages will receive the most attention. Glenmore is a farm of a hundred and sixty acres, in the wilderness on the foothills of Mt. Hurricane, about 2,000 feet above sea level, and twenty miles from the nearest railway station, which is Westport, on Lake Champlain.

Rev. A. R. Kieffer, Rector of Grace Church, at Colorado Springs, Colorado, is one of the rapidly increasing body of liberal clergymen in the Episcopalian pulpit. He does not hesitate to yield sympathetic attention where claims are made which seem to mark advances along lines calculated to benefit humanity, even though these claims are beyond the pale of ecclesiastical recognition. In a late letter announcing the sending of his Easter sermon, Mr. Kieffer says: "If you consider the thought (in the sermon) of a helpful character in any way, you are welcome

to use it. I am so much indebted to THE JOURNAL every week that this one thought of mine is but a small compensation for the many valuable ones I receive from your paper." While THE JOURNAL disgruntles many people within and beyond the spiritualistic fold, it is steadily and surely widening its acquaintance among, and securing the grateful recognition of, the intelligent, thinking classes regardless of sectarian or party limitations. This is as it should be. As Spiritualism is all embracing in its scope, and independent of all sects, so is THE JOURNAL for all who have reached, or are earnestly striving to attain, the altitude of real endeavor for spiritual growth and psychical knowledge, whatever may be their personal theological predilections.

Luther Laffin Mills, the great lawyer and orator, gives an instance of a miner's belief in prayer. I was, says Mr. Mills, coming in from Denver not long ago and fell in with one of those great, big-hearted fellows who live out in the Western country. He told me he was on his way to Switzerland to raise a million and a half dollars for the purpose of opening up some valuable mines in Colorado. He said there was a great deal of idle capital in Switzerland waiting for a chance to be invested. He was a pious man, too. He said to me, having explained his mission as I have just related, and in answer to a question I had asked as to what hope he had of success: "I am bound to succeed, sir. There are people who are praying for my success, and I am not idle in that respect. My wife and children are praying for me and they will continue to pray for me as long as I am gone. The good people of the church of which I am a member are praying for me. And when I have succeeded and the money begins to reap a profit I am going to build a fine church for those people myself. If it wasn't for the faith I have in the prayers of all those people I couldn't go to Switzerland and ask for what I am going to ask, no matter how much is in the mines."

The American Board of Foreign Missions says that there are only 37,287 adult native Christians in China, and 1,295 missionaries there at the present time. The A. B. F. M. does not recognize Catholics as Christians, and one of the Catholic journals raises the question whether Catholics should not make a similar discrimination. Are we, it says, the 200,000,000 of Catholics even by courtesy bound to consider these bumptious, conceited, arrogant creatures as Christians? The proofs of their being entitled to be called Christians are so slim that no jury of honest men would acknowledge their right. Protestants with all their labors for forty years cannot yet show 40,000 converts, and the Catholics, whom they so impudently ignore, in spite of persecutions and trials, can number twenty-five to every one, and their converts are genuine Christians.

It is related of Rufus Choate that he once prepared a document for a client who depended upon its prompt receipt to complete an important transaction. As he left his office to attend court the great lawyer handed the paper to his clerk with the explanation that "Mr. Brown will call for this and must have it this morning. You will hand it to him and collect \$25." When Mr. Brown called he did want the document, but had only \$15. Appreciating the client's necessities, the clerk took the money and gave up the paper, but on the return of his employer he feared his displeasure, and, hesitatingly explaining the situation, offered the money. "Why," said Mr. Choate, "you took all he had, didn't you? That was strictly in accord with legal ethics."

Professor Tyndall, says that the emotions of man are older than his understanding, and that the poet who brightens, purifies, and exalts these emotions may claim a position in the world, at least, as high and well assumed as that of the man of science, because he ministers to different but equally permanent needs of human nature, and that the man of science will never be able to destroy the glory of the poet in the field.



## THE SUN.

By W. N. SLOCUM.

Is the sun igneous, or magnetic? That is the question. Scientists are excellent observers of facts. They are critical in investigation and exact in statement. Usually their deductions from facts are reasonable. Still, it sometimes happens that the common sense interpretation of facts does not agree with the "scientific" interpretation.

Scientists have advanced various theories to account for the heat and light of the sun, but "the available theories are now reduced to two—one being the incessant falling of cosmical bodies—meteoric matter—on the sun's surface; the other, the contraction of the sun's diameter." The first sometimes called the Mayer theory—is held by most scientists as good as far as it goes, but they affirm that the greatest probable accession of extraneous matter is insufficient to account for the invariableness and continuance of the heat radiated from the sun. This conclusion leaves the "contraction theory," called the Helmholtz theory, the only one scientists now deem tenable, and they are speculating on the length of time the "machine" is going to run. Prof. Newcomb says: "In five million years the sun will have shrunk to half its present diameter. As to the amount of heat radiated from the sun, Herschel estimates it as sufficient to melt at the equator 26,000 tons of ice per hour on each square mile of surface. Pouillet says if the sun's heat were distributed uniformly over the earth's surface, it would be sufficient to melt annually a layer of ice over the entire globe one hundred feet thick.

Tyndall says the earth receives less than one two-hundred-millionth part of the heat the sun radiates into space. Prof. Charles A. Young, in his latest work, affirms that the earth gets only one twenty-two-hundred-millionth part of the whole. The great difference in these figures indicate a misprint of one of the estimates, but no matter which may be most nearly correct, they are alike incomprehensible. In fact, Prof. Young says: "The amount of radiation is beyond comprehension."

Reasoning from the assumption that the sun is a flaming mass of matter, much thought has been expended concerning the source of fuel supply, it being evident that if there were no extraneous supply the sun would soon burn itself out. Tyndall says: "Were the sun a block of burning coal, supplied with oxygen sufficient for its combustion, it would be utterly consumed in five thousand years." and he adds that if the sun were a cooling body the entire mass would become cold in less than 5,000 years. (Young says 5,000,000 years. What guesses some of these scientists do make, though!)

It is evident, therefore, that if the sun is a hot body, it must be fed from some source outside itself. The assumption of Christian cosmogonists that "the Creator provides for his own creation," is thus disposed of by Tyndall:

"To nature nothing can be added; from nature nothing can be taken away; the sum of her energies is constant, and the utmost man can do in the pursuit of physical truth, or in the application of physical knowledge is to shift the constituents of the never varying total. The law of conservation rigidly excludes both creation and annihilation."

As to the theory of Helmholtz (held also by Young and most other scientists) that the heat of the sun is caused by contraction—if the sun really is a hot body it would seem to a common sense observer that the contraction must result from the loss of heat, instead of the heat resulting from contraction. That is the law on the earth; why not on the sun? It is a well-

fact that heat causes expansion. To assume, that contraction causes heat is to admit that caused must, in turn, cause expansion;

consequently there can be no contraction. In short the theory is self-contradictory. At least so it seems to some who think they have common sense.

But why is it necessary to assume that the sun is a hot body? Artificial heat is usually produced by combustion, but it does not follow that the heat from the sun is produced in that manner. The sun may be a magnetic body, perfectly cold of itself, but emitting rays which, passing through space in darkness and cold, on striking the atmosphere of the earth, or of any other planet, produce light and heat.

If heat were actually radiated from the sun, as heat, the entire interplanetary space would be filled with light and warmth—an idea too absurd for consideration, and directly contrary to known facts. If the sun were a burning body, the tops of mountains, being nearest the source of heat, would receive quite as much as the valleys, though the temperature would be, as it now is, lower because of the lack of reflected heat which is the main factor in causing the variation of temperature at various altitudes. So far as known there is no appreciable difference in the degree of heat received from the sun on mountain top and valley, exclusive of the radiation from the earth. If there is any difference there is less rather than more at high altitudes, and, according to the magnetic theory, there should be less because the depth of atmosphere is less. Aeronauts have learned that the higher they ascend the lower is the temperature.

Undoubtedly the sun's interior, like the interior of the earth, is a molten mass. Such may be the inevitable result of the close contact of atoms in all immense masses of matter—in all worlds—but such heat is not felt on the surface to any appreciable extent. It is perceivable in the deep mines of the earth and evidenced by volcanic outbreaks and earthquakes, but the surface is cool. Why may not the surface of the sun be cool also?

Scientists assume that the existence of the corona, extending nearly a million miles from the surface of the sun, proves that it is "a fiery orb which with potential energy throws off portions of itself to inconceivable distances from its surface." A common sense observer would say the corona proves that igneous power would be insufficient to throw dense matter to such immense distances. The corona closely resembles the aurora borealis, and is—in my estimation—of like nature, and attributable to like causes.

In the published transactions of the British Association for the advancement of science (1885), Prof. Huggins, in an article on the corona, says: "The photosphere is the seat of ceaseless convulsions and outbursts of fiery matter. Storms of heated gas and incandescent hail rush upwards or in cyclones as many miles in a second as our hurricanes move in an hour." That is to say, gross matter is expelled from the sun at a rapidity exceeding 300,000 miles an hour. He also says some of the expelled matter goes so far that portions of it are dissipated in space, being set free from the sun's attraction. Such immense force exerted on gross matter is quite inconceivable by the human mind; but if the flashes of light are magnetic then the effect produced is quite in harmony with the cause, and the phenomenon becomes reasonable instead of incomprehensible.

An American astronomer, the late Prof. Elias Loomis, as long ago as 1834, made observations of the magnetic needle which proved that the sun acts very appreciably upon the magnetism of the earth. Prof. H. A. Newton, president of Yale College, in an address on the life and eminent services of Prof. Loomis, said: "The magnetic needle is always in motion. It has fitfully irregular motions; it has motions with a daily period; motions with an annual period, and motions whose oscillations require centuries for completion. The connection of the period of solar spots with the conjunction and opposition of certain planets has been shown by De La Rue and Stewart. Prof. Loomis, after an exhaustive examination of the facts, confirmed their conclusions. He showed that although the regular diurnal variations of the magnetic needle are independent of the solar spots, the excessive disturbances of the needle are almost in exact proportion to the spotted surface, and that great dis-

turbances of the earth's magnetism are accompanied by unusual disturbances on the sun's surface. The magnetism of the earth, the aurora borealis, and the spots on the sun have thus all three a causal connection, and apparently that connection is closely related to the conjunction and opposition of certain planets."

All of which tends to prove that the sun is magnetic, and the earth also, to a less extent. This is not a new idea. Such an opinion has been held by various persons—not scientific—for many years, and it is only recently that acknowledged scientists have thought it worthy of consideration. Prof. F. A. Bigelow, in a treatise published in the Smithsonian Reports (1889) holds that the corona is a magnetic phenomenon, and demonstrated that the rays conform mathematically to the "lines of force" of a spherical magnet. The same writer has an article on the corona in the *American Journal of Science* for November, 1890, but as it is written for scholars the ordinary reader is not much edified by its perusal. In the September number of the same journal Prof. Samuel Sheldon gives the results of his experiments in exciting electricity by rotating a beam of polarized light, the reverse of Faraday's process of rotating a beam of light by means of electricity. Prof. Sheldon's experiments as well as Bigelow's observations not only confirm the opinion of most physicists that there is very close relationship, if not identity, between light and electricity, but they also indicate that the sun is a magnetic or electrical body, and not necessarily a hot body. They do not say so in plain words, but that is a fair common sense deduction. Consequently the sun may be inhabited, as well as the earth, and the inhabitants need not necessarily be salamanders.

## WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

By LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

No word perhaps since "abolitionist," in the early days of anti-slavery propaganda, has been held so unsavory and odious in the general mind as the word socialism. Moreover, to the unthinking and uninformed it is synonymous with anarchism, its antipodes, nihilism and associated with dynamite, disorder and violence. Nothing can be farther from the truth.

The idea, also, commonly expressed by the conservative people who expect that as things have been they will be forever, amen—that socialism means "dividing up," placing all persons on the same footing, financially, by equalizing their possessions—is as incorrect as the other.

Our school system and our mail system are socialistic systems. They are based on the idea which is alike the central principle of Americanism and socialism—"of the people, for the people, by the people." The good of each the good of all, and the good of all the good of each. Socialism proposes to construct an economic system on this principle. The Farmers' Alliance demands that the transportation system shall be managed by the government, like the mail system, for the benefit of all the people, and not for the benefit of a class of stockholders and officials. This is a socialistic measure, and has been demanded by socialists long before the Farmers' Alliance was born. But this body of citizens, who imagine they have just discovered a principle, denounce "socialism" in the same breath with maledictions upon "monopolies" and "trusts." Socialism is a combination of the Declaration of Independence and the golden rule. The equal rights of man consist of and inhere in the identical necessities of each and every individual, requiring equal opportunity for the supply of common wants, physical, mental and spiritual. Every natural resource which man finds ready for him by bestowing labor belongs equally to every individual. Can this be disputed? The earth belongs to the living who need means of subsistence upon it. Will anyone dispute this?

The right and title of any person to possession of the soil, out of which the food for all must be obtained, is use. The earth is, by the divinest law, the common inheritance of humanity. Nature has fixed the cost of possessions to be the result of labor. Natur



too, is an impartial and invariable provider of sustenance to the diligent worker.

Socialism is the application of this beneficent law to the complex conditions of associated humanity. Socialism takes the child, the basis of the future social state, and the founder of a healthful or a deteriorated coming generation. It demands that this child shall be schooled, its intelligence equipped, that its body shall be protected from undue tax by labor during its growing years and formative period.

Why should we suspect and deride socialism when its demands are on the side of better conditions for the helpless child, and the coming man and woman? Do we not need the demands for "rigid enforcement of all laws relating to child labor"? "strict enforcement of compulsory education laws"? "establishment of the kindergarten and manual training systems of education in our public schools"? "municipal aid for destitute children"? Can we prefer that children should be fitted for jails and reformatories? Then, "municipal ownership and management of gas works, electric lighting, telegraph, telephone, street transportation in all forms." Why should not the producing toilers have the benefit of light, and transportation, and communication at cost, instead of paying millions into the pockets of corporations annually? But this is the odious thing spoken of with contempt, or in bated breath—socialism. It is the equalizing to each and all of the resources of civilization, and of nature's bounties, that socialism demands, and not the dividing up of present possessions. It is to make the whole social body a mutual, coöperative organism working together harmoniously for the well-being of the whole, according to the laws of the human body, the planet on which we dwell, and the laws of the universe—that socialism has appeared with its demands in the present stage of human evolution.

That the tiller of the soil and producer of food should pay tribute to a moneylender or landlord is a flagrant injustice. That any willing hands should lack employment, or be forced to eat the bread of charity, is a shame. That tender childhood should be placed in the treadmill of wage-earning is a crime against humanity. Until it has been demonstrated by experiment that socialism either is or is not the solution of these mighty economic problems, it is neither sensible nor humane to fling contempt upon the word, or to treat its demands with indifference.

And what is Christian socialism? It is the sentiment of human brotherhood, of fraternity, of the love of the neighbor as one's self, made the central principle and motive of conducting social affairs. The end sought by State socialists and Christian Socialists may be, must in general be the same. Some, at least, of those who are ranked as State Socialists depend upon placing the individual in a good environment to produce the better individual. Christian Socialists depend upon the higher motive and better state of the individual to make effective and actualize the better methods of socialism.

These two standpoints will not hinder the progress of the reconstructive idea—the rather they will be coöperative forces to forward its accomplishment.

Chicago affords no shelter or lodging-place to unemployed penniless men, but the cold floors of the police stations. Chicago furnishes no employment to the starving, penniless man. The corridors of the stations have been at times so crowded during the past winter that only a portion could lie down at a time, even when packed like sardines in a box. So some stood up while others slept, by turns. Is it strange in such a state of affairs that a starving young man should deliberately break a plate-glass window, that he might be sent to jail where he would be fed? Does not a social state in which only criminal unfortunates can obtain food and shelter need reconstruction? Is it possible to abolish these unjust conditions and cruel and enormous evils under the competitive system?

Divine law is: work and thou shalt be supplied. But human cupidity, selfishness and injustice, with ingenuity, seek how to live upon the work of others, and thus not only are the workers robbed of their just

reward but opportunity to earn is also denied the many. Socialism proposes that all shall be furnished with opportunity to achieve subsistence, and that the worker shall receive the product of his labor. It is impossible that lovers of justice and of humanity should be indifferent to the demands of socialism. It is the privilege of every earnest soul to help bring the reign of harmony here and now—by striving to bring a socialism of equality and fraternity.

### WOMAN DENOUNCED AND EXCLUDED.

By L. C. S.

In reading over a New York paper I found the rulings against women in the three days' debate of the New York conference, in the First Methodist Episcopal church in Yonkers over the question of admitting women delegates to their general conference. The debate was a heated one wherein men seemed to lose their heads—if they had anything worthy the name—and altogether one sided. As this is a published report, it may bear looking over a little. If I state some well-known facts, it may throw light on the motives prompting this otherwise strange decision, the fear exhibited lest they lose their grip on those who do the drudgery of the church, for there is not a church to be found that could hold together one month without woman's work and influence. The clergy knew that according to their own theology they should confess and proclaim in every sermon they preach that God made women the mother of the Christ by whom they must be saved, if saved at all, without man's let or hindrance, without his voice, or consolation in the scheme of salvation at all. Their decision to-day against woman is a pitiable comment on the religious growth of 2,000 years. Have not the clergy risen above the superstitions, the ignorance of the Dark Ages that excluded women from all the privileges of the church founded by woman who was last at the cross, and first at the tomb—so says their Bible. It seems to me that the clergy occupy a very humiliating position when they find themselves reduced to the necessity of making low, vulgar comparisons and threats to hold women in servitude of the church for their aggrandisement and the crushing out of nobler aspiration for knowledge on the part of woman, quoting scripture as against woman's holding a prominent part in church government, and the saying of St. Paul in regard to the relations of men and women. But let us from what was said quote some of the exact words as reported, of these gentlemen. Hear what Rev. Charles McAnney says: "No man in his senses loves a petticoated philosopher, or wants to have anything to do with her. I would as soon hug a grizzly bear as to touch such a woman, and I would as soon go on a stroll from Yonkers to New York locking arms with a locomotive or a lightning express as try to keep in company with such a woman."

By this note of alarm does the reverend gentleman mean we shall understand that he is advertising himself as a favorite hugging post and thus try to scare women into church servitude by threatening to withhold his patronage? And does his bugle note voice the sentiment of other clergymen? If so, why bless his and their hearts, there is not a woman on our continent with one grain of common sense who would not a thousand times rather that he, following his instincts in the selection of a companion, hug the grizzly bear. We, any of us, by all odds would rather be owners of the petticoat that covers a philosopher than to own one of, or all the 183 clergymen who denounced women. But I must agree with him when he says that "he would as soon think of locking arms with a locomotive or lightning express, as with one of these philosophers."—which means a well balanced, intelligent woman. That is all true, for he would as surely get left in the one case as in the other. In this he shows regard for the first law of life, self-preservation. Rev. I. I. Dean says, "Woman ought not to try to rule" and adds "from a New Jersey mosquito to a Numidian lion the male sex should rule," or to that effect. Now I may not know exactly where he places himself between these two extremes of

highest and lowest, but somewhere on the plane behind the picket fence of long ears, I think. Well, I hope this revelation from the ruling power of the Methodist church will open the eyes of all noble, intelligent women; that they will withdraw *en masse* from the church, and establish a church of their own, if they feel that would be the best way to promote the intellectual growth and united strength of woman, in self-reliant, independent individuality, with the right and freedom to use their God-given powers for their own benefit and that of the race, leaving the New Jersey mosquitoes and the Numidian lion to learn the lesson of self-government, and evolve from the spirit that mocked what should have been the high ideals and noble motives of a general conference of a Christian church, in open door of the twentieth century.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

### HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XVIII.

#### THE EFFECT PRODUCED BY THE PHENOMENA.

Through contempt, indifference and reproach the germs of a renewed spiritual belief were taking wide root. They grew and blossomed, gradually, but surely. Insensibly the fruit of a century of observation in the various phases, was ripening. Once more in the history of these phenomena a favorable hour had come, in the time and with the people who tolerated every form of belief and every degree of unbelief. With no visible sign and startling as a thunder-clap from a clear sky, fell all at once into our midst those resonant sounds which since have echoed round the civilized world. Faggots and water had given place to tolerance, welcome and belief. The spirit of the age was changing. The researches and discoveries of men had left behind the old physical forces, and sought to utilize the invisible and imponderable, so close akin to the psychical.

Onward rolled the beat of this strange noise, heard in the church, invading the seat of justice, listened to by the rulers of the earth, knocking at the doors of science and the hearts of the people—persistent, aggressive, irresistible and triumphant. Triumphant!

For nearly forty years, two simple little country girls have lived to see their childish venture battling with the science and religious prejudices of all mankind, making good its claims to all observers, gaining adherents in every rank of thought and culture, becoming a subject of serious and intelligent discussion in the Church of England, publishing books and papers in many tongues read by millions, erecting costly buildings, supporting innumerable teachers, and standing at this day a living menace to the accepted philosophy and orthodoxy of Christendom.

The effect produced on the observers, by the simpler phases of the phenomena in their early days, was very marked, and later on, more startling forms of less obscure character followed in quick succession. No point in the whole movement has been more interesting, or more strongly marked an independent will and power, than the variety of the still greater facts gradually rising to higher ground, as we were enabled to receive them through knowledge of the minor phases. The evidence of design could not be overlooked.

As men became accustomed to these strange things and found that all the unbelief they had was in their strangeness, step by step the wonders grew, each one strengthening the spiritual idea, and finding a readier acceptance from the analogies of the past. Through all these years, and at the very first beginning, the phenomena asserted with Christian or materialist, their spiritual nature, and displayed a very human character, when disbelieved or contradicted. So at last the ground has been prepared for what appears to be supreme proof, and multitudes fell into the surest convictions, each one from the objective facts, that they were in the presence of their dead kindred, took them by the hand and listened to their voices. The facts relied upon were of daily observation, continued through many years; Spiritualism was a theory inaugurated and urged by these intelligent facts themselves.

and if it accounted for them, even lamely and provisionally, was a fitting subject for philosophical investigation.

There is a right to examine any belief that apparently lies upon the surface of facts, and, however wrong, more continuous observation and closer reasoning may possibly show it to be at the time, it is in the direction of rational inquiry, and immensely above the stolid apathy that cares to think and know nothing of so vast a possibility. So rapidly has a belief in spiritual presence advanced in the last decade, much on account of the feeble and false methods taken to combat the facts, that we may well look, with something of awe, on the sweeping wave of aggregated thought the next forty years will present. We cannot view the subject and the power it is gathering in too serious a light. Whoever touches it, in any true sense of the word, is a captive. The only escape from an examination of its spiritual pretensions, is in a masterly ignorance of the question, not possible to all men, and daily becoming more impossible. The thoughtless self-sufficiency which despises the effects produced on the senses of so great a multitude, or does not properly comprehend the extent and power of this movement, is no mean ally to its success.

The philosopher may as well pull at the Matterhorn with a penny whistle as attempt to reach a single vital point from his closet. We count any negative induction as a rope of sand, which contradicts the experience of a life-time in the integrity of sense, and laugh at the whimsical folly which holds that we are living in dream-land, and do not know if we see or hear. There is no option; we must accept the most startling events as facts in spite of all scepticism, scientific denial or religious prejudice, if invariably certified to by the senses of men. We have no justifiable right to invent a mode of sense-deception, by some suppositious and mysterious cause, elsewhere unknown and unheard of.

How, for instance, does a pencil which as far as human faculties can ascertain, we know to be untouched, appear to write in the presence of a dozen people, who all hear the writing and read the words written, which often prove to be a correct answer to some secret mental question? Is the fallacy in thinking that the pencil some feet from the nearest person, was untouched, or in believing that it wrote at all, with a continuous delusion of weeks or months, whenever we or others think we read the writing? The experimenter purchases two slates, holds them firmly together and permits nobody to touch them. He feels and hears that they are apparently being written on within. On returning home and for the first time unclasping the slates, he finds a message, signed perhaps by a dead friend. He repeats the experiment again and again; thousands day after day do the same, and with the same result. He knows the fact is with him, and the fallacy with the negative.

We make an automatic machine to second the direction and effects of the force; is the machine deluded, or the eye-sight of a thousand persons who may read its indications? The untouched dinner table is shattered and defies the skill of the carpenter; is the delusion in the table, the hungry family, or the baffled carpenter? "Epidemic delusion," like all weak evasions, reacted upon its sponsor, and in favor of the truth. It was not only without a gleam of personal reality in each man's experience of life, but as applied to daily observation and experiment in gross matters of sense, was obviously to be characterized as wholly unmeaning and fantastically absurd. We cannot conceive of a more demoralizing and mischievous stumbling block than the rejection of sense. When the day comes that we must give up our eye-sight the "broken order of nature" will need repairs in many directions. The effect then, that has been produced upon all persons who have devoted sufficient time to the observation of these phenomena, is the unwavering sense of a reality, and an absolute certainty of a truth, that no unbelief of others ignorant of the facts, ever can or ought to shake.

The great mass of mankind does see with the eye and hear with the ear, despite the drollery of universal delusion, urged by those whose ultra scepticism dominates their reason and experience.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### IMMIGRATION.

Before the Chicago Evolution Club, on the evening of April 8th, was a discussion relating to the problem of guarding against the evils of immigration, of overcoming the influence of large and, for the time at least, unassimilable elements from the populations of the old world. The question was worded thus: "What shall we do with the Dago?" Dagos are the lower class of Italians that come mainly from Southern Italy, but the question was intended to include the lower classes of every nationality. The opening speech was made by B. F. Underwood and of that speech THE JOURNAL is able to give the following revised report:

This country owes much every way since our government was founded to immigration which has added enormously to the wealth as well as to the population. Hon. Hugh McCullough said not long ago in a magazine article:

"It is estimated that since the foundation of our government more than 13,000,000 of immigrants have come to the United States, and that if each brought with him sixty dollars in money, the pecuniary gain has been about \$800,000,000, but the gain in this respect has been small in comparison with what the immigrants were worth as laborers in the various branches of industry. Estimating them to have been equal in value to the slaves in the Southern States, they have added to our national wealth three times as much as our national debt amounted to at the close of the war."

But the writer goes on to say, "what the offsets may be to this enormous gain is yet to be determined. The true wealth of a nation is not to be measured by acreage or money but by the quality of its people. If the effects of foreign immigration should prove to be deleterious to the character of the population the gain referred to would have been dearly acquired."

Half a million and more immigrants come here annually. In one day, May 11, 1887, 10,000 landed in New York. On April 18, 1889, 12,000 sailed from Queenstown for this country. In 1873 one ship, the Egypt, brought 1,767 immigrants. From Germany, England, Ireland, France, Austro-Hungary, Italy and other countries they have come, and among them many intelligent and industrious immigrants. But unfortunately during the last few years the influx of foreign population has included some of the worst elements of Europe, the coming of which, if not checked, is sure to taint the body politic of the nation to a degree that will make our cities and industrial centres hot-beds of turbulence and crime. Before Congressional committees it has been shown that thousands of Italians every month have been brought to our shores by labor brokers to whom these pauper immigrants are for months after they arrive virtually slaves. Steamers have been chartered to bring to New York loads of these poor creatures, whom their native country has been glad to get rid of. They have come under contract to pay passage money and other expenses from their earnings after arriving. According to one witness "something like 7,000 Italians came here in one single day on these prepaid tickets." Before the Owen committee in New York last year one Italian testified that robbers and assassins had been shipped here by agents of New York Italian labor-brokers, and, that by paying double the usual amount their safe shipment was guaranteed. One witness said, "When Cleveland was running for President, Barsodi got \$3,000 and the Echo got \$2,000, and then in the Harrison election of 1888 they were wobbling from one side to the other, whether they should support the Democratic or Republican ticket, intending to support which ever would give them the most money; and Barsodi only got at the last election \$800. At the last moment he turned Republican. Now, these men are making a big profit. They are doing a big business in making citizens out of Italians. They do it because they can throw votes on the market and sell them on election day."

From Sicily and Naples, from Calabria and Sardinia, come elements which, while they constitute a numerical addition to our composite population are entirely alien, and, for the present at least, cannot be reached with the higher social and moral influences.

Most of the Italian immigrants are from Lower Italy where, under King Ferdinand, the people were prohibited from going to school, and where 79.46 per cent. of the people now are illiterate. Even in Upper Italy in 1886 nearly 50 per cent were illiterate. The people have been so long the victims of superstition and despotism that they have become degraded intellectually and morally until they have lost the spirit of manhood. Of Republican principles they have no conception; many of them are vicious and criminally disposed. To wreak vengeance on an enemy, to screen their accomplices by lying, to evade the law—this they will do whenever possible. They are of a class that one of the Pennsylvania supervisors of the census desired to return by numbers only: which was the way by which their employers identified them. The low

estate to which mining in that state has been brought down, is attributable to the unrestricted importation of a low class of foreign laborers—mere serfs.

The insatiable greed of capital has brought to this country multitudes of the ignorant, priest-ridden and debased proletariat of Europe. Mine owners, contractors and manufacturers, who divide the dividends of their protected industries, are to a great extent, responsible for the presence of so large a number of most undesirable immigrants, thousands of whom every year have come under contract to work for lower wages than those upon which men can live in comfort and decency, or under such circumstances of poverty and destitution as to compel them to underbid all other workmen in our market. Such immigrants become pliant tools of ambitious and unscrupulous leaders. Many of them are known to be slaves of the Mafia, a society of robbers and stabbers that has long existed in Italy, exercising influence by intimidation, and accomplishing its purposes, when necessary, by assassination. For years some of the best citizens of New Orleans were blackmailed by the Mafia. A jurymen who, in the performance of duty, found a member of this organization guilty, was doomed to die. It was unpunished crime committed by the Mafia which aroused the people of New Orleans to a pitch of lawless passion that culminated in the killing of the imprisoned Italians.

I do not approve of the New Orleans lynching, great as was the provocation; but nothing should reconcile us to receiving from Italy the dregs of her people. I do not say that Italy is the only offender. I am not unmindful of the murderous Irish society that killed Dr. Cronin in this city. It is only additional evidence that we should have restrictive laws prohibiting, as far as possible, criminals and paupers from entering our ports from European countries. Against Italians, as such, Americans can have no prejudice. We honor Garibaldi, Mazzini, Cavour and the present King of Italy. The American people have warmly sympathized with Italy in her struggle to escape from medieval influences and to rise to a higher plane of civilization, and this friendly feeling will continue in spite of the haughty attitude and the bumptiousness of the Italian government over the New Orleans affair.

Poverty should not be a bar to immigration, but the old world must not be allowed to empty its poor houses upon our shores or to ship criminals and the incurably diseased and helpless to be landed at our ports. If appeal to the law of self-preservation is allowable, as so many believe, in the establishment of a protective tariff on imported goods, it certainly holds in the adoption of precautionary measures against danger to American institutions from too great an influx of populations, composed largely of half-civilized creatures who know nothing about free institutions. The recent law passed by congress had for its object the lessening of this evil; but more stringent and thorough measures may be needed.

The low class of immigrants already here should be reached. The compulsory education of their children is the first step. Their sanitary condition in our large cities should be a matter of careful supervision. A community, whether it is a village or a nation is in an important sense, an organism, and its first duty is to protect itself from threatened danger, whether it be internal or external. Organizations like the Mafia and Clan-na-gael should, at whatever cost, be broken up. A patriotic spirit and a national sentiment, now weak owing to the heterogeneous elements that make up our population, should be cultivated, so that a strong and resolute public opinion will resist every aggression upon the fundamental principles and methods of republican government. The debasement produced by priestcraft and kingcraft in the old world must not be allowed to menace free popular government on this continent.

#### ONWARD.

BY SOLON LAUER.

When a ship is at sea, far out of sight of land, the captain lays his course by frequent observations of the stars. By the use of the proper instruments and certain mathematical tables, he can at any time determine the exact location of his ship. Upon the frequency and accuracy of these observations and calculations depends the safety of the ship. If he does not watch the stars, the winds will carry him astray. The air and the sea are full of currents which help him when he knows how to utilize them, but which would bear his vessel to destruction should he miss his reckoning.

We are like ships in mid-ocean. We have left far behind us the well-known landmarks, and are sailing in search of new continents. We are buffeted by many tempests, and often catch sight of dangerous rocks and reefs ahead. Often the sky is over-cast and we lose sight of the sun and the stars. Then we drift in darkness and the winds and waves make sad music to our ears. But when the clouds pass by, the sun and the stars shine again; and then we must take



observations, and calculate anew our course, and find how far we have drifted during the darkness.

The Church is a great ship, freighted with precious human souls; or, rather, it is a fleet of ships, some of which hug the shore, and steer by familiar landmarks; and others of which put boldly forth into the open sea, steering by the magnetic needle of reason, which ever vibrates to the pole of truth; and laying their course by the high stars which have shone since the world began.

Dropping the nautical figure, let us realize that the seeker after truth must at the outset put aside all traditions and conventional beliefs and habits. We are possessed by the ghosts of tradition. The demons of conventionalism inhabit us, and it needs the word of a master to cast them out. We are born to beliefs, as we are born to temperament and habits. We feed upon the mental and spiritual atmosphere which surrounds in childhood, and we grow like what we feed upon. It is a brave and a strong soul indeed that can break the chains of tradition and stand free in the world of thought. Such a soul inevitably becomes a savior to his fellowmen. He sees things in their simple relations. He goes back to primates in everything. He cares nothing for things, but is zealous for the substance of things. He has no regard for institutions, but seeks the laws and forces which shape institutions. Back of every fact he sees the spirit of the fact. Behind every custom he perceives the thought that gave it birth; and in his loyalty to thought and principle he frequently breaks with the institution when it is but the shell of a creature dead.

If we would have truth, we must take this bold stand and defy tradition. Truth can justify itself to each generation, and we need accept no dogma coming like a ghost out of the sepulcher of the past. What has been true once is always true, and truth never lacks confirmation. Only error needs authority. What have we to do with these fleshless forms that stalk in our midst, skeletons once clothed in living truth? Let us bury them decently, and seek our God not among the dead, but among the living.

This spirit lays bare the foundations of institutions and all creeds. We will begin at the bottom, and build up. We have too long tried to prop and patch the old tottering and crumbling walls. If we are to have an enduring system, we must build it on the eternal foundations. When we have exploded dynamite under the old structure, and cleared away the ruins, we may call for architects and masons and proceed upon our new structure.

We have had too much ducking and dodging. The average clergyman is hugging a set of traditional opinions, and tremblingly shielding them from every hostile wind. Let us stand erect and fear nothing. The mass of mankind are followers of tradition and usage. In fashion, politics, religion, we copy our fathers and forefathers, and few of us dare hold an original opinion on any subject. The law of momentum seems to prevail in the realm of thought, as well as in the realm of matter. Set a thought going, and it will go on for generations. Like an avalanche which started in a snowball, institutions start from small beginnings, and gain power and permanency as they proceed, until a nation is overwhelmed beneath them. It is a bold and brave man who dares oppose his individual power against the force of a custom which has the accumulated strength of centuries within it; and yet, it is only by such acts that progress for mankind is achieved. Every age must have its Arnold Winkelried, who will leap into the opposing ranks of superstition and conventionalism, gather the shafts of malicious criticism into his own breast, and make a breach for the passage of his fellow men.

Mankind, with a strange ferocity, crucifies the men who make progress possible. It is a sad state of society which regards heroism with a crown of thorns, and kindles the fagots around the form of him who sacrifices all personal good for the common weal. From the earliest times religion and science have had their martyrs, whose blood made payment to high heaven for every truth vouchsafed to man. It is no wonder that saviours to mankind have been so few, when their immediate reward is death or dishonor among their fellows. Even the luster of Christ's present glory cannot blind us to the fact that he was crucified between two thieves. Such or the like fate awaits every brave soul that sets itself against the opinion and prejudices of the world. But still the inspired soul is charmed by the song of truth, and in contempt of all temporal results, will utter its voice in the streets, or cry out from the housetops, to win men from the worship of error to the service of the right.

Let us listen to every prophetic voice that calls us out of the lethargy of sin and error to a divine activity. As the child out-grows its clothing, so man out-grows his intellectual raiment. Change is the universal law. No form in nature is fixed or permanent. All things are in a flux. The soil is becoming plant and beast and bird and man; and these again are returning to the primal dust. Continents rise and sink, land and sea change places, and the continual miracle of transfor-

mation goes on all about us. There is no fixedness anywhere in nature. Why then in the mind of man? Man may make a creed, as nature makes a plant; but that creed must sometimes furnish soil and compost for another and a better one, or nature's law of change is violated. The only atheism is distrust of this universal law. When we begin to fear that harm may come of obeying this law of nature, we have already accused the universe. The atheism and skepticism of an Ingersoll is sane and healthy compared with the infidelity that denies the beneficence of nature's methods. Let us then show our faith in the stability of the universe by willingly relinquishing all preconceived ideas, in favor of the latest revelation. Man is a thinking plant which the universe bears. Shall he alone refuse to blossom and bear fruit? When he does so, he frustrates the law of his own being.

Among people who consider themselves liberal and progressive, these statements may seem trite and needless, and all appeals to radical sentiment may be held but a waste of words. But experience teaches us that there is a vast deal of false radicalism in the world. We abandon one superstition only to embrace another. Intolerance and bigotry find new objects for attack, and still live on, in renewed vigor. We cease to abuse Calvin only to make a live martyr of Channing, or Parker, or Emerson. We give up the doctrine of predestination only to accept the teaching of a materialistic fatalism. We bring down heaven from the skies, only to place it in the Senate or market house; and when we have toppled over the Jehovah of tradition, we make ourselves gods of gold and silver. We cease from the sacrifice of goats and bullocks, only to lay on the altar gifts dearer and more difficult to render. Superstition will have still her votaries, though every ancient altar be overthrown, and every god in the pantheon be toppled from its place.

CHICOPPEE, MASS.

### THE STORY OF A DREAM.

BY THELE THORNE.

"No, I do not believe in Spiritualism, but I had a curious experience a year ago. I will tell it to you, and you may explain it if you can."

Quite a party of us were gathered in B-s' office, and the subject of Spiritualism had come up. We were none of us believers, or at least acknowledged ones, but all had had more or less experience in investigating the various phases of what are called spirit manifestations. In reply to questions excited by his remark, B. said:

As some of you may know, I formerly lived in Berlin, I came to this country some twenty-five years ago, leaving there in the old home my father and only brother. My father died a few years later. My brother married and settled down in his native town. After the first year or two we ceased to correspond, and for twenty years I heard nothing from him. I shall never, to the end of my life, forget a certain night last summer. The day had been hot and sultry and the night air seemed stagnant. It was well on toward two o'clock before I could close my eyes in sleep. An hour later I awoke, trembling in every limb, the perspiration rolling in great drops from my forehead. In a dream I had been transported to Berlin, to my brother's house. It was a large and beautiful residence, surrounded by lawns and flower plots. A shaded avenue led up to the entrance. My brother's wife, whom I had never seen, met me at the door. She wore a widow's dress, and her face was pale with weeping. She led me into the parlor, a large airy room opening from the hallway. The windows were open, but the blinds drawn close. In the center of the room was a coffin, and in it my brother lay, dead. The furnishings of the room, the bier, the widow's face, all these made an impression on my mind that could not be effaced. I can call up the picture now, just as I saw it that night.

When I awoke, my first thought was to note the time—five minutes of three. In the morning I told my wife of my dream.

The course of time brought a cablegram. I knew before opening it that it contained news of my brother's death. Allowing for the difference of longitude, it had occurred the hour of my dream. The cablegram called me to Germany to be present at the settling of my brother's affairs. I started immediately. My dream and its partial verification was constantly in my mind. I was sure that the whole would prove true. A disappointment awaited me. The house pointed out to me as my brother's was in no respect like the one of my vision, nor were any of the surroundings familiar. My knock was answered by a maid servant who requested me to await her mistress' arrival in the parlor. It was a small, prettily furnished apartment, but there was nothing in it that I recognized. Notwithstanding this, I looked for my sister with some impatience. The door opened at last and the widow entered. I uttered an exclamation of surprise. I could not be mistaken. It was the woman of my dream, even to the dress she wore. I

staid with her several days. One morning she said "I am thinking of going to our country house, five miles out of town, to-day. Will you accompany me?" I, of course, agreed.

To my certain knowledge I had never visited the small town where my brother's family spent the summer months. Yet when within a mile of the place I recognized every step of the way. I myself directed the horses to the curbstone in front of a large house, set back from the street, amid beautiful grounds. The room we entered was as familiar as any in my own home, so distinct was the impression it had made upon my mind. Nothing was in the least changed, even to the bric-a-brac upon the mantle piece. The coffin was not there, but the blinds were drawn close, as I had seen them, until my sister threw them open.

"My husband died in this house," she said. "We were staying here for a short time only, when he was taken sick. We had the services in this room."

This, gentlemen, is my story. As I said, I am not a Spiritualist—I do not pretend to explain it."

At this very moment, it is the mind that controls the body; the gross is even now moved by the ethereal. Apart from the mysterious unit of vital power and volition, the whole body is a mere mass of inert matter. Spirit, or whatever we call that "unit of vital power and volition," vivifies and employs it. And, even when certain schools of science refuse to include spirit among admissible realities, they have to admit that they confront absolutely insoluble problems in the phenomena of life, consciousness, and thought: they also admit that life, consciousness, and thought, are more demonstrable than the existence of matter itself. That may seem strange to the unscientific mind, but the interesting thing is that even the scientific materialist has to admit it. Mr. Huxley is not a materialist, but he is widely known as the very opposite to a Spiritualist, and he only says what everybody must say when he tells us, in his Lay Sermons, that we know nothing about the composition of any body whatever, as it is. He says, "Many of the best minds of these days watch what they conceive to be the progress of materialism, in such fear and powerless anger as a savage feels, when, during an eclipse, the great shadow creeps over the face of the sun. The advancing tide of matter threatens to drown their souls; the tightening grasp of law impedes their freedom; they are alarmed lest man's moral nature be debased by the increase of his wisdom. . . . After all, what do we know of this terrible 'matter' except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our consciousness. I invite careful attention to those last words,—that which we call matter is only a name for an unknown cause of states of our own consciousness." That is revolutionary in relation to the old materialistic assertion that the difference between matter and spirit is the difference between the known and the unknown, the conceivable and the inconceivable. It now turns out that states of mind are more real to us than states of matter, and that what we really know is, not the actual condition of what effects us, but only how we are affected.—*The Coming Day.*

The New York Sun gives this account of a boy phonograph who was filled with statistics at a very early age: When Oscar Moore was thirteen months old he began to show a wonderful memory. Oscar is a colored boy and blind from birth, and is now five years old. He is a perfect phonograph. Anything told him is repeated exactly, infection, emphasis, and words, although he does not know the meaning of anything he hears. He will recite the alphabet and multiplication table backward; tell the population and number of square miles contained in every country on the globe; give the population of the principal cities of the United States; name the presidents of the United States in their order, with the beginning and expiration of their terms of office; and will answer numberless questions which ordinary people will have to refer to encyclopædias to find out. He has been something of a pet with a German lady of Bridgeport, who has taught him a number of German songs. For the edification of those who come to see him he will sing these songs, and his pronunciation of the German words is said to be perfect.

But it is his sense of smell that is the most wonderful. One day last week two gentlemen entered the office of the St. Marc Hotel in this place, where young Oscar is now stopping. Neither spoke a word, but of them beckoned to a dignified looking colored man who was holding the young prodigy by the hand. The man led Oscar up to the couple and said: "Now, Oscar, see if you can tell who this gentleman is." The boy took the gentleman's hand, carried it to his face, and carefully smelled of his hand and wrist after the fashion of a dog. In a moment a gleam of recognition lighted up his face and he replied, "Charles Schneider." He was right. He had once before met Mr. Schneider, who was subjected to a smelling process on that occasion. Young Moore does the same with everybody he meets whom he wishes to recognize

again. He is good at remembering voices, like most blind persons, but says he feels the most confidence in his powers of scent.



#### EVER TRUE.

Joyous at heart as a summer day,  
A lassie stands by the meadowy way  
And looks at a face that is very dear  
And wonders in words that know nothing of fear—

"Will you be true, love, will you be true?  
Will you love me as I love you?  
Will love grow stronger as years roll on  
And be truest when youth and beauty have gone?  
Will you be true, love, will you be true?"

Joyous at heart on their wedding morn  
Husband and wife walk home through the corn,  
And each seems to hear the old time song,  
As, hand in hand they wander along:  
"Will you be true, love, will you be true?  
Will you love me as I love you?  
Will love grow stronger as years roll on,  
And be truest when youth and beauty are gone?  
Will you be true, love, will you be true?"

Joyous at heart when their hair is gray,  
Husband and wife together stray,  
And hand clasps hand as they pass along,  
And the heart of each is glad with song:  
"You have been true, love, you have been true!  
Loving me well as I have loved you,  
And time and change and good and ill  
Have linked us closer and closer still—  
Hearts ever true, love, hearts ever true."  
—GEORGE WEATHERBY.

Fifteen ladies of Lombard, Ill., went to the polls and voted, on Monday, January 13th, under the law which says that "citizens" can vote, without specifying sex. The leader of the women was Miss Ellen A. Martin, of the firm of Perry & Martin, attorneys and counsellors at law, Chicago. When Miss Martin demanded to be allowed to cast her vote, the judge expostulated with the lady and delicately intimated that she was not entitled to deposit a ballot. She asked if she was not a citizen. Judge Marquardt replied that she was in the sense that she made her home in Lombard, but not in the sense that she had the right to vote. Miss Martin then read section 6 of the charter election laws of 1869, wherein it is set forth that: "All citizens of the State of Illinois above the age of 21, actually residents of the town of Lombard for ninety days before an election for municipal officers, shall have a right to vote at such election."

"Now," asked the petitioner, "don't I live here?"

"You do," was the affirmative male chorus.

"And am I not over 21?" The judges had to admit that she was.

"Then I invoke the majesty of the law and demand that my vote be recorded," said Miss Martin. After the formality of challenging her vote was gone through with, Miss Martin swore her own vote in and departed. In the afternoon fourteen other women voted. The report says:

And so they voted, and then the judges closed the polling place and put up the shutters and went off to the corner grocery to lay the whole matter before the "Judge," who derided them and called them a pack of old women, and asseverated that they knew less about elections than his pointer dog. But the votes went, all the same, and those judges counted those fifteen votes for the candidates for whom they were cast, and there were more votes cast than were registered, and the lucky candidates were happy and became converts to the cause of woman suffrage. The names of the women who voted are as follows: They were Miss Ellen A. Martin, Miss Margaret Towne, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. Thurston, Mrs. C. B. Vance, Mrs. H. B. Rand, Miss Reade, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. W. R. Plum, Mrs. Isaac Clafin, Mrs. Allie Rand, Mrs. B. P. Reynolds, Mrs. C. L. Towne, Mrs. H. W. Plum.

Mrs. Williams is an old lady of 75, and all are over 21.

Although the Germans are considered one of the most progressive and thoroughly educated nations in the world, it is evident that in matters pertaining to social advancement and the equality of the sexes, public opinion in the empire is still in a most backward state, says the New York Press. For some time a petition has been the Reichstag in which some of the

most enlightened women of Germany prayed that the gates of the liberal professions of law and medicine might be thrown open to them and to their sisters. This petition came up for consideration the other day, and the Reichstag contemptuously and overwhelmingly voted it down. Only the small minority of socialist members voted for this restricted measure of womanly emancipation. It is unquestionably the dominate power of militarism that denies to German women the right to enter the learned professions. In spite of its admirable public school system and its magnificent universities, the empire is essentially one vast armed camp. The bayonets hedge up the way of progress. The ideal of the German youth is almost altogether a military one. The women of the Fatherland are regarded, not as beings whose rights and privileges are equal to those of men, but as the mothers of German soldiers. It is thought to be their duty, not to develop their powers of mind and heart for the service of humanity and the advancement of social conditions, but to bring into the world a hardy race of sons that shall be able to uphold the might of Germany against all comers. To the one great function of maternity the Germans of today would subordinate all the energies and capacities of womanhood. When the general disarming of Europe comes, as it eventually must, the German women will be among the first to experience its benefits in the altered regard of their husbands, fathers, and brothers.

Judge Altgeld, of Chicago, recently passed upon a point seldom raised in the courts of Cook county, deciding that a wife can maintain a civil action for damages against her own husband. The court was very emphatic in stating his position. The question was raised in the suit of Mary F. Williams against her husband, Aaron Williams, for \$20,000 damages for slander. Williams is a wealthy West Side citizen who was married to his present wife several years ago. They did not live happily, and separated, the wife being given some of her husband's property. She afterward began suit against him, claiming that he had threatened to ruin her and declaring that he had circulated stories derogatory to her character. The case came up for hearing before Judge Anthony and a judgment was entered against Williams by default. The court, however, granted a new trial, and the case came up before Judge Altgeld yesterday. Williams' attorneys entered the plea that action could not be maintained by the plaintiff because she was Williams' wife. They argued that a wife could only sue her husband for property wrongfully taken from her, and decisions from Maine and New York courts were presented to the court to the effect that a woman could not maintain a civil suit for damages even if her husband beat or clubbed her. To this plea the other side demurred, and argued that a wife living apart from her husband could sue and be sued, and enjoyed the same rights as an unmarried woman. The court sustained the demurrer. "It is a monstrous contention," said Judge Altgeld, referring to the decision cited, "that a man can pound his wife to a jelly, and yet she have no civil remedy. I will not listen to such reasoning, no matter how high the authority." The defence excepted to the ruling, and the Supreme Court will pass on the cases.

One of the most remarkable women of Georgia is Mrs. H. S. Gould, of Machen. It was largely through her means and efforts that the Covington & Macon railroad was built, and after it was put in operation she had a great deal to do with its management. It is related that on one occasion an engine of the road had become derailed at some station on the line. The local section boss and his men, the engineer, the conductor, and brakemen, with perhaps some of the passengers, worked for hours trying to get the big locomotive back on the track. They were preparing to give it up as a bad job when Mrs. Gould came along. She saw at a glance what was the matter, and gave a few decisive orders. Within twenty minutes the engine was ready to pull out. There are other and similar stories of her executive ability and energy. Besides her railroad operations, Mrs. Gould finds time to manage her 400-acre farm near Machen. It is said that she has done a great deal toward building the Middle Georgia and Atlantic railroad.

A genuine mother could no more raise a bad boy into a bad man than a robin could raise a hawk. When I say a "genuine mother" I mean something more than a mother who prays with her boy, and

teaches him Bible texts, and sends him to Sunday-school. All those things are good and indispensable as far as they go, but there is a lot more to do to train a boy besides praying with him, just as there are things necessary to the cultivation of a garden besides reading a manual. To succeed with roses and corn one must prune, weed and hoe a great deal. To make a boy into a pure man, a mother must do more than pray. She must live with him in the sense of comrade and closest friend. She must stand by him in time of temptation as the pilot sticks to the wheel when rapids are around. She must never desert him to go off to superintend outside duties any more than the engineer deserts his post and goes into the baggage car to read up on engineering, when his train is pounding across country at forty miles an hour.—*Amber, in Chicago Herald.*

#### A LETTER FROM ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

TO THE EDITOR: Will you allow me the happy privilege of putting myself *en rapport* with the friends east and west, north and south, who are kindly inquiring after my whereabouts, the reason for my long silence, and who wish for some expression from my pen in relation to my late visit in the East? It is almost like a personal reunion when under the genial auspices of THE JOURNAL I can sit mentally *vis-a-vis* with the earnest men and women who, either by individual effort in some public capacity, or by sympathy with our teachers, and what is still more admirable, noble, consistent daily living, are helping to hasten the dawn of a brighter era.

When my daughter and I left "Sunny Brae" last August, it was with less regret than at any previous period of similar departure; for though the little spot we call home never wore a more charming aspect, with the flowers in profuse bloom, and the orchards bending beneath the burdens of purple and golden fruitage, there were no lips to breathe the love's regretful farewells, no fondly clinging hands to stay our going. These were hushed and folded under mantels of daisies and violets, the last only a month before; and after all, the fairest bit of earth, the bluest sky canopy, contain but little of value apart from human history. The very seasons are painful or dear, according to the soul with which we have invested them. The first snow-flakes of the year had a magic charm for me until they fell into my baby's grave; then who could measure their chilling mockery? I disliked the odor of a certain flower until a modest heart made it a language of love to me; now none bloom so sweet; and a favorite song is rendered odious because once sung by a soul that was cruel!

We chose the Northern Pacific route, having decided to spend a week in "Nature's Wonderland," the National Park of the Yellowstone, and a very delightful journey we made of it. But I am not going to indulge in a guide-bookish description of what is fast becoming quite a familiar country. You can for the mere asking at any railway station obtain elaborately illustrated pamphlets, full of attempted portrayals of what can never be really described. One must see for one's self, and even then, here as elsewhere, the law holds good that one finds in nature only what the soul puts into it. To one, the vast mountain ranges, where virgin snows and perennial verdure are joined in eternal wedlock; the smiling valleys and far-stretching plains, are merely wearisome distances to be compassed as soon as possible,—to another there are everywhere suggestions of infinite beauty and plentitude of power. The interior vision beholds the now unpeopled wastes and measureless expanse, re-created by generations unborn. The millions of acres held by railroad monopolists are to become again the people's possessions; and prosperous homes, hamlets, towns and cities fill the primeval solitudes with the sights and sounds, the joys and sorrows of our ever restless, ever progressing humanity. To your humble correspondent the latter view was pleasantly persistent, and the pessimistic theory of Malthus, of an over-crowded planet and starving populace found no lodgement in my brain;

For, as we flew over mountain and plain, The whirling wheels sang a cheerful refrain;

And e'er as the landscape broadened before us,  
Seemed it that nature rang out a glad chorus—

Of "Welcome, soul! to my boundless dominions,

Borne thither at last on swift-sweeping pinions!

Ay, welcome thou, to my mountain-locked treasures,  
To my flowery plains and great rivers' pleasures!

Come, woo me, win me, and freely possess me,

Then with abundance and beauty I'll bless thee!

We spent four delightful days near Spokane Falls, Washington, in the wild-wood home of my youngest brother and his faithful wife, who had the courage three years ago to plant a homestead out there in the then barren wilderness. It was a pretty and touching sight—the little dwelling, with its verdant veiling of creeping vines, amid a fruitful garden, which in turn was encircled by a mighty rampart of pines and tamaracks. The golden weather reminded us of home, and our welcome was as generous as the day. There was a sense of the spiritual heavens in the air as we sat in the silvery silences of the starry eventide and talked of other days; and once our softened, waiting hearts caught the articulate breathings of purified affection from the better world. Often during the weeks that followed, full of wonder-seeing, luxurious hospitality, crowded lecture rooms and world splendors, we found our thoughts fondly brooding over that cheery, peaceful, love-bright cabin among the pines, where patient industry is fast making the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

The wonders of the Yellowstone can scarcely be overdrawn. We had joyfully accepted the company of an old friend thus far on our journey, and the morning that we started on our tour of the park we were assigned a gorgeous yellow coach and four, with but one stranger to share the same during our five days' drive. Our extra passenger proved a decided acquisition, entertaining us, when we came to long stretches of tame country, with graphic accounts of extensive travel in foreign lands, thrilling narratives of glacial ascents, a visit to the salt palaces of Poland, studies of Russia, etc., etc. There is a great variety of travelers. Some men take a tour of the world, spend years abroad, and bring back only bills of fare and accounts of squabbles with guides and beggars. These, if they ever get to the orthodox heaven, will occupy eternity with calculating the number and weight of the golden paving stones. Our traveler made haste slowly. He was at the tail end of every crowd, never pushed for the first place anywhere, was uniformly mindful of other people's comfort, and yet, my country's critics, he was an American!

Well, we climbed the Jupiter and Minerva terraces; we saw measureless abundance of hot water in every conceivable form and state of ebullition, from pools of pearl, turquoise and emerald, in the shape of flowers and gems, to furious hurricanes that blew and belowered until the earth seemed to tremble; mirror-like reservoirs, vixenish boiling springs, fountains flowing a hundred and fifty feet high, in dazzlingly white columns, over which rainbows danced like angels of hope above cloudy fumes of fabled purgatory; and mighty paint pots that puffed and steamed, looking as though they might supply the markets of the world. We stood on "Hell's Half Acre," and from her vast basin of seething water we saw the Excelsior geyser leap into the face of the smiling day, transfiguring the sunlight, flashing like a fountain of living jewels, and thundering forth a magnificent protest against her long imprisonment in the murky dungeons far below. And finally we reached the climax of natural marvels at the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, a vision of which, however brief and imperfect it may be, becomes to the beauty-loving beholder an inspiring possession for all time.

What a wonderful faculty is memory! Through a microscopical network of sensitive nerves a sunbeam flashes, and straightway leaves with the consciousness fadeless pictures of immense breadth, height, depth, and an infinite variety of form and color—Nature's epic poems, the true translations of which would reveal the secrets of the stars! The mammoth cañon of the Yellowstone, with its majestic walls of matchless mosaics, its pillars carved by the elements and crowned with eagle nests; its riven rocks and roaring cataracts, must be a rare trysting for the sun-god and his water sprites, for there snow-white floods fall nearly half a thousand feet, weaving in their descent fleecy veils and wreaths of foam that blossom with rainbows in the morning light.

We did not find the 140 miles of staging very wearisome, but enjoyed the change to



a railway coach at Livingstone, where with regretful good-byes our little party broke up, mutually hoping to meet again. Our first reunion with old acquaintances was at dear, delightful Lily Dale, under the auspices of the Cassadaga Camp Meeting Association. It was a lovely afternoon—Aug. 26th—and what a welcome awaited the tired, sun-burnt travelers! The days of my youth seemed to smile upon me there in a full and joyous resurrection, such a host of friends from the long ago grasped my hand in tender recognition. I dream of some such meeting in the great "Elsewhere," only then we shall have put off our gray and wrinkled masks, and there will be no gaps along the line, nor missing faces in the happy groups; and grief will have told her last sad tale; the mists of doubt and fear will have rolled quite away, and love will sigh no longer for its own. This to me the dearest of all camping grounds is rapidly becoming a great power in the land. The methods of its promoters are steadily clarifying, and if occasional clouds obscure the spiritual sunlight, there are sufficient moral stamina among the members of the association, to say nothing of the multitudes that gather there, to evolve a first-rate, clearing-up thunderstorm; and while I am fast losing faith in camp meetings in general as moral educators, I want to see Lily Dale prosper, as it certainly will, if it keeps clear of the clap-trap in Spiritualism, and calls to its platform the broad-minded and liberal teachers of all phases of essential truth. We ought to bear in mind that Spiritualism is the philosophy of life. It includes the wisdom of all the schools, the good in all religions, the hope of all pure and loving hearts, and finds in infinite nature the only infallible authority.

ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



#### SPIRITS, GHOSTS OR SHELLS?

TO THE EDITOR: The majority of advanced Spiritualists are doubtless glad that there has been a new society formed, consisting principally of clergymen in Boston, for the scientific investigation of Spiritualism. There are two reasons why we should be glad; first, because the truth or falsity of Spiritualism is to be decided once for all; second, because it is a new departure for clergymen to undertake the investigation of a subject which can possibly bear any relation to religion, from a scientific standpoint, it being their duty to accept their doctrines by faith, then to exclude all facts that are not in harmony with it. But this is only one of the signs of the times of a growing liberality on this and kindred subjects. I would add this plea, however, in behalf of troubled humanity, that while our reverend friends are upon this subject, that they will not stop when they have reached a conclusion and have decided, as we have no doubt they will, that all phenomena are not the result of fraud and delusion, but that many of them are produced by some unseen, but intelligent force. We humbly plead that when they have reached this decision, they will not leave us just where they found us, for most people here know that much all the time, but will go on and settle this question, too, "once for all," and tell us of the nature of the intelligent force that produces these manifestations, and of the laws that govern them.

The subject, as it now stands, is one of great doubt and perplexity to the student of Spiritualistic and occult lore. The Spiritualists seem to have rather the best of it, because they have the sympathy of humanity with their teachings, for they tell us these manifestations are produced by our friends and relatives who have thrown off the physical body, and are, as individuals, unchanged, and that because of the love they bear us they take advantage of these different methods to communicate with us, the methods differing according to the necessities and requirements of the occasion. They also tell us that where those communications seem to be faulty it is because of the undeveloped state of the medium, or there is a want of harmony in the conditions.

Others who have inherited a strong vein of superstitious tendencies will ask in a tone that sends a cold chill down the spine, if you believe in ghosts. Their idea of ghosts, however, is not that of beings who

give intelligent communications, but who appear suddenly in the moonlight or in some lonely place, wearing long, white robes, and who as suddenly disappear without saying anything, the ghost of Hamlet's father being a notable exception.

Then we have a large and growing number who say that what we see, hear and even feel, is not a reality, but only an appearance, and we are the subjects of delusions, because the real ego of our friends has passed entirely beyond this earthly sphere, but have left behind them a something that will be attracted to the old conditions of life, this something being the astral body or shell, having the appearance and characteristics of the physical body during its earth life. They tell us this body may be seen by clairvoyants in the astral light, and that it will give intelligent answer to questions when brought in magnetic relation with a medium. But they say this astral body becomes weaker and weaker until it is finally dissipated, while the intelligent principle has rejoined the ego, where it is again reincarnated, according to its Karma, the law of Karma being the law of life.

Our occult friends also tell us of sub-human beings, whom they term elementals, and who lend very efficient aid in all dark circles for physical manifestations. It is certainly pertinent to ask why a force that is sufficient to float a guitar about the ceiling and pick the strings, pile up chairs and move heavy articles of furniture, if it is of a superior intelligence, why it may not take pencil and paper and write out the solution of some great scientific problem. So we may be convinced of the existence of phenomena and still be in doubt as to their origin. One who believes he has communion with departed friends, after reading the works of Hartmann, Sinnett and others, may doubt whether he has been in communication with the true spirits of friends or only their astral bodies or shells. So we feel justified under these circumstances not only to ask, but to urge that the Boston society, when it is convinced that there are forces not generally recognized from a material standpoint, that they will go on and tell us all about these beings, the conditions of their lives, habits, etc. Certainly none of us can feel any doubt of the ability of the society to do this if it bends its energies in that direction.

By deciding this question "once for all" in such a way that there will no longer be room for argument or cavil, they will confer a great boon upon poor, suffering humanity, who must otherwise grope in the dark for perhaps ages to come. But they must decide this as they would the former one, "once for all;" then we shall be in duty bound to abide by their decisions, be they spirits, ghosts or shells.

E. T. STANSELL.

DENVER, COL.

#### FATE VS. REASON.

TO THE EDITOR: Are we the slaves of grim necessity, or have we freedom of choice as between good and evil? In other words, have we any power of resistance when the tide is against us in the high endeavor? Is greatness ever thrust upon a man, or does he achieve it?

If merit is anything better than a figment the current philosophy by Herbert Spencer is false, for that makes a man the irresponsible creature of heredity and environment. He is helpless as the insensate clay in the hands of the potter, and is moulded into such forms as are illustrated by good and bad men. Thus, if a certain young man is a drunkard, it is because his father was a drunkard, and because a saloon is in town to tempt him to drink. Were this young man to interview Professor Tyndall or any other exponent of the current philosophy, touching the chance of his avoidance of drunkenness, Tyndall would advise him kindly, but if pressed to give an opinion as to the possibility of his being saved from the drunkard's grave, Tyndall would shake his head! If truth be wholesome, it does not inhere in such doctrine; and for that reason it should not be instilled into our boys.

The forces that surround us in the secular and moral world are cruel destroyers of the unwary. The incautious fireman falls from the house top and is crushed to jelly by the force of gravitation; yet gravitation is a beneficent force, beneficent as God himself. Again, the ocean is the destroyer of fathers, mothers and dimpled babes; still, it is the highway of the great brotherhood of nations, carrying the commerce of the world upon its mighty bosom. A life devoted to vicious practices will end in hell with the precision which always attends

the law of gravitation. And yet, the same forces that destroy will save, obedience to their behests being all that is required. Our consciousness makes us capable of remorse after wrong is done; and this remorse is in attestation of our responsibility; that is to say, our freedom of will.

Were savages stereotyped by inexorable fate in their rude manner of living, aspiration after the splendors of civilization were useless; but savages have become civilized in virtue of persistent endeavor; and so, too, have bad men ceased to do evil and "learned to do right."

To be a creature of circumstances simply, is to be an oyster. A man is great when he plucks success from the reluctant hand of Fortune; he is good when he defies the devil and climbs the stairway to the stars. Let us teach our boys that they can be good if they will; that they can go to heaven by a law as resistless as gravitation. The want is that they shall obey the laws of their being.

There are three elements that constitute heaven here and hereafter; these are, "righteousness, peace and joy"—something internal, meaning in their assemblage the "kingdom of God." The reverse of this condition of mind and heart is hell, which is horrible enough without the addition of material fire. You can add no pang to a bosom torn by remorse. When the heart is swollen and livid with a poison deadlier than that of the rattlesnake, and quivering with the agonies of damnation, nothing is wanting to show "the exceeding sinfulness of sin" and the present peril of taking a leap in the dark, when the very laws of our being admonish us to beware.

R. E. NEED.

#### ATTENDING CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR: It is a well known fact that at least eight out of ten of the population of our cities, villages and townships do not attend church on the Sabbath day. The question, of course, arises, why is this the case—why is this sparse attendance at the house of worship?

Most persons admit that it is right to go to meeting, and that attendants receive usually good moral lessons. But why do not more go? I answer that natural shiftlessness is one cause; secondly, lack of belief in the Bible and the tenets of the Christian religion. There is more of so-called infidelity in the land than appears upon the surface. Men and women hear preaching which they do not believe, and give no credence to half what the minister says. This is an unpleasant truth that cannot be gainsaid.

The doctrine of the Trinity, the necessity of baptism, the immaculate conception and the existence of hell after death, old orthodox notions, are disbelieved by thousands of church members and others in our Christian land. The shackles that have long held down the minds of the people of the past are being gradually loosened, and religious prejudices that have long bound them in the thralldom of slavery are vanishing before the sunlight of truth.

Again, people will not listen to uninteresting sermons. Ministers must make their services interesting if they want hearers. Talented and good preachers will have good audiences, and people will flock to their churches. We want to hear something new; we are interested in the new; a story or a statement oft repeated soon wears out and becomes threadbare and useless.

SODUS, N. Y.

W. C. H.

#### LA GRIPPE—THE OPEN DOOR.

TO THE EDITOR: To be seized by an invisible fiend, flung down, trampled on, the breath beaten out of your body, bony fingers clutching your vitals and pressing your brain with relentless force, until strength, hope and power of resistance are subdued, and one barely endures life, is *la grippe* in its worst form. I know it, for it has had me prostrate for almost a month, and I am only strong enough now to say: Avaunt, foul fiend!

A strange and pitiful sensation it is to be shut out from what is passing in this moving world, only able to hear a little, but powerless as to saying a word or lifting a hand. With permanent invalidism, or the infirmity of old age, this might be a different matter, and the inner life, clear and tranquil, might and should take the place of outward activities, but to be suddenly seized and tortured is a different matter.

I would like to write a page about one little book, which you sell for thirty cents, but "the flesh is weak" yet, and I can but briefly commend "The Open Door," the

last book of Dr. J. H. Dewey, of New York. The door does not open into any vague and marvellous region of mahatmas and reincarnations, but through it we enter the inner life of man, natural, wonderful, illimitable, and in unison with the Divine Life.

"The inner senses," he says, "relate man interiorly, first to the occult and psychic side, or 'soul of things,' including the realm of the departed, or soul world; and second to the still deeper and inmost, the transcendent sphere of the Impersonal and the Divine, the kingdom of God, the nature of which, in his own divine inmost, man partakes. Spiritual supremacy and illumination give the interior vision and direct insight into the properties and conditions of all things upon which the attention and legitimate desires are centered. This is intuition, or the grasping of knowledge at first hand, independent of external sources of information."

Surely his thought and deeper philosophy are needed in these days, in which the soul is not enough emphasized, and an agnostic type of spiritual know-nothingism is proud of its own blindness of the inner life. A pure purpose and a high aim add a fine charm to the writings of Mr. Dewey, which should be widely read.

GILES B. STEBBINS.

DETROIT, MICH.

#### SPIRITS OR COINCIDENCE?

TO THE EDITOR: The following incident came into my experience many years ago, though it has ever remained fresh in my memory. In the absence of any conscious influence other than a curiosity to "see what I should see," I have ever regarded it as a case of pure coincidence. In the year 1846 I lived in a village, situate on the banks of the Seneca River in Central New York. A bridge spanning the river formed a part of the principal thoroughfare. A dam some distance above the bridge confined the waters of the river, which were conducted in raceways and utilized in propelling the machinery of mills, etc., below the dam. On one side of the river the raceway terminated in a "cul de sac," near the thoroughfare referred to. The street at this point was lower than the level of the waters in the raceway, which were confined in embankments. One day, when passing this point, I was seized with a curiosity to ascertain if there were any fish in this "cul de sac." Mounting the embankment, I saw in the water, a few feet from the shore, an object in slight motion, which I at first took to be the carcass of some animal at which fish were nibbling, scum and driftwood obscuring my view. A moment later and the face of a drowning child, about four years old, appeared above the scum and chips in a last faint struggle. It was soon in its mother's arms and restored to consciousness. Spirits? Possibly. Coincidence? Probably.

C. J. H.

DENVER, COLO.

#### COMPENSATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR: Nature deals largely in compensations. To almost every trouble there is an antidote; to every ailment some form of alleviation. In a large degree, even where poverty prevails, the mind is free to store itself with the exceeding richness of knowledge. In this glorious era, with its free schools, cheap literature and open public libraries, containing the summed up wealth of the world's learning, no man is denied the opportunity to store his mind with useful, priceless information. True, the acquisition of knowledge may cost long years of arduous application, much privation, unremitting toil and denial of many gratifications. But how great the compensation! How grand the final result!

If I sum up the result in my own case, as I stand, on the border line of three-score years and ten, I can truly say that I live two days in one; as compared with the stolidly ignorant, who have neglected every opportunity for self-improvement, more than a dozen in one. All through the day my mind is busy; there is not a stagnant moment in the live-long waking hours. The whole world, ay, the whole universe, serves me for a never-ceasing theme to think upon. Even when a streak of sunshine comes stealing its feet of lightsome beauty on the rough wall, it speaks of the wonderful properties of light, its vibration into the varied tints of rainbow colors, and almost inconceivable rapidity of movement; the immense distance of the great luminary from our planet, with the fellowship of varying orbs in the system, that keep their orderly march in the

cuit round the appointed course; to the still more stupendous probability, that the great luminary, carrying along his entire family of lesser orbs, is making an equally well defined circuit around a vastly greater sun, in a spring, summer, autumn and winter journey that steadily affects our seasons here.

And so with everything I see and hear. I cannot glance on the page of a common daily paper that does not fill my thoughts with a host of pictures, all redolent of interesting knowledge. The simple utterance of a word, even, is often of as much import as a dozen volumes. Say, Egypt. What a world of fascinating picture history that name throws out, like unto a great, weird panorama: The Pharaohs, with their advanced civilization and splendid dynasties; the pyramids and other mighty works, not yet paralleled in later days; the sacred Nile and its teeming inundations; the great desert, where once was overflowing plenty of field and garden; the wonderful history of the Israelites, their hard bondage and final escape into the promised land.

Yea, after all the wearying daily toil, that is never a drudgery, because of this free play to thought and imagination—imagination that peoples the dull workshop with the mighty names of history, and the stirring scenes they trod—how great and grand is the compensation that is gained! No dullness here! In every lifeless chip there is a picture as clear-cut and striking as was ever limned on a master's canvas; in every shaving a face of ancient hero who has moved the world. Thrice blessed is knowledge. It invigorates like old wine, making its owner the peer of any king on his throne. Fraternally,

W. WHITWORTH.

CLEVELAND, O.

#### A TEST OF SPIRIT RETURN.

TO THE EDITOR: Four years ago I was at Colorado Springs, Col. I had spent the winter there. A sad accident occurred, by which a lady lost her life. I had become acquainted with her husband, and the night she lay a corpse I visited him and daughter, a girl of twelve or fourteen years, to sympathize with them in their sad bereavement.

Last Sunday I was attending the anniversary meeting held at New Boston, Ill. In the afternoon Mrs. Ollie Blodgett gave some tests of spirit presence, through her control, "Bright Eyes," before an audience of some two hundred persons. After giving several tests, which were recognized, she said: "I see before me a house and yard. It is early spring time, as I see no flowers in the yard. A woman is busy doing something. Now I see a fire, and now I see the woman's clothing has caught fire, and before assistance arrives, she is burned so she dies. This woman's spirit is here, and goes to Mr. Cleveland, and says to him, 'I want you to write and send my love to my husband and child, and I want to thank you for the sympathy you manifested for my family.'" The control then said, "The name of the family is Nevins."

This tragic event was described with as much accuracy as I could have described it, and I am very confident that the medium in her normal condition knew nothing whatever of the circumstances. The event occurred four years ago this spring. Mrs. Nevins had gone out into the yard to rake together the rubbish that had gathered during the winter, and to burn it. Her clothes caught fire, and before assistance could arrive she was burned so that she expired in a few hours.

Some will say that this is a simple mind reading, since the tragic death of Mrs. Nevins was indelibly imprinted on my mind. From the best evidence I can gather from those acquainted with the medium is that during the time of this recital she was in a trance condition, and did not know what was being said through her organism; and I will say further, that the name of the family had passed out of my mind, and I could not recall it until it was pronounced by the medium.

B. A. CLEVELAND.

DAVENPORT, IA.

The boy who wrote the following love letter was ten years old.

"DEAR EMMA—I love you and I wish you would write to me. I love you and I wish I could kiss you. Emma, did you tell that boy that live beside your house that you was going to slap my nose? Emma, I could not help but cry when that boy told me, Emma, I thought you thought more of me. I have given you about twenty-five cents worth of candy and you don't treat me well, besides I gave you some gum."

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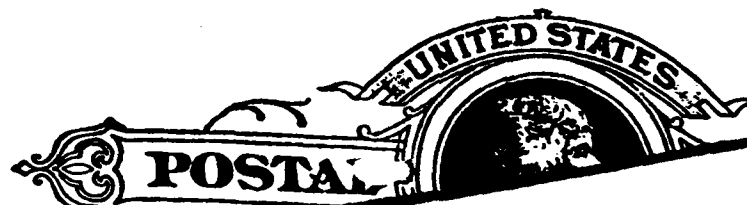
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## THE PLANISHER.

By Mrs. HENRIETTA B. HEWES.

A buzz-saw to finish; the planisher's hands  
On the circular plate before which he stands,  
With hammer and anvil, are ready to feel  
The crooks and the curves, or the humps of the steel.

The lawyer, the doctor, the parson, the wise,  
To witness the method are straining their eyes;  
At a single conclusion, at once, they all jump,  
"To straighten the plate, he will pound on the hump!"

But the master, whose ear is attuned to the sound  
Of the musical tension his hammer has found;  
From the center, away from the curves, gently  
Taps

With his smooth little hammer, in rhythmical  
Taps:—

And lo! the long straight-edge laid onto the plate  
And moved o'er the surface, pronounces it  
straight!—

On the brain of the parson, as he steadily wrought  
The planisher had hammered the ghost of a  
thought.

"All sin is a warping, a curving, a lump;  
And I," said he, sighing, "have pounded the  
hump!"

And the lawyer, and doctor, now seeing the need  
Of reforming reformers, adopted this creed:—

A man is a man—no matter how low,  
Divine is the likeness to which he may grow;  
And in this great system of cosmical laws,  
Effects disappear through a change in their cause.  
HOORESTON, ILL.

Impassioned Lover: "Tell me, my  
angel, what to do to prove my love. Oh  
that I might, like some knight of old, bat-  
tle for you, suffer for you, die for you."  
Sweet Girl: "I wish you would give up  
smoking." Impassioned Lover: "Oh,  
come now, that's asking too much."

Rev. James Heath, the Auburn City  
missionary, now and then tells a story.  
Said he the other day: An old gentleman  
of the Baptist persuasion, whose name I  
will not mention, was sticking up for his  
faith against all obstacles.

"Why," said the controversialist, "your  
faith is not specially mentioned in the Bible.  
There is no direct reference to Baptists in  
the Scriptures is there?"

"Yes (slowly). Yes, I think so.

"Where?"

"W-a-a-l," was the answer, "you know  
where it says, 'Divers men came from afar';  
well, if 'divers' don't hint strong toward  
Baptists I don't know anythin' 'bout it."  
Leveiston Journal.

"Have you any evidence to offer as to the  
character of the deceased?" demanded the  
judge.

"One moment, your honor," replied the  
attorney.

"What do you know of it?" he whispered  
to his client.

"Nothing but this: He was a man with-  
out blame, pure in all his thoughts, beloved  
and respected of all men, and—"

"Where did you learn that?"

"I copied it from his tombstone."

"Your honor," said the attorney "we  
have nothing to offer."

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## CONTENTS.

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CHAPTER I.—Ancestry; Childhood; Youth; Birth-  
place; Springfield, Mass.; Hatfield; Home Life  
Oliver Smith; Sophia Smith; Self-Help.  
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Growth; Reforms; Temperance.  
CHAPTER III.—Transcendentalism; Brook Farm;  
Hopedale; Northampton; Samuel L. Hill; W. E.  
Channing; Pierpont; Theodore Parker.  
CHAPTER IV.—Anti-Slavery; Garrison; "The Fleas  
of Conventions"; Personal Incidents; H. C.  
Wright; C. L. Remond; George Thompson; Gerritt  
Smith; Abby Kelley Foster; Abigail and Lydia  
Mott; Abigail P. Eli; Josephine L. Griffin.  
CHAPTER V.—The Friends; Quakerism; Griffith  
M. Cooper; John and Hannah Cox; A Golden  
Wedding; Experiences of Priscilla Cadwallader;  
Lucretia Mott; McClintock; J. T. Hopper; Thomas  
Garrett; Richard Glasier; Progressive Friends'  
Meetings.  
CHAPTER VI.—The World's Helpers and Light  
Bringers; John D. Zimmerman; W. S. Prentiss;  
Wm. Denton; E. B. Ward; Emily Ward; Benjamin  
F. Wade; H. C. Carey; Home Industry; Education,  
Science, Industry, and Moral; "Religion of the  
Body"; Jugol Arinori Mori; Peary Chand Mittra;  
President Grant and Sojourner Truth; John Brown;  
Helpful Influences; Great Awakenings.  
CHAPTER VII.—Spiritualism; Natural Religion;  
Experiences and Investigations; Slate Writing;  
Spirits Described; Piano Music without Hands; A  
Fact Beyond Mind Reading; Lifted in the Air;  
Spirit Portraits; A Michigan Pioneer's Experience;  
Looking Beyond; Future Life; Natural Medium-  
ship; Illumination; Blind Inductive Science.  
CHAPTER VIII.—Psychic Science Research; The  
Spiritual Body; Painless Surgery; Psychometry;  
Inspired experiences; George Elliot; Helen Hunt  
Jackson; Prof. Stowe; Mrs. E. B. Stowe; Savona-  
rola; Rev. H. W. Bellows; Dinah Mulock Craik;  
A Simple Michigan Maiden; Lizzie Doten; Reading  
German Philosophy; Record of an Hour's Expe-  
rience.  
CHAPTER IX.—Religious Outlook; Coming Re-  
forms; A New Protestantism; Woman in the Ful-  
fill; Rev. Horace Bushnell's "Deep Matters"; Es-  
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We shall have strength for every day,  
For somehow the opening way appears,  
And ever the distance reveals the way  
When the light leads on to scatter our fears.

And over the stones beneath our feet  
We still march on and bear the pain,  
Looking beyond where we gladly greet  
The hope of a restful future to gain.

Oh, what would life be bereft of hope?  
Yet what is hope but delusive joy?  
Ofttimes we fancy how bright is the scope  
As we comfort ourselves with some fanciful toy.

In the distance gleams joy's elusive wraith—  
We laugh at life's wit, and sigh at its care—  
We live in the light that is shed by faith:  
We are moved to tears, or to smiles, as we bear  
The world's hard knocks—yet God's own love  
Through all our lives leads us upward—above.

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Preface.  
Introduction.  
Historical Sketch of Tariff Legislation in the United States.  
General Effect of Protection.  
Effect of Protection on Farmers. Home Market.  
Effect of Protection on the Wages of Labor.  
Effect of Protection on Labor in Protected Industries  
Our Pauper Labor.  
Effect of Protection Upon Unprotected Labor.  
Effect of Protection Upon Manufacturers.  
Free Raw Material.  
Wool, Coal, and Iron.  
Monopolies.  
The Mills Bill.  
The McKinley Bill and the Evil Effects of it Up to Date.  
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## THE REAPER.

By R. C. CRANE.

I see the gleaming of thy sickle, Death,  
In flashing circles waving o'er my head;  
Upon my brow I feel thy icy breath,  
Yet fearlessly beneath its blast I tread.  
Thy awful voice I hear, which ever saith:  
"I reign the Monarch of the charnel dead;  
The Angel of God's harvest-time, and I  
Reap the vast harvests of eternity."

I gather all the hand of God hath sown;  
Like him my tireless footsteps never rest;  
My pall I spread o'er shrouded ages gone;  
I touch the infant on the mother's breast,  
And leave her weeping with the dead alone;  
I smite through rags, or pierce the purple vest;  
I tread the starry fields of old romance,  
And suns grow pale and die beneath my glance.

For me war spreads his foul and horrid feast,  
And walks in blood-stained garments by my  
side;

His brother, Pestilence, my great high-priest,  
Striding the winds, my slightest words abide.  
From Vesperchimes, till morning gilds the East,  
In sable robes with upraised arm I glide,  
And spread the shadow of my gloomy wings  
O'er houseless beggars and o'er pampered kings

I smell the taint of battle from afar,  
Urge on the carnage where the mighty meet,  
Shout with the victor on his crimson car,  
Or shriek with flying legions in retreat,  
And love the turmoil of eternal war;  
Gaunt famine lays his trophies at my feet;  
Sin does my bidding with a courtly bow  
And weaves bright chaplets for my grizzly  
brow."

Pause, ghastly Reaper, hear the word Divine:  
"Thrust thy sharp sickle in the living grain;  
Naught but the quick decaying husks are thine;  
Man's golden spirit shall come forth again  
And, in the fullness of its glory, shine  
Above thy kingdom of decay and pain,  
In gorgeous spheres thy feet have never trod—  
Immortal through the Fatherhood of God!"

Reap on, dread Angel! Through the fields of  
time

Thy sheaves in triumph gather to the tomb;  
But for man's spirit, deathless and sublime,  
Thou hast no chain—thy prison house no room.  
On tireless wings it seeks another clime,  
Where winters cease and spring's unfading  
bloom,

Beyond the realms of sorrow, tears, and strife,  
It drinks the waters of eternal life!  
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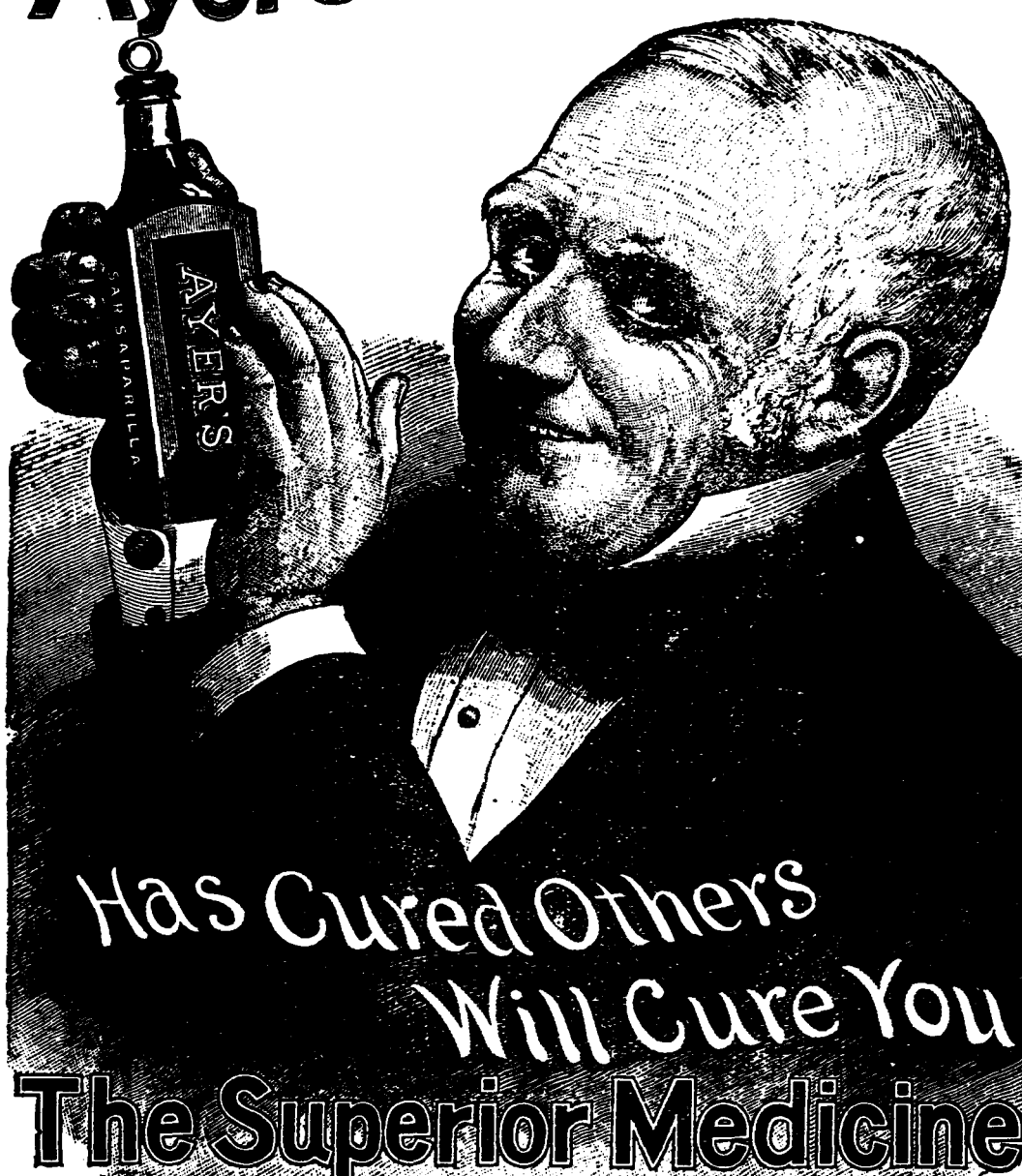
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## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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CHAPTER I. THE FAITHS OF ANCIENT PEOPLES. Spiritualism as old as our planet. Lights and shadows of Pagan times.  
CHAPTER II. ASSYRIA, CHALDEA, EGYPT AND PERSIA. "Chaldean seers are good." The Prophecy of Alexander's death. Spiritualism in the shadow of the pyramids. Setho and Psammetichus Prophecies regarding Cyrus. The "Golden Star" of Persia.  
CHAPTER III. INDIA AND CHINA. Apollonius and the Brahmins. The creed of "Nirvana." Lao-tse and Confucius. Present corruption of the Chinese.  
CHAPTER IV. GREECE AND ROME. The famous Spiritualists of Hellas. Communication between world and world three thousand years ago. The Delphian Oracle. Pausanias and the Byzantine Captive. "Great Pan is dead." Socrates and his attendant spirit. Vespasian at Alexandria. A haunted house at Athens. Valens and the Greek Theurgists. The days of the Caesars.

## Part Second.

## SPIRITUALISM IN THE JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN ERAS.

CHAPTER I. THE SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE. Science versus Religion. Similarity of modern and ancient phenomena. The siege of Jerusalem. "The Light of the World." Unseen armies who aided in the triumph of the Cross.  
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CHAPTER X. THE HIGHER ASPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM. The theological Heaven. A story regarding a coffin. An incident with "L. M." A London drama. "Blackwood's Magazine" and some seances in Geneva.  
CHAPTER XI. "OUR FATHER."  
CHAPTER XII. THE HIGHER ASPECT OF SPIRITUALISM (continued). "Stella."

## APPENDIX.

This covers eight pages and was not included in the American edition. It is devoted to a brief account of a young medium who under spirit influence wrote poetry of a high order. Extracts from these poetic inspirations are given. The appendix is an interesting and most fitting conclusion of a valuable book.

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## CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—Topics of the Times.  
SECOND PAGE.—Life Beyond the Grave A Bad Method. Mild Heresy.  
THIRD PAGE.—The Bill Against Fraudulent Materialization Exhibits. Swedenborg: The Illuminant.  
FOURTH PAGE.—The Open Court.—The Sun. What is Socialism?  
FIFTH PAGE.—Women Denounced and Excluded. Human Imponderables—A Psychological Study.  
SIXTH PAGE.—Immigration. Onward.  
SEVENTH PAGE.—The Story of a Dream.  
EIGHTH PAGE.—Woman and the Home.—Ever True. A Letter From Elizabeth Lowe Watson.  
NINTH PAGE.—Voices of the People.—Spirits, Ghosts or Shells. Fate vs. Reason. Attending Church. La Grippe.—The Open Door. Spirits or Coincidence? Compensations.  
TENTH PAGE.—A Test of Spirit Return. Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
ELEVENTH PAGE.—The Planisher. Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
TWELFTH PAGE.—Book Reviews. Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
THIRTEENTH PAGE.—We Shall Have Strength. Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
FOURTEENTH PAGE.—The Reaper. Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
FIFTEENTH PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
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